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## *The Actor's Christmas—Past and Present.*



### THEN AND NOW.

Sturdily plodding through rain and wind,  
Blinded with snowdrift, stung with sleet,  
The poorhouse before and the sheriff be-  
hind—

With fainting stomach, on aching feet  
All our havings and holdings on weary  
backs.

With never a crust and never a dime,  
And our ramshackle shandrydan stuck  
in its tracks

How roughly we fared in the sad old time!

Speeding along without trouble or care,  
Merry with wine-cup and brave with bread,  
While the sunbeams glint through the  
sparkling air:

Fair weather within and clear azure over  
head.

While our days flow onward in blissful ease,  
With smiles of beauty and music's charm,  
While no sounds but soothe us, no sights  
but please—

How gayly we fare in the glad new time!

But strong and steadfast through storm or shine  
Though the beldame Fortune may smile or  
chide,

Are the big, warm hearts that will ne'er repine  
As we jog on merrily, side by side.

And through Summer's sweetness or Winter's  
ruth,

In age's weakness or youth's fair prime,  
Shall manly honor and love and truth  
Bear us bravely on till the end of time.



## LIFE.



BORN of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing tees and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep

by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song, drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

*B. G. Dyckman*

## The Painted Hall.

In Winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire,  
With good old folks, and let them tell the tales  
Of woe and ages, long ago befall.  
—Richard III., Act I., Scene 5.

If, at any other season of the year, I had been asked to write a story for a newspaper, I feel sure I should have been obliged to decline, for the simple reason that I knew none particularly suitable to the occasion. And I confess that, even now, when, with the advent of Christmas, periodicals and papers are flooded with all kinds of Yule-tide tales and legends, I hesitate to add my little mite in the shape of a "ghost story," very simple, but nevertheless quite true. But all such tales, whether told well or not, are more or less acceptable at the present season; so I will add to the collection of ghost-lore my experience in a house which had a "mystery" about it, and to which I was invited to pay a visit some five or six years ago.

Now, my story will be divested of much of the interest, which might otherwise attach to it, in this method of telling. It will be read, probably, in broad daylight, the bright sun and the keen, frosty air doing their best to dispel gloomy thoughts and fancies, both elements being at utter variance with the proper surroundings of the subject. True lovers of the mystic may say that the proper time for such narratives is the "witching hour of night," by the dying embers of the fire, and with lowered lights—a combination of effects which are said to produce, as a rule, the desired feeling of "creepiness."

A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle;  
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch;  
And the flesh curdles, if you read it rightly.

So runs the old play. But I must risk all this, and my story must take its chance.

I had received an invitation to pass Christmas with some friends in the country who had taken, on a short lease, the magnificent old baronial mansion known as Wilford Hall, one of the seats of Lord M. Now, I had for some felt a great curiosity to see this house, which

at the present day decidedly one of the show-places of England, and also on account of its having, what rendered it doubly interesting, a mystery. I also knew that for many years previous to my friends obtaining the lease, the house had remained unoccupied. Although situated in the midst of lovely sylvan scenery, on the outskirts of the famous Sherwood Forest, so much beloved by excursionists, there were few people who had ever seen it. Standing on a gentle eminence in its park of two thousand acres, and not far distant from an important midland town, it seemed strange that Wilford should so long have escaped the tourist and the building fiend. But it was jealously guarded. The park itself was enclosed by a high stone wall, and a very Germanus stood guard at the great front gates, well able to repel alike the holiday-making Cockney or the inquisitive stranger anxious to learn the secrets it contained.

Now, however, all was changed, and the gloomy old house, so long given over to the rats and mice, resounded with merry shouts and laughter which daily preparations for Christmas entertainment evoked. Among the latter was an Amateur Theatrical Performance, and to assist thereat I had been specially invited.

The express known as the "Flying Scotchman," the fastest train in England, whirled me down from London to N— station, whence I had a drive of four miles. The road lay through a portion of the forest, which happily preserves much of its pristine wildness. Here and there were grand old oaks, which, could they only speak, could tell many a wondrous tale. As our carriage passed rapidly along, startled deer bounded out from the wealth of ferns and the thick brushwood which bounded the roadsides; hundreds of pheasants were seen busily engaged at their evening meal, while here and there a reynard sneaked across the way, as if hesitating whether he should make his dinner off what was close at hand or dive further through the Forest to those silver-looking lakelets on which were seen wild-fowl in goodly number. It was indeed a fair scene.

For I am one  
Who loves the greenwood bank, and loving herd,  
The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life,  
Seasoned with sweet content, more than the halls,  
Where revellers feast to lecher height.

In spite, however, of the beauty of the drive, I was not sorry when, just as the sun was setting on the cold December day, I arrived at my destination. The carriage stopped in front of a house suggestive of much solid comfort. Cheerful lights burned in all the windows, and on entering I found myself in a large hall which occupied almost the entire area of the building. Broad staircases led to the drawing-rooms and bedrooms, which opened from the two galleries above. The shape of the house was a great square, having round-towers at each angle and on either side of the main entrance. Around the hall were various trophies of the chase, such as antlers and the heads of wild boar and deer, while complete suits of armor, worn by doughty ancestors of the M. family during the fierce fights of feudal times, stood about the hall on silent guard. In harmony with these relics of bygone ages were suites of the antique furniture so much sought after in the present day. The great log-fire, hissing and crackling in its hearth, was no unwelcome sight after the long, cold journey, and the cordial English welcome I received soon made me forget the fatigues of the day.

I was surprised to find that, in order to reach the room which had been allotted to me, I had to pass through two outer rooms, one opening into the other, there being only one means of egress to the gallery from the three. This was the case with all the rooms in the angles of the building—an arrangement which caused several of them to be frequently tenantless. A door in the corner of the passage close by led to a spiral staircase in the northeast tower, which, I was informed, led to the Painted Hall, an apartment built over the entrance hall, and of similar dimensions. Into this room no one was expected to go without special leave, there being, so I was told, an understanding between landlord and tenant that it should be used as little as possible. Now, I had a great curiosity to find out, if I could, the mystery connected with the house, and I felt sure that it must in some way or other be connected with the Painted Hall. During the evening I pressed my hostess for information, and after some difficulty elicited the fact that owing to the "uncanny" stories which were told of the room in question—how, at certain seasons, sounds of the heavy tramping of mail-clad feet and the rustling of silken dresses were to be plainly heard—the servants, a class of being ever prone to the superstitious, were continually leaving, and under no circumstances could be prevailed upon to stay.

"The house was full of 'ghosts,' they said, 'and not a fit place for mortals to dwell in.' I was further told that a legend existed of how an ancestor of the M. family had in a fit of delirium hanged himself from a window in the northeast tower, and that, oftentimes in the year, the swinging of the dead body to and fro outside could be distinctly heard. On the plea of studying the correct historical costume for our little play, I easily induced one of the guests to accompany me that evening on a visit of exploration about the house, and before long we found ourselves close to the Painted Hall. A cold feeling came over me, but I felt that I must go through with it. For while we listened breathlessly outside, but nothing was heard but

the sighing and sighing of the wind in the turret above us. The moon shining in through the latticed windows gave to our faces a most corpse-like effect. But, having gone so far, we must enter. After a vigorous push or two the massive narrow door yielded, and, amid a cloud of disturbed dust and cobwebs, we entered the room. There on the walls were the very pictures of which we were in quest. Mail-clad Crusaders, Cavaliers and Roundheads, with gallants and grand-dames of well-nigh every era, stared and glowered at us from worm-eaten frames. There was no furniture, but huge oaken, iron-bound chests lay about the floor, full of ancient costumes, moldy books and broken armor. The one candle we carried gave a most weird light—in our highly-strung imagination almost blue—while through the cracked window panes and down the wide chimney whistled the wind with mournful effect. Oh, it was horrible! We did not stay long, fearing that one of the stern figures on the wall might step from his frame and challenge us. How we ran down the tower staircase, not daring to look behind us!

By tacit agreement we said nothing of our adventure. Bed-time came, and though I am not, as a rule, afflicted with nervousness, I could not help shuddering as I thought how lonesome my room was situated, how far from the others, and how near to the forbidden chamber into which I had that night intruded! The fire in my room blazed brightly and cheerfully. Before long I fell asleep.

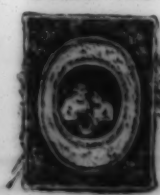
My rest was disturbed by dreams. I tossed about, and after a time lay half awake. While in this state I heard a sound which awakened me fully, and, half dead with fright, I listened. A flash of sheet-lightning suddenly illuminated the room, and a long roll of distant thunder followed. A tempest was raging outside. It must have been the thunder I heard—what else could it have been? I tried to compose myself to rest once more, but not for long, for I again heard something outside, unlike the thunder of the pattering rain against the windows. A sound as of human fingers tapping on the glass and a creaking noise, as if something was swinging about outside, rocked to and fro by the fierce gusts of wind. My blood ran cold; I almost froze with horror. I thought of the suicide and of the old, weird story connected therewith. I dared not rise to reach the bell rope which hung by the mantelpiece, for fear the vivid lightning flashes would reveal the mystery. To call out I knew would be of no avail, for I was securely shut off from the rest of the household. My fire had died out, and total darkness reigned. At intervals I heard the awful "tap, tap, tap" on the window pane, and listened to its accompaniment of wind and rain. There I lay until morning, and most welcome indeed were the light and the sunshine.

After breakfast I made confession to my hostess, told her of the visit to the Painted Chamber the previous evening, and of the horrors I had undergone throughout the night—a fitting punishment for my inquisitiveness. I was, in consequence of my distress, at once kindly forgiven, and promised that I should be removed to another room. While this was in progress an examination of the windows and the wall outside was made, and while watching in fear and trembling, what do you think was found? There, hanging loosely outside, was a long foot of the ivy which grew on the tower, and which, torn from its fastening by the strength of the gale, caused the taps on the window which had so alarmed me.

Here was the unromantic disturber of my rest, but the conjurer up of the most weird and gruesome fancies that ever made the night-time hideous.

*M. J. J. J.*

## Under the Eucalyptus Trees.



F all the incidents of our journey round the world, none is more vividly present to my memory than the events of Christmas Eve at Ararat. In that new world of sharp contrasts and strange experiences, the land of bewildering ups and downs, which is called Australia, the new civilization and the old savagery jostle each other at every turn, and progress, starting with a rush, seems here and there to have overrun itself, and tumbled ignominiously into the ditch. Ararat was a good illustration of this. Once the rival of Ballarat, fair and flourishing under its eucalyptus trees and swarming with forty thousand eager seekers after gold—now shrunk to a twentieth part of its former population. All the country round is laid waste and desolate, with numberless abandoned workings, in the shape of deep pits, some dry, some full of water, but from all of which the glory, otherwise the gold, had departed.

Among these workings, where once thousands in frantic haste had wrested from Mother Nature her scanty hoard of surface gold, now wandered one plodding, pathetic figure of an old Chinaman, patiently "washing out" his little shilling a day, and evidently wasting no water on other abstractions.

However, Ararat possessed a Town Hall and a pent-up fund of theatrical enthusiasm, and I had with me in my company a young lady, ambitious of success as an actress, whose birthplace it was. On that Christmas Eve her

friends turned out in force to welcome her and give her a brilliant reception. Heart and hand joined in the applause from the crowded auditorium, and we might quite literally have walked over flowers. As at length we came out of the theatre and stood for a moment in the hot, windless night on the steps facing the great square, we saw in the distance many lights approaching, and for a moment fancied this a novel honor destined for Miss—. The wavering flame of the torches drew slowly nearer, crossing the wide spaces of the square; the shadows of the gray Eucalypti paced gravely and slowly round their boles as the slow, grave company passed beneath their branches, and as they came close we saw that this was no joyous train to greet the young actress in her hour of triumph.

The men walked silently, with bent heads, and a hush fell upon us as we saw, carried low on a hastily patched-up stretcher, the body of a little child. It was the return of a searching party, who, all night long, while the plaudits and cries of welcome had echoed and re-echoed in the Town Hall, had been searching, foot by foot, the scarred and seamed surface of the plain and the adjacent bush for the lost darling of some home, only to find him, drowned, in one of the deepest pits of the abandoned workings, and thus to bring him home—on Christmas Eve.

*Guinevere Hall*  
The Trinity of Comedians.



JOHN E. OWENS AS SOLON SHINGLE.

When Momus died he left three heirs—Joseph Jefferson, John E. Owens and William Warren. Of these three, two have emigrated from the Realm of Mirth—Owens and Warren. Warren has settled down to rest in an obscure street of Boston. Owens has become proprietor and janitor of the Charleston (S. C.) Academy of Music, and sits in Meeting street, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, deploring the ruins of the past! Yet, in the truer acceptance of the word comedian, Owens was certainly the greatest of the three, in that he was the most comic, the one whose humor best hid his art, and who was the most frequently confounded in the characters he played best. Jefferson is still on the stage, is still what he was when he returned to us from Australia and London—the most artistic of comedians, the Coquelin of the English-speaking stage, the painter of character as of pictures—drawing portraits on the stage as he would in a studio. Always outside of the part, as it were, admiring it himself and compelling your admiration, both as limner and colorist; but only a painter of wonderful talent after all, always conscious that he is doing the painting, and watching, with frequent furtive glance, the impression his wonderful skill is making on you and your fellows in the audience. In short, an artist more than an actor; a man whose observation exceeds his sympathies—looks at, laughs at and analyzes a Bob Acres or a Dr. Pangloss, but feels not the slightest emotional sympathy with the humor that forms the substratum of either part.

Owens was far from possessing the analytic power of Jefferson, that peculiar ability to at once give a timid look at Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and observe its influence on the audience; to reflect fear, while weighing the effect of the reflection in an apothecary's scales. But Owens conveyed without analysis, through sheer force of a sympathy he could not explain, and would not analyze. The fact that he was afraid, and so afraid that to look at him and not feel his fear and sympathize with the tremor that impelled the pen of Sheridan, was simply as impossible to an audience as it was to keep a straight face when Hurton caught his kerchief in his hook and wiped with it the perspiring brow of Cap'n Cuttle, mariner. Owens, like Hurton, disappeared in his favorite parts. His own individuality was drowned in the Rabelaisian wares of his own and his author's comicality. It never was Owens you laughed at; it was Acres, Pangloss, Solon Shingle, or the Hutton-maker of Forty Winks. You never saw Owens, any more than Hurton, exhibit method. They had none. They never prated about Art, like Coquelin; they needed no rules.

The funny side of the very funny tragedian, Mr. Henry Irving of England, strikes Nat Goodwin like a gust of wind, and Nat, in his own enjoyment of it, reflects it for yours and

mine, without ever standing on an easel or posing him. He feels the fun in the man, expresses the feeling, and, behold! there is Irving "trying to stand in that d—d lime-light." That same faculty, born not of analysis, but of sympathy, which in Shakespeare made a semi-educated actor the wisest of metaphysicians and the greatest of poets; in Claude Lorraine the greatest painter of landscapes, and produced in the tinker Bunyan and the longshoreman Lincoln two of the greatest writers of English prose known to our English tongue—that same faculty of sympathy made of Burton and Owens comic comedians, not analysts of poses, looks, etc., just as it made Dickens write a Sydney Carton or a Pecksniff. Mandeville could pick a mind to pieces, as Magandie could a skeleton, but could he create a Pickwick or a Fagin?

John E. Owens was born in Liverpool about the year 1830. His father came early to this country. Young John first took to the stage in Baltimore, at the old Museum, that still stood, a few years ago, between Baltimore street and Barnum's Hotel. Utility man, prompt-boy, anything, everything, from three dollars a week up to seven. He then drifted to Philadelphia, where Mr. Wemyss, stepfather of Clara Wemyss, of the old New York Bowery Theatre, had the management of a new house on the corner where now stands the Continental Hotel, Ninth and Chestnut streets. Thence Owens went to the Arch Street Theatre with Burton. Finally he played in almost every theatre in the Quaker City, where his vast humor made him a very great favorite, a sort of half rival of Burton's. Ben Baker, now assistant Secretary of the Actors' Fund, was the remote cause of Owens' subsequent financial success. Ben wrote a sketch called A Glimpse at New York, in which Frank Chantrel played one of the old "fire laddies." The part made an enormous hit. The Philadelphia manager bought the right to the piece for Philadelphia from Ben Baker for twenty-five dollars, and stuck Owens into the part. Owens made "a square hit." Second week the comedian goes to the manager.

"I want my salary doubled."

Manager kicks.

"Then get some one else."

"Well, well—let it go at that!"

"Very well," said Owens; "but, mind, if the piece goes a third week I'll want a double on the second week."

The manager submitted; and out of what he made, Burton paid his first instalment on the old Chambers Street Theatre, when his fame and fortune were financially solidified.

Owens subsequently starred in Baker's piece on his own account and made money. He then returned to Baltimore, went back to the old place; in time became star there—a stock star; then manager, and finally he began buying real estate—just like Shakespeare, bought wisely—just outside the corporate limits of Baltimore, at a place called Towson-town. Baltimore spread; what had been bought by the acre became valuable by the foot. Owens took the Variety Theatre in New Orleans, brought there a company after his own heart. His leading man was Jordan; his leading woman was Charlotte Thompson. This was the season that Owens produced Dot, the Cricket on the Hearth. And perhaps, with the masses, his exceeding Dickensian performance of the touching old toy-maker is the best remembered of all his characters. Except by Burton's Cap'n Cuttle, it certainly has never been equalled as a reflex of one of Dickens' characters.

The streak of fat and the streak of lean that marks good bacon was perceptible in it from first to last; the tear was still trembling on your eyelid when the quiver of the laugh came to shake it off. As for me, I always preferred him in Sheridan and in Cumberland. Of his Solon Shingle, a typification of an expiring class of New England bumper-farmers, I could see the wonderful fidelity; but I no more cared for the subject than Louis XIV. cared for the Dutch peasants of Stein, or even of Rubens' "Emportez moi cette Canaille."

C'est bien peint, votre majesté,  
C'a n'en valait pas la peine.

It was away in the 'sixties, after Wallack's had moved up to what is now misnamed the "Star" Theatre, that Owens played his long and extraordinarily profitable engagement in the old Wallack's, then called the Broadway. Solon Shingle was the drawing card. By the end of that engagement Owens was accounted the richest actor in America. He went strolling; finally went to San Francisco. Like Houcault, he became acquainted with the bosses of the Comstock lode. They gave him a friendly tip or two on mining stocks; he took them gratefully, and left a lot of money behind him. Well, he could afford it better than they could afford to fool him, if they had any of that scarce commodity in the "nouveau riche"—self-respect. On his return from California, Owens bought the Charleston theatre, and he spends quite a portion of each year down there. But whether he be there or in the City of the Terrapin he loves so well, may he enjoy his Yule-time to the utmost, for though John was never lavish of his silver with "beats" or tools, he never was a niggard of it to those deserving to share it, and a Christmas dinner at Towson-town used to be a duplicate of the Christmas dinner of Old Wandle in Owens' favorite "Pickwick."

*A. P. Cozart*



## THE MAJOR'S STORY.



HE Major told it to me in the smoking room of the Pullman car, on my last trip from Frisco.

"It was a little cold Christmas eve," said the Major, "a good many years ago, that he came toward

me in the lobby of the Academy of Music, between the acts—a figure more remarkable than anything in the opera. His clothes, no two articles of which were the same color, had the appearance of having been purchased and put on only an hour or two before—a fact more clearly established by the clothes dealer's ticket which still adhered to his coat collar, giving the number, size and general dimensions of that garment somewhat obtrusively to an uninterested public. His trousers had a straight line down each leg as if he had been born flat, but had since developed, and there was another crease down his back like those figures children cut out of folded paper. I would say that there was no consciousness of this in his face, which was good-natured, and but for a certain squareness in the angle of the jaw, utterly uninteresting and commonplace.

"You disremember me," he said, briefly, as he extended his hand, "but I'm from San Jose, in California. I met you there in the Spring of '57. I was tendin' sheep and you was burnin' charcoal."

There was not the slightest trace of any intentional rudeness in the reminder. It was simply a statement of fact, and as such must be accepted.

"What I hailed you for was only this," he said, after I had shaken hands with him: "I saw you a minit ago standin' over in yon box—chirpin' with a lady—a young lady, pert and pretty. Might you be tellin' me her name?"

I gave him the name of a certain noted belle of a neighboring city, who was especially admired by the brilliant and fascinating young Wallford who stood beside me.

The man from San Jose mused for a moment and then said: "That's so! that's the name! It's the same gal!"

"You have met her then?" I asked in surprise.

"Ye-es," he responded slowly: "I met her about four months ago. She'd bin makin' a tower of California, and I first saw her aboard the cars this side of Reno. She lost her baggage checks; I found them on the floor, gave them back to her, and she thanked me. I reckon now it would be about the square thing to go over there and sorter recognize her." He stopped a moment and looked at us, inquiringly.

"My dear sir," struck in Wallford, "if your hesitation proceeds from any doubt of the propriety of your attire, I beg you to dismiss it from your mind at once. The tyranny of custom, it is true, compels your friend and myself to dress peculiarly, but I can assure you that nothing could be finer than the way that olive green of your coat melts in the delicate yellow of your cravat, or the pearl gray of your trousers blends with the bright blue of your vest, and lends additional brilliancy to that massive oriole watch-chain which you wear."

To my surprise the man from San Jose did not hit him. He looked at the ironical Wallford with grave earnestness, and then said, quietly:

"Then I reckon you wouldn't mind showin' me in that?"

Wallford was a little staggered, but bowing ironically, led the way to the box. I followed the man from San Jose.

Now, the belle in question was a gentlewoman—descended from gentlemen—and after Wallford's ironical introduction, in which the stranger was not spared, she comprehended the situation instantly.

To Wallford's surprise she drew a chair to her side, made the man from San Jose sit down, quietly turned her back on Wallford, and in full view of the brilliant audience and the focus of a hundred lorgnettes, entered into a conversation with him.

He persisted in keeping the conversation on the lost baggage-checks, and every bright attempt of the lady to divert him signally failed. At last, to everybody's relief, he rose, and leaning over her chair, said:

"I calculate to stop over here some time, miss, and you and me bein' sorter strangers here, maybe when there's any show like this goin' on you'll let me—"

Miss Morrell somewhat hastily replied that the multiplicity of her engagements, and her brief stay, would probably prevent it, and begged to be excused. The two other ladies held their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and were staring intently at the stage, when the man from San Jose continued:

"Then maybe, miss, whenever there's a show goin' on that you'll attend, you'll just drop me word to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to this yer address," and he pulled from his pocket a dozen well worn letters, and taking the buff envelope from one, handed it to her with something like a bow.

"Certainly," broke in the facetious Wallford. "Miss Morrell goes to the Charity Ball

tomorrow night. The tickets are but a trifle to an opulent Californian and a man of your evident means, and the object is a worthy one. You can, no doubt, easily secure an invitation."

Miss Morrell raised her handsome eyes a moment. "By all means," she said, turning to the man from San Jose, "and as Mr. Wallford is one of the managers, and you a stranger, he will, of course, send you a complimentary ticket. I have known Mr. Wallford long enough to know that he is invariably courteous to strangers, and a gentleman." She settled herself in her chair and fixed her eyes on the stage.

The man from San Jose thanked the man from New York, and then, after having shaken hands with everybody in the box, turned to go. When he reached the door he looked back to Miss Morrell and said:

"It was one of the queerest things in the world, miss, that findin' them checks—"

But the curtain had just risen and Miss Morrell was absorbed. The man from San Jose carefully shut the door and retired. I followed him.

He was silent until he reached the lobby, and then he said, as renewing the conversation: "She's a mighty pert gal—that's so. She's just my stripe, and will make a stavin' good wife."

I thought I saw danger ahead, so I hastened to tell him that she could have her pick and choice from the best society and was most probably engaged to Wallford.

"That's so," he said, quietly, without the slightest trace of feeling; "it would be mighty queer if she wasn't. But I reckon I'll steer down to the hotel. I don't care much for this yellin'." (He was alluding to a cadenza by one of the most famous prima donnas of the day.) "What's the time?"

He pulled out his watch. It was such a glaring sham, so obviously bogus, that my eyes were fascinated by it. "You're lookin' at that watch," he said. "It's purty to look at, but she don't go worth a cent, and yet her price was \$125. I gobbled her up in Chatham street day before yesterday, where they were sellin' them very cheap at auction."

"You've been outrageously swindled; watch and chain are not worth twenty dollars," I said, indignantly.

"Are they worth fifteen?" he asked, gravely.

"Possibly."

"Then I reckon it's a fair trade. Ye see I told them I was a Californian from San José and hadn't anything about me of greenbacks. I had three slugs with me. Ye remember them slugs?"

[I did; the "slug" was a "token" issued in early days—a hexagonal piece of gold a little over double the size of a twenty dollar gold piece—worth and accepted for fifty dollars.]

"Well, I handed them that and they handed me the watch. You see them slugs I made myself outer brass filings and iron pyrites and used to slap 'em down for a bluff on the boys in a game of draw poker. You see, not bein' reg'lar Gov'ment money, wasn't counterfeitin'. I reckon they cost me, countin' time and anxiety, about \$15, so if his watch is worth that, it's about a square game, ain't it?"

I began to understand the man from San José, and said it was. He returned his watch to his pocket, toyed playfully with the chain, and remarked, "Kinder makes a man look fash'n'ale, don't it?"

I agreed with him. "But what do you intend to do here?" I asked.

"Well, I've got a cash capital of nigh onto \$700. I guess until I git into reg'lar business I'll skirmish 'round Wall street and sorter lay low." We shook hands and parted.

A few days after, I met him on Broadway; he had another new suit, and only five distinct colors were visible. But this, I had occasion to believe, was accidental.

I asked him if he had been to the ball. He said he had. "That gal—and a mighty pert gal she was, too—was there, but she sorter fought shy of me. I got this new suit to go in, but those waiters sorter run me into a private box, and I didn't get much chance to continue our talk about them checks. But that young feller Wallford was mighty perlit. He brought lots of fellers and young women 'round to the box to see me, and he made up a party that night to take me 'round Wall street and in them stock boards, and the next day he called for me and took me, and I invested \$500 in them stocks—maybe more. You see, we sorter swapped stocks. You know, I had ten shares in the Peacock Copper Mine that you once were secretary of."

"But those shares were not worth a cent. The whole thing exploded years ago."

"That's so, maybe—you say so. But then I didn't know anything more about Communipaw Central or the Naphtha Gaslight Company, and so I thought it was a square game. Only I realized on the stocks I bought and come up outer Wall street about \$400 better."

I looked in his face; it was immeasurably serene and commonplace. I began to be a little afraid of the man, or, rather, of my want of judgment of the man, and after a few words we shook hands and parted.

It was some months before I again saw the man from San Jose. When I did I found that he had actually become a member of the Stock Board, and had a little office in Broad street, where he transacted his business. My remembrance going back to the first night I met him, I inquired if he had renewed his acquaintance with Miss Morrell.

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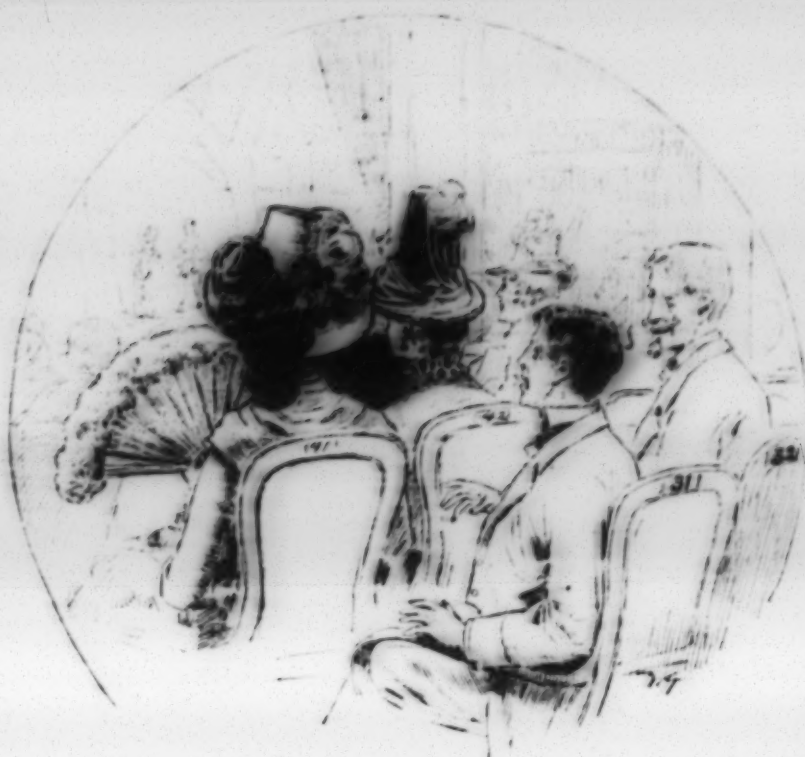
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## THOSE HATS AGAIN.

Tall Man in Stall 32—A CAPITAL SCENE—WELL ACTED.

Short Man in Stall 31—Is it? I'll take your word for it!

"I heard that she was in Newport this Summer, and I run down there for a week."

"And you talked with her about the baggage checks?"

"No," he said, seriously, "she gave me a commission to buy some stocks for her. You see, I guess them fash'n'ble fellers sorter got to runnin' her about me, and so she just put our acquaintance on a square business footin'. I tell you she's a right pert gal. Did ye hear the accident that happened to her?"

I had not.

"Well, you see, she was out yachting, and I managed, through one of these fellers, to get an invite too. The whole thing was got up by a man what they say's goin' to marry her. Well, one afternoon the boom swings round in a little squall and knocks her overboard. There was awful excitement—you've heard about it, maybe?"

No! But I saw it all with a romancer's instinct in a flash of poetry! This poor fellow, debarred through uncouthness from expressing his affection for her, had at last found his fitting opportunity. He had—

"That was an awful row," he went on. "I went out on the taffrail, and there, a dozen yards away, was that purty creture, that pert gal, and I—"

"You jumped for her?" I said, hastily.

"No!" he said, gravely. "I let the other feller do the jumpin'; I sorter looked on."

I stared at him in astonishment.

"No," he went on, seriously. "He was the man who jumped—that was just his 'put'—his line of business. You see, if I had waltzed over the side of that ship, and cavorted in, and flummoxed round, and finally flopped to the bottom, the other man would have jumped; nateral-like, and saved her, and ez he was goin' to marry her anyway, I don't exactly see where I'd have been represented in the transaction. But don't you see, ef, after he'd jumped and hadn't got her, he'd gone down himself, I'd hev had the next best chance, and the advantage of havin' him outer the way. You see ye don't understand me—I don't think ye did in California."

"Then he did save her."

"Of course! Don't ye see she was all right. If he'd a missed her I'd a chipped in. That warn't no sense in my doin' his duty unless he failed."

Somehow the story got out. The man from San José, as a butt, became more popular than ever, and, of course, received invitations to burlesque receptions, and naturally met a great many people whom otherwise he would not have seen. It was observed that his \$700 was steadily growing, and that he seemed to be getting on in his business. Certain Californiastocks, which I had seen quietly interred, in the old days, in the tombs of their fathers, were magically resurrected, and I remember, as one who has seen a spirit, to have been shocked as I looked over the quotations one morning to have seen the ghostly face of the "Dead Heat Beach Mining Company," roughed and plastered, looking out of the columns of the paper. At last, a few people began to respect, or suspect, the man from San Jose. At last suspicion culminated in this incident:

He had long expressed a wish to belong to a certain fashionable club, and with a view of burlesque he was invited to visit the club where a series of ridiculous entertainments were given him, winding up with a card party. As I passed the steps of the club house early the next morning, I overheard two or three members talking secretly:

"He cleared everybody out. Why, he must have raked in \$50,000."

"Who?" I asked.

"The man from San José."

As I turned away, one of the gentlemen, a victim, noted for his sporting propensities, followed me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, asked:

"Tell me fairly now. What business did your friend follow in California?"

"He was a shepherd."

"A what?"

"A shepherd. Tended his flocks and herds on the honey-scented hills of San José."

"Well, all I can say is, d—n your California pastorals!"

M. B. Curtis

## Stageright vs. Copyright.

ESPIE the fact that the remedy for the protection of dramatic property at common law, under what is known as proprietary or stage right, is less complex and equally as efficacious as that afforded

by the statute, under what is known as copyright, the prevailing opinion is that the latter should be preferred. The object of this paper is to indicate briefly and in plain language the points of difference and to show the advantages offered by the common law for guarding that kind of property from piratical spoliation.

Proprietary or stage right remains intact so long only as the play exists in manuscript form; that is to say, so long as it is not printed for sale or circulation. As plays for the stage are not intended for circulation, there can be no real hardship or difficulty in keeping them unpublished. Copyright, on the other hand, implies and requires publication; its very object being to permit a multiplication of copies by printing, without divesting the owner of property in his work. Now, as every essential right can be secured to the author under stageright, which is not encumbered with the technicalities incident to copyright, it stands to reason that the former should be made use of for the purpose of protecting dramatic property.

To secure stageright nothing need be done but to keep the work unpublished; whereas to obtain copyright three things must be done:

First—A printed copy of the title of the work must be filed with the Librarian of Congress.

Second—The work must be published within a reasonable time thereafter.

Third—Two printed copies of the work must be filed with the Librarian within ten days after publication.

The law does not prescribe any precise time within which publication must be made, and no exact definition can be given as to what is a reasonable time for that purpose. It depends upon the circumstances of each case.

If the play be copyrighted, the Federal Courts alone have jurisdiction, and the aid of the State Courts cannot be invoked; whereas stageright can be protected not only in the State Courts, but also in the Federal Courts, when the owner of the play and the infringing pirate are residents of different States. Now, as in many States a Federal Judge cannot be found for miles, it may become a serious disadvantage to be limited to that jurisdiction; and unless the author or proprietor has strictly complied with all the technical requirements of the statute, he runs the risk, even after finding a Judge, of being turned out of Court.

While it is true that the statute provides a specific minimum penalty for infringing a copyright, which is not the case at common law, this is often likely to prove but a barren right, for the reason that the pirate is generally irresponsible. The only substantial remedy that the owner of a play, then, really has, is the right to prevent by injunction a threatened infringement, and that right in its fullest and completest form is available at common law.

It follows that the protection of the copyright laws should only be sought when the work is intended for general circulation and sale, and not for a composition designed exclusively for representation upon the stage. And the common law is more liberal than the statute. To obtain statutory protection, which is limited to a term of years, the author or proprietor must be a citizen or resident of the United States; whereas common law protection, which is unlimited as to time, is extended to every person without regard to nationality or residence. If the author has property in the work, he is entitled at common law to the same remedies as would be given to him for the protection of any other chattel. His right of property is respected, no matter what his status may be. And there is a danger involved in seeking the protection of the statute, from which the common law right is, from its very nature, entirely free; it is that if an error creeps into any of the proceedings taken to secure a copyright, the effect may be not only to destroy the copyright, but to deprive the owner of the common law protection also, for the reason that the play, having been once published in the abortive effort to obtain a copyright, has become, in consequence thereof, public property.

It is generally believed that to entitle a play to protection it must be entirely original. This is not so. If the work in its scope and construction be original, even though a portion may be taken from a source common to the public, the owner has property therein. Indeed, a play which in its entirety consists of a combination of incidents and characters taken from public works, may have enough originality to entitle it to protection, but the same material may be used for another dramatization by another person, provided the rival play be not copied, simulated or used.

Strange as it may seem that the statute law in this advanced age affords in civil proceedings such limited protection to this highest type of property, it is stranger still that the criminal law absolutely and entirely ignores it. When an injunction is obtained against an irresponsible infringer, all that he need do to continue the piracy is to cross the line to some other State beyond jurisdiction of the Court issuing the writ, and if he be there met with a new injunction he can pass from State to State, continuing his depredations until the author's perseverance or money is exhausted. Were the law to provide for the punishment of the literary thief as it does for the larceny of other property, he could be arrested wherever found and extradited for punishment. Under the law as it now stands this is impossible, for the reason that while an injunction operates upon the person of the infringer wherever he may play or threaten to play, there is no way to bring him back to the jurisdiction of the Court issuing the writ, and until that is done there is no way to punish him for contempt. He is therefore perfectly safe, provided he keeps away from that jurisdiction; and this is the case though the injunction be from a United States Court, for the reason that its authority to punish for contempt can likewise be only exercised upon a person found within the judicial circuit within which it is located. This would be otherwise if the wrongful appropriation of a play were made a crime for which extradition could be had. If that were the case, very few persons would be so daring as to take the risk, with imprisonment staring them in the face, of using a play without the consent of the owner.

Early in the present century Thomas Hood gave vent to his wrath at this defect in the law, when with bitterness he said: "Literary property is the lowest in the market. An author's winged thoughts, though laid, hatched, bred and fed within his own domain, are less his property than is the bird of passage that of the lord of the manor on whose soil it may happen to alight. An author cannot employ an armed keeper to protect his preserves; he cannot apply to a pinder to arrest the animals that trespass on his grounds—nay, he cannot even call in a common constable to protect his purse on the king's highway. I have had thoughts myself of seeking the aid of a policeman, but counsel learned in the law have dissuaded me from such a course. There was no way of defending myself from the petty thief but by picking my own pocket."

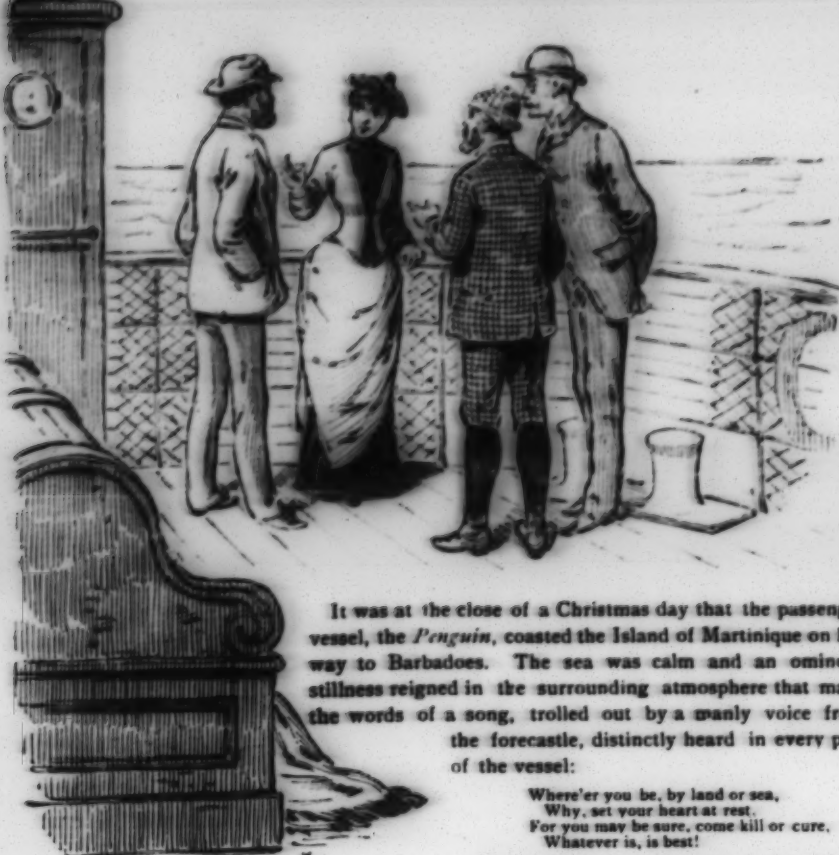
Lines to a Lady.

M V dainty girl, my stately girl!  
Her hair, in many a clustering curl,  
O'erhangs her brown and laughing eyes  
Where the imprisoned sunshine lies.  
The tropic fervor of the South  
Lingers 'round her dainty mouth  
(Shaped like requiem Cupid's bow),  
From whence doth vocal music flow.  
Like twin roscods flecked with dew  
Are her lips of ruddy hue.  
Small and pointing, Ah! what bliss,  
To ravish thence one happy kiss.  
But that joy is now denied me,  
My holy frowns, and doth decide me  
For my fault of over-love.  
Ah, me! Is love so frail a flower,  
To bloom and wither in an hour?  
Gentle Shakespeare said, in moan,  
"The course of true love never ran smooth."  
My lone heart now prooveth this,  
As each sad face I meet;  
But as, when Winter's reign is done,  
Spring blossoms greet the genial sun,  
So perchance the flower of love,  
Will return, like Noah's dove.

EDWARD COLEMAN.



# ON BOARD THE PENGUIN; Or, Love in a Storm.



It was at the close of a Christmas day that the passenger vessel, the *Penguin*, coasted the Island of Martinique on her way to Barbadoes. The sea was calm and an ominous stillness reigned in the surrounding atmosphere that made the words of a song, trolled out by a manly voice from the fore-castle, distinctly heard in every part of the vessel:

Where'er you be, by land or sea,  
Why, set your heart at rest.  
For you may be sure, come kill or cure,  
Whatever is, is best!

"Don't believe it," grumbled an old seaman who was seated on a coil of rope mending a

sail. "I wish I had the ordering of my own life, for me to be situated as I am at this here present!"

He was a muscular old man, with rugged features. He had a clear blue eye and silvery locks, that showed he had been a handsome fellow in his day; but something or other had put him out of love with life, and his habitual mood was one of discontent. A passenger, who was pacing the quarterdeck, turned at the old sailor's words and confronted the speaker.

"Don't you believe in a Providence that overrules all our actions, Williams?" he asked. "Oh, yes, Mr. Egerton; I believe in Providence right enough; but when I see misery and injustice on every side, I can't help a-thinking as our actions might be ruled a little straighter for us."

"We are all apt to think the same, but that is because we cannot see the end of the beginning. Perhaps, too, you have never prayed that Providence might extend its fostering care over you?"

"You're mistaken, sir. No man ever prayed more than I used to do. I was a reg'lar converted Christian at one time, and a moral example; but 'twarn't no manner of use. No one ever heard nor answered my prayers, and so I left off a saying 'em, and I don't see as my troubles are a bit wuss for it, neither. Everybody seems to get much of a muchness in this world."

He re-applied himself to the patching of his sail, and the young man who had addressed him looked over the dark blue waters and sighed. He, too, had prayed for some weeks past that a certain blessing on which he had set his heart might be granted him, and his prayers had been returned upon his hands, as it were, unanswered. He was a sad and disappointed man that evening, but his faith in Heaven was not one whit shaken by the trouble that had overtaken him. Even the ringing laughter of Miss Sinclair, as she sat on the poop and responded to the badinage and compliments of the group of gentlemen by which she was surrounded, although it made Egerton's brave heart quiver with pain, had not the power to cause it to despair.

"Williams," he said, after a pause, "you are altogether wrong. Prayer may not be answered at once, or in the manner we anticipate, but it is always heard, and what that says is true—'Whatever is, is best.' It must be."

Williams looked dubious.

"It's all very well for them, sir, as is rich and young, and got all their life before 'em, to think so. I daresay everything do seem best to them; but let 'em be sick and old and obliged to work hard, and I warrant they'd sing to a different tune."

"Are you ill, Williams?"

"Pretty middlin', sir. I've done a deal of work in my time, and I has the rheumatics that bad in my hands sometimes as makes every stitch I put in a anguish to me."

"Are you sorry?"

"Well, I've had my share of that lot, Mr. Egerton; but, as I've told you already, 'twas nothin' to nobody what I suffered nor what I felt, and so I've larned to hold my tongue upon the matter."

Richard Egerton looked at the old sailor's face, down which time had made deep furrows, and his heart went out to this fellow-creature, who had sorrowed perhaps as much as he was doing himself, and had no outward alleviation for the world's injustice.

"Did you ever watch two people play a game of chess, Williams?" he asked, presently. "Oh, yes, often."

"Didn't it puzzle you at first to understand why the players should sometimes allow their men to be taken from them, or even place them in positions of danger, where they could not possibly escape being captured?"

"Yes, sir," cried old Williams, brightening up. "I remember there was one gentleman that crossed with us last year to Trinidad, and he used to boast that there was no one on

board could beat him at chess. And no more there was, and his play was always to let the other sweep near half his men off the board afore he'd begin in earnest at all. Lord! I've stood and watched 'em many a time, and been as near as possible a-crying out to him to take care; but he had got the game, sir, at his fingers' ends, and always came off victor."

"Just so. That gentleman's plans must have seemed inexplicable to anyone who was ignorant of the rules of chess; but those who watched them to the end would have understood that he allowed his knights and pawns to be taken only that he might preserve his queen and his castle, and win the game after all. Do you follow me?"

"I think I can, sir, though I don't know where you're a-leading me to."

"Only to this point—that you must try and think in the same way of the dealings of Providence with men. We cannot tell why one of us is rich and the other poor; why one has blessings in this life and the other nothing but troubles. But God does. We only see the effect; He knows the cause. He is the player of the game, Williams, and does not allow one piece to be taken captive by the enemy except with a view to victory."

"Well, sir, that's all very clever argumentation, but it don't convince me. It's sorry work listenin' to reason for comfort. He's swept away all my pieces, one arter another, and left me alone in the world, and I can't see the mercy of it nor the justice neither," replied the old man.

"But it is not only to the sick and the poor that He deals out his judgments," continued Egerton, sadly. "We all have our troubles, in whatever position we may be placed."

At this moment the man up on the fore-castle shouted again at the top of his voice, "Whatever is, is best."

"I wish that Ben's tongue was a little shorter," exclaimed Williams, hastily. "He's always a-bawlin' out them ere songs."

"'T would be all the same to you, 'Old Sulky,' whatever he sung," remarked another sailor in passing; "for the song ain't written yet as would give you pleasure to listen to."

"Well, I likes to hear sense, whatever it be," shouted "Old Sulky" after him, "Look at that bank of clouds, rolling up from leeward. We shall have a squall before long, as sure as I sits here. However, I suppose that fool, Ben, would go on shoutin'. 'Whichever is, is best,' if the *Penguin* was split in half and he was just goin' under water."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Egerton, as he turned away to seek his cabin.

His conversation with the old seaman had had the effect of increasing his depression, and he felt as if he could not trust himself to argue with him any longer. He would have much preferred, on this calm evening, to take up his usual quarters on the poop, where the rest of the passengers were assembled; but he had not the courage to go there.

So the poor young fellow left the deck, and entering his cabin, threw himself down upon the sofa, which served him for a bedstead, and abandoned himself to grief. He was altogether too young and too good-looking to feel so utterly bereft of hope.

His bright brown curls covered an intelligent brow, which bore upon its broad expanse the best sign of an honorable man—the impress of frankness and truth. His blue eyes, now so dull and troubled, were generally bright, and his athletic limbs, although but the growth of four-and-twenty years, gave promise of great manly strength.

And Richard Egerton had other heritages besides those of youth and beauty. He was the possessor, as the old seaman had intimated, of wealth and influence. He had been adopted in infancy by a rich relation, who had lately

died, leaving him his large estates in Barbadoes, on the condition that he assumed the name of Egerton, instead of that which had been his by birth.

But what did all these advantages avail the poor lad to-day?—this day which had dawned so full of hope, and was now about to set upon a heavy heart. And pretty Lillian Sinclair, whose laughter still reached his ears at times, even where he lay, was the cause of all this trouble. They were not entirely new acquaintances. He had met her in England some months before, and had taken passage to Barbadoes by the *Penguin* only because he had heard that she was going to travel in it to join her father, who was a civilian of repute in Trinidad. He had admired her from the first moment of their acquaintance, and the weeks they had spent on board ship had ripened admiration into love, and made him hope, as he had every reason to do, that she was not indifferent to himself.

He believed that his position as a landed proprietor in the West Indies would have ensured a favorable reception at the hands of her father, and he approached the subject of marriage with her, if not with the certainty of being met half way, at least with a modest hope that she would not think him presumptuous. And Lillian Sinclair had refused his offer—point blank and without hesitation. It had fallen upon him as a cruel blow.

How lovely she had looked that morning when he found her sitting in her basket-chair in a corner of the poop, shading her sweet, soft eyes from the glaring light with a rose-lined parasol. How confidently he had believed that he should see the long lashes lowered over those beautiful eyes, and the maiden flush of combined shyness and pleasure mount to her delicate cheek as he poured forth his tale of love. Others had watched the young couple sitting so close together that morning, and guessed what was going on. Others had seen Richard Egerton bending lower and lower over his pretty fellow-passenger, and gazing into her eyes as though he would read her very soul, as he whispered his hopes to her. The poor young fellow had been very modest over it, but he had made no sure that Lillian Sinclair's looks and actions could not have deceived him, that he had almost thanked her beforehand for the reply he expected to receive. And she had listened to his proposal with well-feigned surprise, and rejected it with ill-advised haste. She had thought in her girlish inexperience that it was more correct and womanly to appear horrified at the first idea of marriage, and she had been almost as despairing as himself as she saw Richard Egerton take her at her word and turn away without a second appeal, to hide his wounded pride below. She was deeply repenting her abrupt dismissal of him as she flirted with Captain Barrington, who was returning from leave to join his regiment at Barbadoes.

But how was poor Egerton to know that, as he cast himself dejectedly upon his narrow berth, and lay, face downward, with his eyes pressed upon the pillow, lest the hot tears that scorched them should overflow and betray his weakness? The sound of her voice tortured him. He believed that she must be in earnest in showing a preference for Captain Barrington, and he was not yet strong enough to watch her fair face smiling on another man. So he delivered himself over to melancholy, and tried hard to believe that he would not have things other than they were.

"Whatever is, is best," he kept on repeating inwardly. "It will not do for me to preach a lesson to another man that I am unable to apply to myself. Besides, it is true. I know it to be so. My whole existence has proved it hitherto."

Yet the smiling, sunlit pastures and canefields to which he was taking his way, and which had seemed so beautiful in prospect when he had hoped to secure fair Lillian Sinclair to reign over them as mistress, appeared to afford him but dull anticipation now.

"How shall I ever get through the work?" he thought, "and my heavy heart and sluggish spirit will lay open to the worst influences of the country. But I will not despair. My wants and my weakness are not unknown, and a way will be found for me even out of this 'Slough of Despond.'"

He was roused from his love-sick reverie by the sound of a low moaning, which seemed to pervade the surrounding atmosphere. Starting up on his couch, Egerton now perceived through the port-hole that the sky had become dark, and the noise of the captain of the vessel shouting his orders through a speaking trumpet, and the sailors rushing about to execute them, made him aware that something was wrong.

He was not the man to keep out of the way of danger. Brave as a lion, Richard Egerton, from a boy, had ever been the foremost in any danger. Now, as the warning sounds reached his ear, he rushed at once on deck. He remembered "Old Sulky's" prophecy of a squall, and his first thoughts were for the comfort and safety of Miss Sinclair. But as he issued from the passengers' saloon a fearful sight awaited him. One of those sudden hurricanes, for which the West Indies are famous, and which will sometimes swamp the stoutest vessel in the course of a few seconds, had risen, and the whole ship's company was in confusion.

As Egerton sprang upon deck he could distinctly see what appeared to be a black wall of water advancing steadily to meet the *Penguin*. With the exception of the noise consequent

on attempting to furl the sails in time to receive the shock of the approaching storm, there was but little tumult upon deck, for everyone seemed paralyzed with terror.

At the first alarm, Miss Sinclair, with the remainder of the passengers from the poop, had attempted to go below, but, having reached the quarter-deck, was crouching at the foot of the companion ladder, too terrified by the violence of the tornado to proceed further.

As for Egerton, he had to hold on fast to the bulwarks to prevent himself being washed overboard. His head was bare, and as he stood there with the wind blowing his curls about in the wildest disorder, Lillian Sinclair looked up and saw him, and registered a vow, in the midst of her alarm, that if they ever came safely out of that fearful storm she would humble her pride before him and confess that she had been in the wrong. The moaning of the tempest increased to a stunning roar, and then the huge wall of water broke upon the *Penguin* with tremendous violence.

All hands were aghast, and the men were dashed about the deck hither and thither as the wind caught the vessel on her broadside. The awful noise of the hurricane rendered all communication by speech impossible, but the captain, by setting the example, stimulated his men to cut away the masts in order to right the ship, which had been thrown almost on her beam-ends.

In a moment Egerton perceived the danger to which Lillian Sinclair would be exposed by the fall of the crashing timber.

She was crouching in the most exposed part of the quarter-deck, her lovely eyes raised upward, full of the wildest fear.

"There! there! Go there!" he exclaimed frantically, though his voice had no power to reach her, as he pointed to a more sheltered position under the companion-ladder. "Get under there, for Heaven's sake!"

She saw the warning gesture of his hand, the agony depicted in his face, and understood the meaning of them, just as the huge mast bowed itself toward the sea.

Egerton continued his efforts to make her see the necessity of moving, and she was just about to take advantage of the hint, when Captain Barrington crawled on all fours into the place himself. The little man was not too brave by nature, and fear had driven all thoughts of chivalry out of his head.

For the moment the girl did not see who had forestalled her intentions; she only perceived that she had lost her chance of safety, and awaited the event in trembling anxiety.

Down came the topmast with a crash that threatened to sink the vessel. Yet Lillian Sin-



HOW LOVELY SHE HAD LOOKED THAT MORNING.

clair was sheltered from possible injury, for, with a mighty effort, Richard Egerton had quitted his stronghold and flung his body upon the deck before her.

For one moment he was conscious—happily conscious—that she was safe, and he had saved her; the next, he had fainted from a blow on the head and the pain of a large splinter of wood that had been broken from the fallen mast and driven with violence into his arm. He did not hear the scream with which Lillian Sinclair viewed the accident, nor see the agonized face which bent above his prostrate form. He heard, and saw, and knew nothing, until he opened his eyes in his own cabin, and perceived with the dazed wonder of returning consciousness, that the old sailor, Williams, and the ship's doctor, Mr. French, were bending over him.

"You'll do now," remarked the doctor as he held a cordial to his lips.

"Is she safe?" was all Richard Egerton said in reply, as he looked at his splintered arm. They thought he meant the *Penguin*.

"Oh, yes, she's safe enough now, sir," replied the old seaman; "but we've had an awful time of it. We've lost our top-gallant mast and our spars and hen coops have been washed overboard, and one of the boats got adrift in the squall, and the poor *Penguin* is stript of half her toggery."

"But are any of the passengers injured?"

"No one but yourself, sir; but two of our best men went over with the mast and Ralph White has broke his leg, and there'll be a tidy little bill for some one to pay when we gets into port again."

"And reminds me, Williams, that I must go and look after poor White," said the doctor. "I think I may leave my patient in your care now. See that he lies there till I return."

"I'll look after the gentleman, doctor, never you fear," replied the old seaman as Mr. French left the cabin.

"It was an awful hurricane, Williams," remarked Egerton with a sigh of remembrance, as he turned uneasily upon his pillow. "You may well say that, sir; and it's just a miracle as we're still afloat."

"How little we thought, as we talked together on deck an hour or two ago, that death was so close at hand for some of us."

"Ay, indeed, and with that smiling, burning, treacherous blue sky above us. You have seen some of the dangers now, sir. I suppose you ain't going, in the face of this storm, to hold to Bill's song, that 'Whatever is, is best.'"

"Yes, I am, Williams," replied the young man firmly.

"What! with our tight little ship knocked to pieces in this fashion and your arm broken in two places?"

"Just so, Williams. Heaven sent both the storm and the accident. They must be for the best."

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed the old sailor, in sheer amazement. The announcement seemed to have taken all the wind out of his sails, and he sat staring at the wounded man.

"How comes it that you are attending on me?" asked Egerton, as Williams handed him a glass of water.

"Well, sir, I took a fancy to your way of talking; so when they wanted some one here to help the doctor with your arm, I offered to come."

"It was very good of you. You told me this morning that you had had troubles, and prayer had never availed to get you out of them. Do you mind telling me what those troubles are?"

"Not a bit, sir, if I shan't tire you; but it is a long story. I had a sweetheart when I was a young chap—most young chaps have, you know, sir—I dare say you've had one yourself before now—and I had a schoolmate, too, by name—well, we'll call him Robert—and we both loved the girl dearly; but he got her, sir, and I had to go to the wall."

"That was very unlucky for you."

"Well, it was unfortunate, though he courted her aboveboard, and all was fair enough at the time. But the worst of it was that he turned out a regular bad 'un, and ill treated his wife shamedly arter he'd married her. When I came home from sea, it used to make my blood reg'lar boil to hear poor Lottie tell how he'd beaten and starved her, for he'd taken to drink, you see, sir, and all his love had gone."

"Was he a sailor, too?"

"Yes, sir, and once, when I come off a long voyage to China and Australy, and round home by San Francisco, I heard that Lottie was a widder and in great distress, without hardly a bit of money. Well, I looked her up pretty sharp, as you may guess, and I found it was all true."

"And then you married her?"

"No, I didn't sir. I've never been married. I don't deny I asked her, but she wouldn't have me, nor no one. She said it was too late, and she was dying, which sure enough she was. But she had a child, sir—little Dicky—such a dear little chap, with blue eyes—just like her own—and when she died she left him on my hands, and lor' how fond I was of that little creetur! He took his poor mammy's place in my heart altogether."

The old sailor stopped here and drew his hand across his eyes.

"Did he die, too, Williams?" inquired Egerton.

"Not as I knows of, sir. He may be dead or livin'. It's all the same to me now. That was the time I used to pray, Mr. Egerton, night and day, that the little feller I was so proud of might grow up a good man and a comfort to my old age, and when I lost him I chucked up religion altogether."

"How did you lose him?"

"In the cruellest of ways, sir. He had grow'd up beside me five years, and I had done everything for him; and when he'd put his two little arms around my neck and kiss me, and look so like his poor mother—who was the only sweetheart I ever had, Mr. Egerton—I used to thank the lord, with tears in my eyes for His goodness to me. But it was all a delusion."

"Tell me the end of it."

"The end of it was that when my pretty Dicky was a smart little fellow of about ten years old, I got him a place as ship-boy aboard the *Lady Bird*, and we sailed for the Brazils together, as proud and 'appy as the day was long. And I was a-teachin' the boy every think, Mr. Egerton, and he was gettin' that 'cute and handy—when, in an evil moment that man whom we all thought dead and buried turned up ag'in at Rio Janeiro and claimed his boy of me."

"What! the father?"

"Yes, sir. Of course he had the right to do it, and that's what the skipper tried to make me understand; but it broke my heart. He thought he'd make money out of the lad's wages, and so he took him away from me, who was just like a father to him; and his screams as we parted, have never left my ears since. And when I heard afterward the brute ill-treated Dicky just the same as he'd done his poor mammy, I nearly went mad. The men calls me hard names; but it's many's the time when they think me surly I'm only dreamin' over that time ag'in and cursin' them as brought me to such a pitch. I shall never see my pretty Dicky ag'in, sir, till I meets him above, and I shall owe Robert Hudson a grudge."



to the day of my death for robbin' me of him in that cruel manner."

"Who did you say?" said Egerton, starting up in his berth.

"Please to lie down, sir. The doctor will be arter me if I lets you knock about in that manner. The name slipped out unawares, for



"Is it possible you can be my little Dicky?" 'tain't no use rakin' it up agin. It has nothing to do with my story."

"But, pray, tell it me again."

"Robert Hudson."

"But Robert Hudson was the name of my father!"

"Your father, sir? But, beggin' your pardon, how can that be, when you're called Egerton?"

"I know I am; but I took the name from a relation who left me his money on condition that I did so. My real name is Richard Hudson, and I was brought up to the sea, and adopted by my mother's cousin, Henry Egerton, because my father treated me so brutally. He was had up by the police for thrashing me till I fainted, and then the magistrates gave me over to the guardianship of Mr. Egerton; and, Williams, can it possibly be?"

"Sir, sir! don't keep me in suspense. What was the maiden name of your mother?"

"Charlotte Erskine, and she was born in Essex."

"At Pinfold?"

"That is the place. My grandfather had the 'Peartree Farm' there; and she is buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. Mr. Egerton used often to take me to see her grave."

"Oh, sir! this is very, very wonderful! Is it possible you can be my little Dicky?"

"It is quite true that I am the son of Robert and Charlotte Hudson, and that if I had not changed my name, we should have recognized each other before now. Do not think I have forgotten you, Williams! I cannot remember the face of my sailor friend, but I have never forgotten all his kindness to me. But surely I used to call you "Caleb" in those days, and have always thought of you by that name since."

"True enough, sir, that's me—Caleb Williams—and I can hear your sweet little voice a-calling Caleb from the top of the house to the bottom, now; you was never out of my arms, Mr. Egerton. Day and night you was on this bosom, as you may say, and my heart's been empty since I lost sight of you. And so you're my own boy—leastways, what I used to call my own—and I've been a nursin' you again as I used to nurse you in the olden time. Oh, bless the Lord for all His mercies!" cried the old seaman, as he fairly broke down, and sobbed with his face in his hands.

They talked for a long time over the past, Richard Egerton being scarcely less affected than old Williams, as, one by one, little incidents and reminiscences came to light to confirm their several identities, and make him see still more clearly how much he owed to the old man who sat beside him.

"And now, Caleb," he said, when the evening shadows had deepened into dusk, "this will be your last voyage. I cannot let you work any more. You know that I have riches, and you must share them."

"Oh, sir, you are too good!"

"Don't call me 'sir' again, please. Call me Richard, Caleb, or 'Dicky,' or anything that pleases your fancy; but the man who acted as a father to me when I had worse than none, shall never address me as though I were his superior. What was it you prayed for me to become, Caleb, in those days, when I used to sit on your knee, with my little hands clasped about your neck?"

"A good man and a good son, my dear boy," quivered the old seaman.

"Well, I will try, at all events, to fulfil the last clause. My cousin Egerton, who was a rich tradesman, has left me all his property. I have land and houses in Barbadoes, and I intend to settle there; at least for the next few years. You must come and live with me. You will find plenty of work on the estates to employ your time, if you wish to work; and if you wish to rest you shall be idle. My father has been dead in reality for many years past, so that we shall be left alone and in peace this time to the end of our days together."

"And there is no one else, my dear boy?" inquired Williams, anxiously.

"How do you mean?"

"You are not married, nor likely to be?"

"I am not married, nor likely to be. There is no one else," repeated Richard Egerton, with a bitter sigh.

"Don't sigh like that, sir."

"Dicky, please, Caleb."

"Dicky, then—my little Dicky, as I loved so dearly. To think I should have found you again after all these years—grow'd to such a fine man, too—and in that awful storm!"

"Whatever is, is best," replied Egerton. "You won't grumble again, will you, Caleb, because the answer to your prayers may be delayed a little?"

"Don't mention it. I feel ashamed even to remember it."

"You see that even the hurricane has borne its good fruits as well as its evil. Without it we might never have been made known to each other."

"It's been a merciful interposition of Providence from beginning to end," said old Williams, wiping his eyes. "But I should like to see you a bit more cheerful. There has been a sad look in your face the last four days, which I couldn't help noticing, and now that I know you to be who you are, I shan't rest satisfied till you smiles in the old way again."

Egerton was about to answer him, when a knock sounded on the cabin door, which stood ajar.

"Who's that?" demanded the old sailor gruffly.

"It's only I," responded a soft, trembling voice, which Egerton at once recognized as that of Lillian Sinclair. "I came to inquire how Mr. Egerton is getting on, and if I can do anything for him."

"No, miss, thank ye; he's agoing on very nicely," responded Williams.

"May I speak to him for a minute?"

"Oh, yes," said Richard, eagerly, raising himself in a sitting position.

The young lady pushed open the cabin door and stood on the threshold, blushing like a rose. She looked very beautiful, although her eyes were swollen with crying.

"I felt I could not sleep until I had thanked you for what you did for me, Mr. Egerton," she uttered, tearfully. "You endangered your own life to save mine, who have done nothing to deserve such a sacrifice."

"Ay, that he did!" interrupted Williams.

"It is nothing—nothing," said Egerton faintly, for the sight of her had upset all his courage. "You could not help it. It is not your fault if—"

"If—what?" demanded Lillian Sinclair.

He turned his eyes toward her, and a new hope ran through his veins like a reviving cordial. "Caleb, my dear old friend," he exclaimed tenderly, "leave me for five minutes to myself."

"What—all alone with the lady?" returned Caleb, regarding Miss Sinclair as though she were a dangerous animal.

"Yes, for one moment only. I have some thing to say for her ear alone."

He had sprung off the berth in his excitement, and was about to quit the cabin.

"Don't go out, then, my dear boy, for mercy's sake," said Williams, "for you've lost a deal of blood, and are weaker than you think for. Will you promise me?"

"I do promise."

The old man shambled out of the cabin as he spoke, and the two were left alone.

"I want so much to tell you," said Egerton, speaking with some difficulty, "what I had not the courage to say this morning, that I know it is not your fault. The blame rests entirely on me. It was my presumption—my madness, if you will—that led me on to speak to you as I did, and I acquit you of all blame. I know you feel for my disappointment now—and I thought it would make you easier to hear this—that is all."

"Oh, if I could only make you understand!" she sobbed.

"Pray don't distress yourself. I do understand it all. How can you help it if you find it impossible to love me?"

"But I do not—I mean, I can—that is to say, I do not mean," stammered the girl, coloring scarlet at the admission she had been betrayed into making.

"Am I to understand that you did not mean what you said this morning?" exclaimed the young man as he grasped her hand. "Lillian, you have given me fresh life. Oh, do not take it back again! Say if you love me!"

Her maiden bashfulness struggled for a moment with her probity, but the latter conquered.

"Yes, I do love you! It was my silly vanity and love of conquest that made me trifle with your feelings this morning. I have been very miserable since, and when I saw you risk your life for my sake, I wished that I might have died for you instead."

"Oh, Lillian, Lillian! Your words are opening Heaven to me. Darling, is it possible that you will be my wife?"

"If you can forgive my heartless rejection of you, Richard. If you can believe that I am true in saying that I hated each word even as I uttered it; if you still think me worthy of being your life-companion, I will give you a very different answer now."

"You have made me the very happiest man on earth," he cried, exultantly, as he held her in his arms.

"For, sir—I mean my boy Dicky—you musn't be a guin' on like this!" exclaimed old Caleb, appearing on the scene when least expected. "The doctor's particular orders was that you were to keep quiet and not bounce about."

"Caleb, my dear friend, I will be as quiet as your heart can wish now, for mine is at rest. Don't stare so. Come here, and sit down again, whilst I explain to this young lady all that

you have been to me, and tell you all that I trust she will be to me."

"Oh, we're to have a missus arter all, then!" cried the old sailor, meaningly. "Why, I thought you told me just now, my boy, that you wern't goin' to be spliced!"

"Ah, Caleb, the storm has sent me a wife as it brought you a son. Had it not been for that awful hurricane, and the peril in which it placed this precious life, I am not quite sure if we should ever have been so happy as we are this evening. Never mind my wounded arm and the gash upon my cheek; Miss Sinclair says she shall like it all the better for a scar. The wound in my heart is healed, Caleb, and life looks very fair for us all henceforward. And yet you could not believe, 'Old Sulky,' he added playfully, that "Whatever is, is best."

*Phemie Maryat.*

#### A Sunbeam.

I scarcely seems a year ago,  
Since first our love was told,  
I did not dream—I could not know—  
You loved me for my gold.  
I loved you for yourself alone,  
And not for Fashion's sake.  
'Tis not unmanly, now, to own  
My heart was yours to break.  
A sunbeam fell across my way,  
How radiant none can tell,  
But when the sunbeam passed away  
A deeper shadow fell.

It's been a long, sad, weary life,  
A weary life for both,  
Since you became another's wife  
And broke your pledged troth.  
I blame you not that you were led  
By Fashion's stern command,  
"You must not take," so Fashion said,  
"A ruined lover's land."  
And shadows deep have deepened round  
My pathway from that day,  
When first I woke from dreams and found  
The Sunbeam passed away.

*J. H. Barnes*

#### EXCHANGING HATS.



to impart to it the vivaciousity he infused in the relation. It went like this:

Two gentlemen emerged from the Vaudeville Theatre in the Strand one Saturday afternoon almost simultaneously. It was at a matinee; one had been in the boxes, the other occupied a *fauteuil d'orchestre*. In the crowd that poured from the theatre the two met in the vestibule, and, with a mutual exclamation of gratification, shook hands heartily.

"Whv, Gus, old man, I'm delighted to see you," said one of the men, who was a barrister, and whose name was Tom Heckler.

"And I'm charmed to see you, dear old boy," replied the other, and in less than five minutes they had crossed the Strand to a "pub," as drinking places are called for short. All surprises and delights in England go hand in hand with an instant irrigation of the throttle.

"Have you dined yet?" asked Gus, whose surname was Bright.

"No," replied Tom, "and, as it's getting on to six of the clock, I feel a vacuum here," and he pointed to a portion of his frame that needs no special indicating.

"Let's dine together at the Beaconsfield Club in Pall Mall. They have a good *chef* there, and the place is quiet. We can have a long chat over old times."

The two men had been school-fellows, and fast friends ever since, but rarely met, as one lived a little way out of town. Tom Heckler was a bachelor, and lived in chambers; Gus Bright was a widower, and held a good position in the War Office. Both men were well off, and lived in good style. The end of a brief confab resulted in their calling a cab, and in less than ten minutes they mounted the steps of the handsome Beaconsfield Club, which is next door to Marlborough House, the residence of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

They hung up their hats in the hall, a proceeding that Tom Heckler was very careful in performing, as it was a hat he had only purchased that very morning at Lincoln and Bennett's, the well-known hatters, and he particularly noted the peg on which he placed it. There were altogether about ten hats hanging in the hall, and as they entered the dining-room there were several aristocratic-looking

men seated at the different tables engaged in various stages of "feeding." Mr. Bright soon selected a table in a cosy corner, and the dinner was immediately served and proved excellent in every respect. After a bottle of "Giesler" had been disposed of, Gus confided, in almost a whisper, to his friend the information that he contemplated paying another visit to the hygienic altar, and that the object of his adoration was a rich young widow whose husband had been killed in Egypt.

"It's droll you should tell me this," retorted Tom. "I also think of taking unto myself a partner. I'm greatly 'gone' on a certain girl, but I'm not sure of my position with her. Sometimes she receives me with sympathetic gush, and then again she is distant and offish. She quite bothers me."

"Just like a woman," replied Bright. "It's the cat playing with the mouse before he eats it. Pussy takes jolly good care, however, that the mouse doesn't escape. Nor will you, *mon cher*."

"I fancy I have a rival," remarked Tom, lighting a cigarette.

"Two strings to her bow, eh? It's often the case. There was a Major in the Blues after my widow, but I've cut him out root and branch. Who is your rival?"

"I haven't the faintest notion. I have never seen him. I think she receives us on alternate nights. You know how clever women are when they are a bit artful. But she's clinkingly beautiful, my dear Gus—steel-blue eyes, hair with a suspicion of gold in it when the light dawns on it, and a figure that would make you smack your lips and shriek 'Yum-yum!'"

"Then she is a belle?" remarked the listener to his friend's panegyric.

At that moment Big Ben chimed midnight, and this amorous conversation suddenly collapsed.

"Ye gods! Tempus has fugited with a vengeance," cried Gus, rising. "I had no idea of the time. It will be a narrow squeak to catch the last train from Waterloo."

They went into the hall to get their hats, and Gus went straight to his and put it on. Tom went to the particular peg where he had hung his on entering, and it was gone. He looked into the next hat to see if it was his, and the next, and the next, but none of them belonged to him.

"Here's a nice game," said Tom, petulantly. "My hat is not here."

There was another examination by Gus, and then the porter was appealed to. He could give no account of it. "No doubt some one had taken it by mistake, and the gent who has it will return it in the morning," observed that functionary.

"Perhaps he will," said Gus, "but my friend can't go home without a hat, and the rule of the club is that, if such a mistake occurs, the person who has lost his hat is at liberty to wear any one in the hall which will fit him."

And so Tom tried all the hats on, but they were all too small for his head. At last they came across one—it seemed quite a new one, and was brushed up to a high degree of brilliancy—and although it was rather small, by strenuous efforts he got it on to one side of his head, and it gave him a rakish, devil-may-care sort of air. There is a great deal of character in the method of wearing a hat.

"That'll do for to-night," suggested Bright. "Turn up to-morrow and get your own tile back. I shall miss my train. Good night."

III.

This inconceivable incident fidgeted Tom Heckler somewhat. He went to his chambers, had a brandy and soda, and finally buried his nose in his pillow, got off to sleep at last, and dreamed all night of hats. On the Monday morning he carefully examined his new acquisition. There was no owner's name in it, but the maker's name was a well-known tradesman in Oxford street. Thither he went, and upon submitting the hat to the shopman, after informing him how he had become possessed of it, that person looked it over and could give him no information as to whom it belonged. As the hat was too small for him he asked the shopman to stretch it a trifle, and he would then return to the club to make further inquiries.

The shopman complied, and in turning back the lining a slip of paper dropped on the floor, which he picked up, and handed to Heckler.

Tom read it apart. It was in a woman's handwriting and read as follows: "Meet me on Monday evening at 8 o'clock at Hyde Park corner. I'll be veiled and wear a long cloak."

"It's not an address," Tom said to the shopman, placing the paper in his pocket, and taking back the hat, which now fitted him much better, he took a short cut through Warden street by way of the new avenue and was soon at the Beaconsfield Club.

Tom had determined to call on Gus at the War Office and consult him as to what he had better do under the circumstances.

"Well, Tom," said Gus, after he had heard all and had read the paper that had fallen out of the hat, "this is a queer affair; and my advice, as it is evident that we can't discover the owner of the hat, is to keep the appointment with the lady this evening ourselves."

"A good idea," said Tom. "We can easily explain how I became possessed of the memorandum, and I shall ascertain who the owner of this hat is and get back mine again."

IV.

The clock was striking eight that evening as the two friends took up their position at Hyde Park corner near the Great Gates.

"You may rely on it we shall have to wait

some time," said Gus. "Ladies are never punctual in appointments of this description. It is a love affair, no doubt."

"But what about the gentleman?" inquired Tom.

"Oh, perhaps he is acting upon the principle of showing no excess of anxiety to be punctual, and doesn't want to show his cards too suddenly. It is evident that the affair is either in a very early or late stage. It may be for declaring an original love or for a reconciliation after a lovers' quarrel. However, it's worth waiting for, if it is only that you may recover your hat."

"Right you are," said Tom, "but look, here he comes. There's the gentleman, and he is wearing my hat."

"The deuce he is," said Gus, contemplating the gentleman observed by Tom, and who was now leisurely approaching and occasionally looking around and acting as one who is to keep an appointment.

He was a tall, handsome man, fashionably attired, and was smoking a cigarette. Gus looked at him again as he approached, and with Tom sauntered along as if to pass him. As they did so, he said: "No, I don't remember to have seen him before. I don't think he is a member of the club. No doubt he is a friend of one of the members and was dining there."

"That's certain," said Tom, "for I'll swear he's got on my hat and I am wearing his. Would there be any harm in approaching him and explaining the circumstances?"

"Hold hard," said Gus, who seemed to have perceived some fun in the situation, and was enjoying it quietly. "Let us wait for the lady; and, by bounds, there she is!"

At that moment a lady hurriedly crossed the street to the gates. She was closely veiled and wore a cloak. She looked about for a few moments, and then, perceiving the gentleman near the gates, quickly approached him. At the same time he had seen her and instantly was by her side.

They met, and shook hands. Then he offered her his arm and they walked into the park.

"What's the matter, Tom?" said Gus. "You seem agitated."

And indeed he was, for he was pulling his hat about in a most excited manner.

"I fancy I've made a discovery," cried Tom. "The lady who is on the arm of that man is the one I have been paying my addresses to. I feared I had a rival, and this confirms it. He who wears my hat is the man who is evidently seeking to take from me the woman I love."

"A curious coincidence certainly. A man you have never seen before. I think I had better interfere," said Gus. "May I do so?"

"Yes."

Thereupon Gus approached the lady and gentleman, and raising his hat to the former, addressed the latter as follows:

"Pardon me, but you will allow me to point out to you that you are wearing another man's hat, and that your own is now being worn by my friend here," and he pointed to Tom. The gentleman looked puzzled, and the lady, with a scream of fright, exclaimed:

"It is Mr. Tom Heckler!" and then, in an indignant tone, continued, "Why are you watching me? This is a gentlemanly proceeding on your part, truly."

"I was not watching you, Miss Patrice. It is quite by accident that I find you here. That gentleman is wearing my hat, and I want it."

The stranger, in a most indignant manner, exclaimed: "By what right do you address that lady when she is on my arm? You sweep, take that!" And with his stick he struck at Tom's hat and knocked it off his head, and then gave it a vigorous kick and sent it flying a long distance off.

"You have only battered your own hat, sir," said Tom. "Give me mine." And seizing the man by the throat with one hand, he took off his hat with the other, and put it on his own head.

The gentleman threatened to do many murderous things, but Gus interfered, and taking Tom by the arm they jumped into a passing hansom and drove rapidly away.

"I am much obliged to you, dear Gus," said Tom. "Had I not dined with you at the club I should never have worn another man's hat, nor possibly discovered the perfidy of the girl I desired to marry."

*Howard Paul*

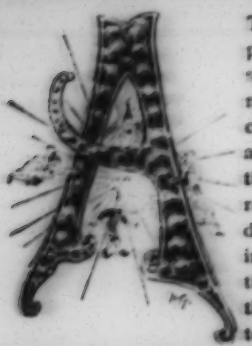
#### Shadows of the Past

A REVERIE.

I'm sitting in the twilight of an evening calm and bright,  
A lovely day is ending in a lovelier Summer's night.  
Above me hangs the picture of a father passed away,  
And trains of thought steal o'er me with the closing of the day.  
They take me back to boyhood days; his face I seem to see.  
When in this chair that father sat and danced me on his knee,  
His voice I almost hear again 'mongst memories crowding fast.  
It cannot be his love is but a shadow of the past.  
Through the open window comes a sound of hope and joy.  
His loving mother joining in the prattle of our boy.  
And from the past my thoughts take flight into the future dim,  
When what is happy present may be sad past to him.  
Another picture hanging on the wall above his chair  
May awaken love as does the one that's hanging there,  
But work o'ercome and duty done, where've his lot be cast,  
Will bring him blessings mingled with the shadows of the past.  
J. H. B.



## STRANGE HALLUCINATIONS.



changes by being tragic, humorous, or melodramatic. Hallucinations are defined by Crichton as an error in mind in which ideal objects are mistaken for realities. Darwin defines them as structural changes in the organs of sense. Hallucinations are generally divided into those which occur in the waking state and those which take place during sleep. The latter are generally termed visions.

Brewster, in his letters on "Natural Magic," relates an experience of Newton which shows that anyone has the power to produce hallucinations at his pleasure. This philosopher, after having regarded for some time the image of the sun in a looking-glass, was much surprised, on directing his eyes toward the dark part of the room, to see a spectre of the sun reproduced bit by bit, until it shone with all the vividness and all the color of the real object. The hallucination afterward reoccurred whenever he was in the dark. The same phenomenon takes place when a person looks fixedly at a window in a strong light and then at a wall; a spectral window, with its panes and bars, soon presents itself.

Talma, the great French actor, said that when he entered upon the stage, he was able, by the power of his will, to banish from his sight the dress of his numerous and brilliant audience and to substitute in the place of these living persons so many skeletons. When his imagination had thus filled the theatre with these singular spectators, the emotions which he experienced gave such an impulse to his acting as to produce the most startling effects.

When I was a student attending medical lectures, I remember well our professor on nervous diseases relating many queer stories of the strange fancies of patients, sane on all points but one, and on the action of a strong mind over a weak one. He used to relate an old story of how a party of friends, enjoying themselves one evening at a wayside inn over their cups, conceived the idea of making an absent friend of theirs believe himself seriously ill, the said friend at that time being a typical specimen of good health. Their friend was a carrier, who delivered parcels from one small town to another (this was before the day of railroads), stopping every six or seven miles at little towns along the way—in all he had five calls. Their scheme was this: At the first stop, friend number one was to say, "John, you are not looking well to-day. What is the matter?" At the second place friend number two was to say, "Why, John, how ill you are looking!" And so on to the end of his journey.

At the first stopping-place he was met with the prepared remark: "Why, John, how badly you look. Let the hostler look after the horses and you come with me and get a dram of whiskey; it will do you good." John laughed at him, saying that he never felt better in all his life, and, finishing his business, went on to the next town, at the same time pondering on his friend's remark. When he arrived at stop number two he was met with the same greeting, only more earnest and exaggerated.

He felt annoyed and said: "Never felt better in all my life." Still he went to the mirror, and noticing how pale he was, thought his friends must be right. At the third and fourth towns the agreement was kept to the letter, and when poor John arrived at the end of his journey he was unable to attend to his business; went to bed utterly prostrated, and died in three days. What had begun as a comedy ended as a tragedy.

Similar cases are on record. Many, no doubt, have heard of the man with the glass side. He was a well educated gentleman, moving in good society, correct in his business habits, and sane on all points but this. He was quite positive he had a glass side, and no arguments or action of family or friends could convince him to the contrary. He was very careful of the same side, never attempting to lean on it, allowing no one to touch it, and in every way showing to all that he knew it was glass. Of course his friends tried to convince him in every way that it was only an abnormal fancy. They even hit, on the side that he supposed was glass, blows hard enough to break even glass plate. Eminent physicians were called in, who likewise tried to convince him of his mistake, but all to no purpose.

At length Sir Astley Cooper, the most eminent physician in England, was consulted. An appointment was made and in company with his family physicians he saw the patient. As he was introduced to the patient, Sir Astley Cooper began laughing, not at the patient, but at the other physicians, saying: "Why, gentlemen, how blind you all must be. Anyone with half an eye can easily see that our friend has a glass side. I am sorry I have not time now to examine him more closely, but to-morrow at twelve I will meet you all here." He then retired with his attending physicians, leaving the patient alone, and at last he

had been able to convince some one—and that one the greatest of all physicians—as to his affliction. The next day at twelve Sir Astley was there with the other physicians. In those days cloaks were worn by nearly all gentlemen. As Sir Astley came into the room he threw his cloak into a convenient chair and began carefully to examine the patient. After a few moments he got him near the chair where his cloak was and got out his instruments. He told the patient not to be frightened, as all his future happiness depended on the next few minutes. He was then asked to close his eyes. The cloak was taken off the chair and the patient quickly and forcibly pushed into it. There was instantly a sound of breaking glass. The patient turned around and found the chair and floor strewn with fragments of glass. Sir Astley Cooper, with pretended delight, said: "You are now completely cured." The patient was overjoyed to have so easily gotten rid of his burden and never afterward imagined he had a glass side. The reader can easily see what Sir Astley Cooper had done. He found the only way to cure the patient was to agree with him, as nobody else had. He had a piece of glass blown and hidden under his cloak. The patient had no suspicion of the trick, believing it was his old enemy that was smashed.

I have known men to imagine that they had gold brains, silver livers and crystal stomachs, and the latter would swallow no hard food for fear of breaking the said brittle organ. There is an authentic case on record of a man who thought himself a teapot and always went about at home and on the street with one arm held out at right angles and the other akimbo, walked sideways, and made a hissing noise like a teapot boiling. Nothing could convince him to the contrary. For many years it was the only symptom of insanity he showed, but eventually he died in an asylum for the insane.

Among women we find hundreds whom nothing can convince that they have not a cancer. With every pain or spot that shows itself they will hasten to the physician, asserting most positively that it is the first symptom of their dreaded foe. Men generally fear consumption or kidney disease. I find it harder to convince such patients that they have nothing to dread than to cure or relieve other sensible patients with more serious diseases.

Speaking of hallucinations, I have in mind just now a lady, one of the best actresses in this country, who has such a horror of dirt that it has become almost a mania with her. In washing her hand she uses at least five bowls of water; uses a towel but once, and that, when it leaves the laundry, must be locked up lest any human hand should touch it. Her tooth-brush is always under lock and key. Every morning it takes her over an hour to bathe, using at least three tubs of water. She dines in no restaurant where she has not the privilege of examining the kitchen and questioning the cook. Her one hobby is water. I always call her an aqua-maniac.

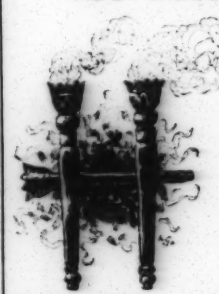
I know a very charming gentleman, a prominent business man, who not for Vanderbilt's wealth would cross any river or leave New York. I have used every endeavor to get him to cross the ferry from New York to Brooklyn, and only succeeded once, by drugging him. He cannot tell why, but as soon as the boat is on the point of starting he has a feeling as if he were about to die, a cold perspiration breaks out all over him, his knees shake, and a stranger looking at him would think he was about to collapse. This has been going on for about eight years. In everything else he is perfectly sane; at home he is charming in every respect. He has consulted the most eminent physicians in New York, but to no avail.

Recently I read of a most interesting journey made by Lieutenant Buckingham and others of the United States Navy. While in Siberia they were walking on the banks of the Ussuri River, when he observed a messmate, who was a captain of the general staff of the Russian army, approach. The steward of the boat suddenly, and without any apparent reason, clapped his hands before his face. Instantly the captain clapped his hands in the same manner, put on an angry look and passed on. The incident was somewhat curious, as it involved a degree of intimacy with the steward hard, in such a country, to be expected. After this they observed a number of queer performances of the steward, and finally comprehended the situation. It seemed that he was afflicted with a peculiar mental or nervous disease which forced him to imitate everything suddenly presented to his senses. Thus, when the captain slapped the paddle-box suddenly in the presence of the steward, the latter instantly gave it a similar thump, or if any noise was made suddenly he seemed compelled against his will to imitate it instantly and with remarkable accuracy. To annoy him some of the passengers imitated pigs grunting or called out absurd names; others clapped their hands and shouted, jumped or threw their hats on the deck suddenly, and the poor steward, suddenly startled, would imitate them all precisely, and sometimes several consecutively. Frequently he would beg people not to startle him and again would grow furiously angry, but even in the midst of his passion would helplessly repeat some ridiculous shout or motion directed at him by his pitiless tormentors. Frequently he would shut himself up in his pantry, which was without windows, and lock the door; but even there he could be heard answering the shouts, grunts or sounds on the bulkhead outside. He was a man of

middle age, fine physique, rather intelligent in facial expression, and gave not the slightest visible indication of his disability.

I could go on writing about such cases until I exhausted my readers' patience, but I shall close by relating a few of the habits of the sect called the Jumpers, or Jumping Frenchmen, that have a community near Moosehead Lake, Maine. I am indebted to the late Dr. Beard for the particulars. He found that whatever order was given them, they at once obeyed. Thus, one of the Jumpers who was sitting in a chair with a knife in his hand was told to throw it. He threw it quickly, so that it stuck in a house opposite. At the same time he repeated the order to throw it with a cry of alarm not unlike that of hysteria or epilepsy. He also threw away his pipe, which he was filling with tobacco, when he was clapped on the shoulder. Two Jumpers sitting near each other were told to strike, and they struck each other very forcibly. When a Jumper is told to strike, he strikes; when told to throw, he throws whatever he may happen to have in his hand. Dr. Beard tried their powers of repetition with the first part of the first line of Virgil's *Æneid* and the first part of the first line of Homer's *Iliad*, and out-of-the-way words in the English language, with which the Jumpers could not have been familiar. He repeated or echoed the sound of the words as they came to him in a quick, sharp voice. All of the Jumpers agreed that it tired them to jump, and they dreaded it, but could not resist the command. It is a most serious disease, and the cruelty of outsiders trifling with persons so afflicted is evident. There is a case on record where a Jumper was told to leap off a precipice one hundred and seventy feet high. He obeyed and was instantly dashed to pieces.

*Robertson*  
MY STAGE LIFE.



HERE is my modest contribution to the CHRISTMAS MIRROR. Though overwhelmed with rehearsals and study and dressmakers' engagements, I will try to fill a space in your charming paper to the best of my humble ability. If I should give some facts concerning the growth of my art, or the grand development of artistic predilection or inclination through which I have reached my present position, would this be interesting to your readers? My subject is an important one, and one upon which I feel some little hesitation in writing, although my best thoughts for the most part of my life have been given to the study of my profession.

My father's family was large, though his means were not; so at an early age I resolved to plunge into that profession which I had known and loved from babyhood. I felt that my father's child could find a place upon the stage if she could find it anywhere. If latent genius and talent burned within me, I was not conscious of its moving power at the time. My lot was cast to be an actress. Circumstances—most peremptory circumstances—compelled me to choose that road, when my cherished desire was to become a singer—a dream of my childhood.

Well, I left home alone at fourteen to go many, many miles from any association of my childhood. Only those reared in a happy home with a devoted father, a loving mother and sisters, all united by the strongest ties of affection, can realize my sufferings on my first start to earn my living. Oh, the wretchedness of the first weary journey! There were no sleeping-cars then, and for three days and nights I sat upright, with every dreary mile increasing the distance from home. I had never travelled, knew nothing of the outside world, and I wished myself dead a dozen times. It was a miserable episode in my life.

My first roles in the profession were sou-brettes. I do not think that even then such parts were congenial to me, but I did my best. I never shirked any of the drudgery, though as I look back now I think I was possessed of a feeling amounting to a positive conviction that I should succeed better in more serious parts. But whatever my feelings may have been, as a matter of fact I was trying my abilities—seeking to find out what there was in me, what I should be able to do. This waiting period was sufficiently long to be of decided benefit to me in my subsequent career. What benefit was it? The reply to that question involves a long jump in my professional career, inasmuch as it calls for a statement of my ideas of my art—or our art.

The art of acting, like other arts, has two sides, and the artist who would be successful on the stage should be master of both. On one side is truth, on the other artifice. The first, a natural gift, in great artists is called genius; the latter is acquired, and that only by patient, constant study and observation. One may have all the natural gifts requisite for the profession of the stage, but without training along the line of the principles of that art can never be able to effectually or even properly use those gifts.

As I did not claim to possess genius, I de-

termined to master the artifice of my art, and the training attained and work and study imposed by those uncongenial parts in my early stage life have been of the greatest advantage to me. I had little to aid me but personal observation in those early days, my father's idea being that I must study out or find out for myself—to develop by this disagreeable working and waiting process. He objected even to reading over a part with me. He would say, "Wait until you have acted it, and then we'll go over it together." When I was to play *Rosalind* for the first time, I entreated him to go over the lines with me. He refused, and I went on with no little trepidation. But when, after the play, he caught me in his arms and fairly cried with pleasurable satisfaction, I felt how much better to have mastered the difficulties myself than to have been helped over them.

To return to the days of my early career and apprenticeship: I do not mean to assert that genius cannot exist without this training, this working with mind and heart at the mechanism of the actor's art. Genius in rare cases may be a law unto itself. My father used to say, "Genius is only continual labor," and I do not believe any genius could make itself understood unless it was aided and supplemented by the mechanical artifices of the stage. My inclinations have always been toward tragedy. I cannot say that I have been conscious of ever using or relying on anything that could be called method in artistic growth or development. I can, however, say that there was a fixed resolution to regard my studies from the standpoint of an artist; to spare no effort to give all my performances an artistic finish; to bring into play all my knowledge of and love for my art; to endeavor to make my personations real flesh-and-blood human beings, and never to sacrifice fidelity to nature to the making of "points" or the gaining of rounds of applause. If I have been governed by artistic methods in the interpretation of character, it has been the result of the unalterable belief that it is the duty of the artist to present the character as the author drew it; to imbibe the author's conception of it.

How I have endeavored to put this in practice may be illustrated perhaps by my course when studying Nancy Sykes. I first read the novel, grasping every detail, however trivial, not confining my study to Nancy and Bill, but following minutely every character in the story. Then I pored through reams of stuff relating to the class of which poor Nancy was a type, and lastly studied everything I could find likely to throw light upon the thoughts, habits or feelings of Dickens while he was writing "Oliver Twist." By this means I arrived at what I thought was Dickens' idea of Nancy, and then I taxed my powers to embody his idea in my own person and to realize this to my audience. In this same manner I worked at Fedora, and breathed naught but Russian air for the three months I studied her in Italy. I acquainted myself with Russian people for the sole purpose of observing them, and if I could have breathed all that I had learned of this people's characteristics into the representatives of the several roles the play would have been perfection. There are dozens of details in Fedora studied by me and made a part of the picture that, perhaps, the general public never noticed. That this labor was appreciated, however, the unabated success of Fedora shows. I saw all the great artists, male and female, both in Italy and France; criticised their performances from my own standpoint as carefully as I have studied the authors they interpreted, and it is impossible but one should be influenced by studies and researches. Talent given by God is like a flower: it tenderly nurtured, the dead leaves plucked off, and the earth kept moistened about its roots, it blossoms again and again, and repays us for our care by its increased beauty and strength and steady and rapid growth.

So it is with dramatic talent: by constantly observing the best things to do and doing them, one can cultivate the talent so that in time it becomes Art, the own sister to Genius. We often hear it said "that playing one part unites the actor for all other parts, destroying the ability for general artistic work." I deny this. I think that an artist playing a part capable of constant study and endeavor, will profit in the same manner as did one who was told by a great maestro to study certain Conconi scales for one year, nothing else, who, at the expiration of the time, was able to play any music set before her. Of course I mean those parts only which embody human feeling and are susceptible of good reading. Take Joseph Jefferson and his career as Rip. Does the constant repetition of the character unfit him for playing any comedy role and giving it its best interpretation? Mr. Booth's one hundred nights of Hamlet fitted him all the more perfectly for the great parts he followed it with. It is the intention within ourselves, the embracing of the slightest opportunity, that makes the actor. The artist follows. Often in these days of charlatanism I feel like repeating the words of Goethe, "Would the stage were as a tight-rope, that none but skilled artists could venture thereon." These may not be the exact words, but it is the idea.

*Nancy Davenport*

## An Advance Agent's Story.



stances prove that the old saying "Every cloud has a silver lining," generally holds good. So has every combination advance agent. I was once the advance agent for a gift show; in other words, I was the silver lining to the cloud which followed in the form of a great gift affair whose sole attraction was the mystification of the ruralites, followed by a liberal dispensation of brass rings, barrels of flour, sets of pine-painted furniture, tons of coal, hoopskirts, hams, etc.; but the greatest of these was the life-harrowing live pig. The wag of the town always drew the pig. It was a great advertisement for the show. The village paper never failed to put into cold-blooded type the soul-absorbing and melancholy remarks of the wag as he waited up to the platform to get his pig. I well remember one occasion when there was not so much fun attached to this part of the show; on the contrary, there was a bit of pathos about it which I shall never fail to recollect when I recall the incident.

They had hard times that Winter up in Michigan, and all shows in general were doing poorly. I was advised not to bill a certain town situated upon the outskirts of the lumbering regions. The town had a great reputation as a show-paralyzer—in other words, many a promising bark filled with hopefuls had foundered upon its shoals. I was determined to make a go there with my combination or break. It was the regular old snap—trained birds, a few legerdemain fakes, and all followed by the generous bestowal of rich gifts to the holders of lucky numbers.

The usual street parade took place. It consisted of a hired cart filled with gaudy but suspicious pine furniture, surmounted by the regulation placard, which read:

Tons of Coal! Barrels of Flour!  
Hams! Watches! Dresses!  
One Live Pig!  
All Given Away!  
To-Night at the Gift Show!

The hall was crowded from wall to wall and the coffers were smiling with goodly cheer. The trained birds never performed more perfectly and the wonderful tricks never drew such applause before. The tricks were as old as the primeval hills, but chestnut-bells were unknown, and everything went for all its worth. The show-part ended amid a shower of red-fire and the usual hurrah of rural crowds. Then the most interesting part of the entire entertainment commenced—the awarding of gifts. The gaudy furniture never looked so taking under its glassy varnish and loud, painted flowers. The barrels of flour assumed stupendous proportions; the glassware, hams, silk dresses and hoopskirts were grandiloquent in all their diversified glory.

One by one the hams, hoopskirts, etc., were removed. The barrels of flour, watches, sets of furniture were claimed by the lucky ones. All gone but the pig. As the pig was the centre of attraction, also the noisiest part of the crowd, everyone within sound of his voice was on his or her nerve.

"No 247 draws the pig," sang out the beaming professor of trained birds, flying cards, boxes with false bottoms and all the other mysteries connected with a legerdemain affair.

Of course I had been very careful in giving out the little envelopes containing prizes and blanks. A friendly chap told me who the wag of the town was. I thought I gave the live pig envelope—but it seems I was mistaken. The wag drew a hoopskirt and—horror of horrors! A poor, little faded-out woman dressed in seedy black tremblingly rose and went to the platform. She was as white as a sheet of paper and trembled like an aspen leaf. The noisy pig—I never heard such an immense volume of sound proceed from such a small source before in my life—was brought forward. The little woman was in trouble. However shall she carry that pig home? She turned her pleading face upon the audience. Most women would not have placed themselves in her situation. But she wanted the pig. She needed the pig. It was much to her, that noisy pig—for the little woman was poor; that one could easily judge from her clothes. There was one gallant chap in the crowd; and he rose, went to the platform, took the noisy, struggling animal under his arm and walked out followed by the little woman and the cheers of the crowd.

The affair didn't end there, however. You may ask did the gallant fellow court, win and woo the little woman's daughter? Nothing of the sort. He stopped at the nearest grog shop and hung up the pig for two dollars' worth of gin, while the little woman went home and washed clothes until morning to make up for her recent loss, the price of a ticket for the show. The next morning I went around, paid the furniture man for the use of his goods, redeemed the watches and silk dresses, after which I moved on to the next town to create havoc among the sons and daughters of man.

*H. S. Keller*



A FRAGMENT.  
CHAPTER I.

**B**y his fireside an old man seated, gazing into the glowing embers. They will be black presently, these embers—the room they illumine will be dark; the smoke that curls high over the house-top, the sign of habitation visible to the world, will be no more; the shutters will be closed and we shall be sleeping. Sleeping! God give us rest. The fire that is in us, we men call soul. The ashes, for manure to help other things to sprout! And, O God! what of the soul? Would you have me believe, you who are named Spiritualists, that this soul retains the shape of man and hovers about the places it lived in as man? Pooh! There may be such—but I am not of them. My soul will have other desires, if it lives in spheres. Rest easy, my spirit shall not trouble you. Pooh to come back and see how you worry and fret and fume over dollars and cents and drink and make merry and fight and backbite one another, you little black and white mites, crawling about on the surface of your round cheese! With one sweep of God's hand annihilated, with one breath of His swept into infinite nothing.

"He bowed not to me to-day, coming from the kirk; I shall know him no more." "He stole a dollar from me to feed his children; he shall be tortured in a cell, he shall not see the light of the sun or breathe the air of heaven for a twelvemonth." "He drinks intoxicating liquors, this little black thing, and reels about the surface of our cheese in an unbecoming manner." "He covets my neighbor's wife." "He lies about me, about her, about him, about you and them." "He knoweth nothing of the manners and etiquette of our cheese; he is ungracious and boorish; we know him not." And so on, and so on.

Do you think my soul will have nothing better to do than to come back for this—if it has any choice in the matter? Not it! If that be your creed, Spiritualists, give me rather the creed of the follower of Voluptas, to lie by limpid fountains, never-failing springs, on velvet lawns, 'neath shady groves, perfumed by flowers, laden with juicy fruits; let hours dance where the sunlight breaks thro' the foliage and let the ghosts of Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, lull me to sleep with song. Let the maidens light my fragrant Havana, give me a pillow for my too all-weary head, and I will express no longing to be back again upon your cheese.

What blasphemy, old man! Do you there see all in those glowing embers—nodding and dreaming there by your fireside? What blasphemy, and your good wife Margaret is stitching your shirts, darning your socks, cooking and dusting and bestirring herself generally for your comfort. Thou lazy old man—dreaming and nodding and mumbling, and thou wouldst have no clothes on thy back or food in thy stomach but for her! Dost she not keep thee and thy home clean? Nice, most comfortable woman! Thinking of to-day and to-morrow for thee, with a good-natured laugh for thy cheeres, and thy little black and white things; but serious enough when thou comest to talk of Heaven and a life hereafter. Dost she not go to church for thee, and pray for thee, thou wicked old man? Dost she not know that we shall all hereafter be little angels in night-shirts and wings, singing hymns all day long and all night long unto all eternity, with a perfect knowledge of music and a vast repertoire; singing thou in a bass voice, and thou in a tenor, and she in contralto, and she again in soprano, with no preference given to your ghosts of Grisi or Mario, your ghosts of Albina or La Blache?

Tush, tush! Let me rest. And those you love—selfish old man, will they be nothing to you in the hereafter? Those I love are but few, but my love for them is my burden! I am of no further use to them—let me go—I wouldst be at rest in my love, too. Paradise must have no 'love,' for it tortures me. My eye and my heart is ever seeking those I love; if they suffer I suffer. I long and long to make them happy. I see them unhappy and cannot change their state. Love is one of "The Burdens." Let them come to my paradise, let me see them happy, and my love, my great, yearning, unfulfilling love will be at rest. Would you not return to them, disembodied soul, to watch over them? If you give me the power of the Omnipotent, or if my prayers at His throne are likely to avail aught, emphatically yes. But if they are here to work out their destiny, if I am to watch their struggles, their sufferings, let me stay here on your world and suffer and struggle with them, or let me do penance at the throne of the Almighty for them, and pray, and pray, and pray for them to suffer little until they join me! For myself I ask nothing!

What was the aim of your life? When I was a youth, to become great; when I was a man, to do good. And your religion? Justice! "Why are you mumbling and muttering and nodding your dear old head? Here is your tea waiting for you, your favorite chair 'drawn up to the table, I see, and the children running this way across the snow. Come to tea!"

It is Margaret's arm that is about his neck—

the children's eager kisses are upon his old face; he looks up into Margaret's eyes, his own full of tears, and without a word but with a smile upon his lips, moves and does as she bids.

## CHAPTER II.

We have had the reflections of the old man by the fireside. He was a man who had lived long and lived much. When I say he had lived much I mean that he had seen almost all that there is to be seen of the world and in it. Whilst there was marrow in his bones he galloped—when it was well-nigh dried up he lay down. Well, yes, he was old, very old. It was a matter of great surprise to him that he still lived. This was mainly owing to a strong determination on his part not to die. He knew fairly well how it was in this world, but he did not know anything about the next, and he felt that dying partook of the nature of speculation: it might turn out well—it might not. On the whole, he determined not to risk the venture, if he could avoid it. He could not. That very night—and he hadn't the slightest suspicion he was going to do it—he died.

It was too bad—if he had entertained any idea that such a thing was about to happen, he would have remained awake, and the probability is that his determination would have fooled Death. But it is always like that. When Death encounters a strong will like our old man's—and his name among the living was —. But no matter; he was not a celebrated man. I say when Death encounters a strong will like his, it takes him unawares, and blows out the candle when the old man isn't looking. There is no surprise like finding yourself dead when you wake up in the morning. And it was certainly a considerable matter of surprise to the old man when he couldn't move a limb, an eyelid, or use his voice, and that, too, when he had never felt so well in all his life. His spirit had slept simply because that bothering body with its vapors, tired of food and disease, had unchained it, simply because the which had proved an incubus for the last twenty years, had made his spirit tired. And now the old thing had dropped away, and, like a fool of a young spirit, there he stood wondering what he was going to do without it, but feeling all the time as light as air and an infinite sense of freedom and relief.

"Bother me if I don't go and tell them I'm dead," he said to himself. He found he could say things to himself, and he acted upon the suggestion. "Stop a minute. If I were a mean, despicable spirit I should probably make off out of the window or up the chimney and enjoy myself, find some other spirits, get into the new way of things, and forget, in new-found pleasures, the old lady who has been devoted to that useless carcass. No, sir," he said, drawing himself up—which he stopped doing suddenly—for he found he could draw himself up to the ceiling and into the next room above without any difficulty; "no, sir, I am not that sort of a spirit. I must let the old lady know that I have cut that body there dead, and impress her with the fact that there is really nothing at all to grieve about."

He immediately determined to carry out his project. He encountered an unexpected difficulty. There was the door, but how to open it? He was all nothingness. His airy fingers went round the door-handles, but couldn't turn it. Here he was all "will" and nothing more. He could see the door, but he couldn't see himself.

"How," he said, "if I'm nothing, like that, I'll let the door go thro' me," which was a clever idea on his part. The door did go right through him when projected his will-self up against it, and there he was on the other side! It took him not an instant to be by the side of his wife in the breakfast-room. She sat in her morning gown and cap, drinking a cup of coffee and smiling sweetly to herself.

"Smile away, old lady," said our spirit; "smile away. You're thinking how kind you are to let me sleep so late." It was extraordinary how easily he read her thoughts. "I won't startle you. I know myself how unpleasant it was to hear of a friend's death before I knew how much better off we are without our bodies. I won't startle you—I'll break it to you gently."

But here came another difficulty. "Break it to her? How? Here's the sun shining right through me on to her dear old hair, and I hadn't a bit of a voice about me!" In this difficulty he put his airy arms around her neck. She shuddered visibly. "Whew!" said she. "How cold it is all of a sudden. Maria!" said she, calling the maid, "close the windows; there's a draft."

"H'm!" says our spirit, "I'm draughty, am I?" He looked at her and saw her spirit looking inquisitively out of the windows of her eyes. "Ah! Mrs. Spirit," says our friend, "you're there, are you? I say, do you see me?"

"See what?" says Mrs. Spirit. "Me—me!" says our friend. "Who's me?" says Mrs. Spirit. "Your husband." "What! this body's husband?" "Yes, yes." "How did you get away from your fat old carcass?"

"Come, that's not polite." "Never mind that now. Answer me!" "I'm dead." "N—are you? Well, I must let the old lady know it," and straightway, by an intricate process which our friend closely observed,

the spirit managed to convey to the body, by working upon certain nerve centres, the idea that something was wrong. Up starts the old lady. "Maria," says she, "where's your master?"

"In bed, ma'am," says Maria, fussing with the window.

"Never mind the window Maria, go and call your master—he's always up and stirring before this. There, I'll go myself!" Whereupon both missus and maid start for upstairs. Hardly up half a flight before missus stops and puts her hand to her heart. Spirit inside working all the time. "Maria, I've a curious feeling—Maria, there's something wrong—Maria, I dare not go up!"

Thereupon Maria, whose spirit has not been impressed in any way, turns up her nose and walks boldly to her master's door and belabors it with the knuckles of her hand, missus holding on to the banisters and looking quite pale and faint. "How he do sleep, ma'am!" says Maria.

"Maria, Maria, there's something wrong with the master. Open the door and go in and see," and the missus sat down on the stairs as pale as could be.

Maria blushed. "No, ma'am," says she. "I could never think of going into a gentleman's room when that gentleman is in bed."

The poor lady thus answered, respecting the maid's excuse, with difficulty rose from her seat on the stair and tottered to the door. With her hand upon the door-knob she paused. Our spirit encouraged her and she entered. She beheld the lifeless body of her husband. With a heartrending cry, she sprang forward and threw herself upon the body.

"Tush, tush!" says our spirit, much moved; "this will never do—making such a fuss about that thing on the bed there whilst I am here as well and jolly as can be. But how to let her know it? Her spirit is hampered by her body to such a degree that it will take me a long time to make her understand the state of affairs. Now, if I could rid her of the body—get her away from it? It's a happy thought of mine; I am all happy thoughts now. She can join me and we can wander about together. I shan't be lonely, and she won't be. But how to set about it?"

He suddenly remembered his experience with the door. Again he found no difficulty, and placed his hands upon her heart. She gasped and died. Immediately her spirit joined his. With her spirit eyes she beheld him and he her. Nor to each other's eyes did they assume the form of their latter-day bodies. They beheld each other as young and beautiful as they had appeared at the one most completely perfect and happy moment of their lives. Whilst Maria was in vain endeavoring to resuscitate her mistress, and whilst she filled the house with the clamor of her grief, these two emancipated spirits were revelling in the joy of their union. The exuberance of their mutual joy somewhat calmed.

"Margaret," quoth our friend, clasping her hand, for he had discovered that from spirit to spirit there exists the effect of the resistance of matter against matter. "Margaret," quoth he, "can we any longer doubt the existence of an Omnipotent Being? Let us kneel and in our new state worship Him, and thank Him for our deliverance!"

With an inexpressible feeling of gratitude and faith born of unalloyed belief, they knelt hand in hand and raised their beautiful faces toward Heaven. Then was afforded them the first visible sign of God. They beheld a brilliant light beyond an infinite space of oxygen and nitrogen, and as they bowed in wonder and fear a voice spake within them: "You have knelt in the first moment of freedom to worship me. You are of the Good, and to the Good I devote you!"

## CHAPTER III.

It seemed to Animus and to his wife Margaret that their first duty lay in the direction of seeing their children comfortably settled. Left suddenly without father or mother, they would naturally be in great distress. Indeed, the news of the sudden collapse of both bodies having been conveyed to them by the servant, their grief was for some little while truly heartrending. Animus very soon discovered, however, that, having left his children in extremely comfortable circumstances, they would not want for friends. It became a difficult task for Animus and Margaret to so influence their children as to keep away from them the leeches and other bloodsuckers who immediately congregated. Fortunately their eldest son, a youth of twenty-four years, was shrewd, and having been trained to business habits by his father, was in good condition, when his grief had been somewhat assuaged by the novelty and responsibility of his position, to grapple successfully with its difficulties. In this he was greatly assisted by the good advice with which his dead parents failed not to impress his spirit.

Soon Animus and Margaret saw matters comfortably settled in their old home, and tired of flitting about a spot, pleasant enough for the body, which needs food and rest, but much too confining for the spirit, they determined to take advantage of their new-found freedom and to make the acquaintance of other places.

"It is indeed delightful to reflect," quoth Animus, "that we may wander about wherever we like without having to pack trunks or make arrangements with bankers."

Margaret quite agreed with him. "But,"

said she, "where shall we go to, and how shall we go?"

From mere force of habit Animus scratched his head, although he was fain to confess he experienced thereby none of the pleasurable sensations that act had so often afforded him during his lifetime. "Well," he said, "I have not studied the question very deeply, but I believe, although it may sound strange to say so, that we shall find no difficulty in flying!"

Margaret hereupon attempted to blush, but failed, in consequence of the complete dissolution of her spiritual aura from her former material organization. "You know very well," he continued, "even if we can't do it, there is no harm in trying, and I shall certainly make the essay. You can remain here if you feel nervous, although why you should I am sure I do not know, for you cannot possibly break any bones."

Margaret had always been a woman of great courage, and she proved herself by no means lacking in that virtue now. They therefore determined to make the attempt together. The window being open, they decided upon using that exit, it being more cleanly and less stuffy than the chimney. They were at once encouraged by the ease with which they found they could perch upon the window-sill, and they were about to launch themselves into the air when they were deterred by the sound of a low and mocking laugh. Their attention thus attracted, they beheld, at some little distance from them, and balanced in mid-air, the figure of an old man with his legs round about his neck, drawn up into such a figure as to resemble a ball.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Animus, "and why do you permit my wife to behold you in so unbecoming a manner?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old man, "unbecoming indeed; you are evidently very new, or you would know that in a high wind it is the only position in which one can travel with any degree of comfort."

"Indeed," said Animus, and perceiving that the old gentleman was drifting past them, and being desirous to obtain information he continued, "If we are not detaining you, will you do us the honor to step inside for a minute? There are a few questions I should like to ask you, if you will permit me to do so."

The old gentleman smiled malevolently and, having pushed out one leg, steered himself carefully toward them and unwound himself by their sides upon the window-sill. Animus, to whom his old-time hospitality still clung, politely asked his new acquaintance "if he would partake of any refreshment?" He was answered by the same disagreeable laugh which had at first attracted his attention.

"You are indeed spirits newly made, supermundane! I can't drink, you can't drink and she can't drink. I confess there ain't much to regret in being spirits except the use of 'em."

Margaret, who had never partaken during the whole sum of her corporeal lifetime of any liquid stronger than tea, was highly incensed by this observation, and would have reproved their visitor as he deserved, had she not comprehended that her husband had an important motive in asking him to share their window-sill. She was right, for Animus thereupon spoke without taking any notice of the stranger's flippant remark.

"You are indeed correct when you say that we are newly spiritualized. Only a few days have elapsed since we were disintegrated and left our bodies, which have been duly consigned to the earth, and we have been so engrossed with family affairs that it is now only that we are able to turn our attention to matters connected with our new life. We rejoice in our freedom and should feel grateful to you if you would inform us how we may use it to the best advantage?"

For a moment, an expression of friendly delight distorted the face of their new acquaintance, and he replied, less harshly, and with a manner as winning as he could assume: "It is indeed a pleasure to meet with two such amiable spirits, and who give expression to desires so thoroughly in accord with my own, I shall be charmed to associate myself with you and as I have been in the spirit world some time longer than you, I have no doubt I can be of the greatest service to you. I have visited every nook and corner of our present world, and I question much whether good Fortune could have sent you a more able cicerone than myself. But"—and he glanced with an air of evident fear about him—"we are by no means safe here. Let us set out upon our travels with all speed, and, I promise you, you shall find no cause for regret in having applied to me for assistance. Come, do as I do and fear not!"

During this conversation night had been gradually coming on and it was now quite dark.

"Had we not better wait until morning?" quoth Margaret, timidly. The voice of their new acquaintance, who had already plunged into measureless space, replied from some little distance: "Come, follow me. Day or night, it is the same to us supermundanes." Animus grasped Margaret's hand, and they were about to do as they were bid, when a terrible cry broke the stillness of the night, which was at the same time illuminated by a flash of the most brilliant light. Margaret clung to Animus in terror, and they beheld their late companion engaged in a terrific struggle with some being, the nature of which, owing to its rapid movements, they could not ascertain. Certainly, however, it seemed to be of gigantic stature. The battle seemed to be an uneven

one, the new-comer appearing beautiful and as if saturated with light, whilst their late companion appeared dark and as if fighting without hope and in sheer despair. At last, with a low wail, he turned and fled. Swiftly the conqueror was by their side. Trembling Animus and Margaret hid their heads. In a sweet, low voice the stranger calmed their fears.

"Thank God I came in time. You were in imminent danger, which I will presently explain. Look up and fear not, for I am your friend, sent to assist you."

They looked, and beheld a being of such beauty, of so gracious and lovely a presence, that they were filled with unspeakable joy.

*Richard Mansfield*

## At the Play.

How soft the music stirs, and the light flutters  
Of fans sends trembling waves across the light,  
And the low hum of crowds is like the mutter  
Of some wide sea upon a stormy night.

I sit and listen to the low soft playing.  
The orchestra—they play the last new waltz.  
The thoughts within are surging swift and swaying  
Across my heart, linked to your own, so false.

I see you smiling 'neath the paint and powder,  
And flitting to and fro with airy grace;  
I hear your tones distinctly, loud and louder,  
And watch the passion in your eyes and face.

And watch you change your voice, and glance, and motion—  
The mobile grace which is the actor's art—  
And see the tears mimic your soul's emotion,  
And see you thrill and tremble and then start.

And all your tenderness, which first had won me,  
Flung to the crowd, cast loose upon the world;  
The look familiar, that had first undone me,  
Tossed with abandon, to the four winds hurled!

I wonder at my soul's sad, futile longing;  
You, who are not content with just one heart,  
You yet did do me a most cruel wronging;  
I dreamed not then you acted but a part.

One little love-scene rises dim and trembling,  
Like a great tear which I would fain suppress,  
And with bowed head, my bitter grief dissembling,  
I strive to hide my soul's great bitterness.

I listen, smiling, to your chaffing phrases,  
And even can applaud your last strong scene,  
Where love, thro' many labyrinths and mazes,  
Comes at the last sorrow and death between.

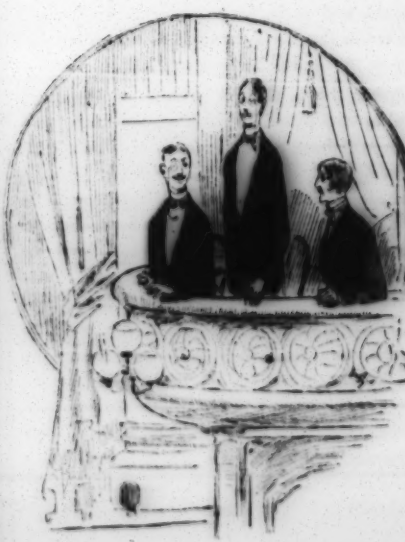
The play is over and I still sit dreaming,  
The lights extinguished and the curtain down;  
Life at the best is but a play, a seeming—  
Adieu, dear love, sweet idol of—the town.

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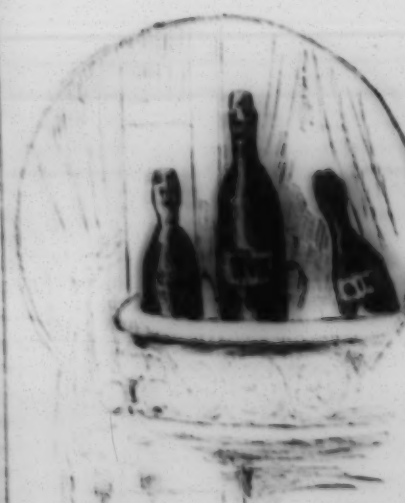
*Marie Petrowsky*

## A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

[A Weird Experience Respectfully Dedicated  
to the Keralys and the Clergy.]



MR. TURNIPOT COMES TO TOWN AND SEES THE SIGHTS, INCLUDING THE BURLESQUE AT THE JOUJOU OPERA HOUSE. HE FINDS FUN IN THE BOXES, BUT NONE ON THE STAGE, AND, HAVING BEEN SUFFICIENTLY DEPRESSED BY THE PIECE, HE GOES OUT TO BRACE UP.



ON HIS RETURN HE BEHOLDS—



## THE GREAT AVITOR.



**FRANK** Heriot was a man of the world in most respects. He was the proprietor and editor-in-chief of a newspaper of the practical kind in a most practical Western city—the kind that makes things warm for everybody but its friends and subscribers, and sells its praise at so much per inch. In fact, a thoroughly unscrupulous fellow, of the earth earthy, without a soft spot in his mental development save one. He was wild on the subject of aerostation—not a mere balloonist; he had gone far beyond that elementary stage. He wanted to fly. The only hymn that he was ever heard to join in at church was that beginning:

Oh! that I had the wings of a dove,

which he would chant lustily and with deep appreciation of its import. Most of the profits of his blackmailing and scandalizing were spent in aerial schemes and experiments.

Nothing daunted Frank. He put the screws on some prominent citizens, and squeezed money enough out of certain scandals which he had got hold of regarding them, to carry on his plans. It was at this period that I made his acquaintance by contributing some humorous sketches to his paper. Among them was a story of the London streets in the course of which a description of a certain toy, at one time very popular, was given. This trifle consisted of a spindle on which revolved a small archimedeal screw of tin spun by a string like a boy's humming-top, which, when released, flew upward to a considerable height and did not fall to ground till the speed of its spinning relaxed. Heriot caught at the idea. He thought of, talked of, nothing but this ingenious toy. He asserted that therein lay the long sought secret of aerostation, and that he would fly now or never. When he joined in his favorite hymn his voice took on a brighter tone, and he did not flatten even on the highest notes of his compass.

Just about this time a large frame building, originally put up for a State Industrial Exposition, and afterward used as a monster skating rink, was to be hired at low rent, in consequence of the failure of that speculation. Heriot leased it, clapped his screws on his victims tighter than ever, and, hiring a couple of trusty mechanics who had worked with him in all his former attempts to emulate the feathered citizens of the air, he shut himself up for hours every day and worked at his subject in secrecy and silence. Meantime I had taken a trip to Australia and quite forgotten both Heriot and his craze in the excitement of a tour of speculation at the Antipodes—operatic!

Coming back, in the course of events, I picked up a copy of Heriot's paper and saw therein a flaming advertisement of The Great Avitor, a flying-machine that was to change the whole course of events, and to direct the march of civilization on a totally new tack. The ocean was to be no longer the highway of the nations—the air was to take its place. Seamen were to be turned into airmen and ships into "avitors," which was the mysterious title of the new argosy. Especially was war to be abolished, for how could contending armies wage battle when a flight of aerial torpedo-boats could shower down dynamite explosives on their devoted heads, and knock both parties to eternal smash! Knowledge was to be disseminated by the same means, for whole editions of Heriot's newspaper were to be scattered by new-boy avitors over the face of the earth, and people were to breakfast in San Francisco and dine in London or Paris by these lightning swift courses of the atmosphere that needed no roads nor railway tracks, nor were encumbered by resisting waves, but glided through the ambient air with the grace and speed of the eagle, avoiding storms by the simple expedient of rising above them, and mist or clouds by ducking under them.

To carry out this glorious programme a joint stock company was invited. Fifty thousand shares at ten dollars were to be subscribed for, and the holders were to realize fortunes running into the millions, while Frank Heriot was to be the foremost man of men and the Messiah of this new era.

Staggered by this stupendous vista of the future, I puzzled my brain to think by what means the great inventor had struck out his vast idea, and suddenly there occurred to my remembrance the story of the toy and the deep impression it had made on the aerostatist's imagination. I know he had tried balloons of all shapes and sizes—cigar-shaped, pear shaped, egg shaped, globe-shaped—and that he had found them all vanity and vexation of spirit. He had tried wings of every style—bird wings, bat wings, insect wings, and flying fish wings, to no purpose. He had tried everything in the heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, except

the toy. Therefore, I concluded that the great avitor was the toy magnified.

I called on the inventor. He received me with cordial dignity, but was close as an oyster on the subject of his invention. Eloquent on its glories and merits, diffuse as to the benefits future ages would reap from the fruit of his genius, expansive on the profits to be realized by the fortunate stockholders in the great enterprise, he was reticent as to the nature of the mysterious machine. His only answer to my questions was, "Wait till the capital stock is paid up, and then you shall see what you shall see."

Finding that nothing was to be got out of him but evasive answers and golden prophecy, I left him to his dreams of greatness, and departed to look after my own affairs, which in the course of time led me into the management of a theatre in the town and the consequent production of our opening piece. I chose the well-known extravaganza, *Ixion Rewheeled*. In the re-wheeling the idea struck me that it would be funny to send Ixion up to heaven on an avitor instead of the back of *Jove's* eagle, as in the original, and that a picture of this aerial argosy, now being so much talked about and so freely advertised, would be just the thing for the posters. Again I repaired to Heriot's office, and proposed the matter to him. He was obdurate as flint—in short, he told me snappishly that he "would see me hanged first, and then he wouldn't. It was like my confounded impudence," and so forth.

Fixed in my determination to take advantage of the excitement of the hour, I cast about for some way to carry out my idea, and remembering the toy episode, I sketched out a machine on the same principle, excepting always that the screw was turned by a wheel and the machine elevated from the stage to the flies by invisible wires.

The cut was made, the posters were printed and put on the walls, and great was the excitement created thereby. Heriot was astounded, but making the best of it, he said to me: "Look here, old chap, you've played me a sharp trick, but by George—he was a Briton bold, and always swore by George—"since you've made such a good guess at the thing, by George! I'll let you see it."

Thus I got my first view of the avitor.

I found the great machine very much as I had depicted it on the posters. Sure enough, it was the toy magnified. A light basket shaped like a canoe, two stump masts, each bearing an archimedeal screw on its foot, for elevating purposes; two ditto horizontal sterns, for propelling purposes; a great rudder for steering, and there you have the regenerator of the future—the *Invention of the Age*.

The screws were made to revolve with great velocity by means of bands communicating with a series of wheels and treadles, and the machine was worked by a man who, seated amidship, turned a crank with each hand, kicked at a treadle with each foot, and steered by holding the tiller in his mouth. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," and small beginnings have oftentimes big endings, but for a machine that was to turn the world topsy-turvy—to abolish war—to do away with navigation and to reduce distance to a speck—this was about the smallest beginning of all.

I gently hinted as much to the inventor, but my suggestion was met by jeers.

"Why, man, don't you see that this is only a model? Wait till we get a motive power of sufficient strength and lightness combined, and the avitor will do all that I claim for it, and more, too."

"Perhaps," I meekly replied; "but suppose you let me see the thing work. Get into the gear and take a fly."

The great inventor seemed rather taken aback by my request. Like many other inventors, he was loth to put his ideas to the test. But I insisted, and at last he called one of the workmen, and ordered him to operate the machine, explaining to me that the said mechanic was more on *fait* than he was in the manner of setting her going. Now I noticed that the man looked marvelously pale, and was wasted to a shadow, like a jockey after a hard training for a great race. Also that before getting into the machine, Heriot filled him a bumper of cutter whisky, and kept the bottle handy for use.

"What makes him so thin?" asked I.

"Why, you see," somewhat hesitatingly replied Heriot. "He has to keep himself as light as possible."

"Oh!" laughed I. "So all the future passengers by the great avitors must go into training as if they were jockeys. Well, that will save stewards' stores."

"Nonsense," grumbled the inventor. "Go ahead, Thomas." And Thomas began to pull and kick and squirm, like a fellow enjoying himself in parlor gymnastics, till the sweat rolled down his face, and his gasps were horrible to hear. Sure enough, the thing moved; nay, more, it got up off the ground like a wounded duck. The poor fellow who represented the motive power of the future worked wonders. He pulled, he pushed, he squirmed more and more, and the machine wobbled about in the air in an uncertain manner for about three minutes, when the man's strength giving out, down it came headlong, and the poor fellow lay panting, breathless and exhausted in his wicker cradle.

Now I saw why the whisky bottle was kept ready by. It took six brimming glasses in quick succession ere the motor came back to

life. And then the motor was unreliable and unsteady on its pins. It hobbled in its speech; its eye was fixed in a glassy stare, and it presented the appearance of a thoroughly demoralized machine.

"I see why you didn't want to tackle it yourself, old boy," said I. "Your lungs would never stand that strain. How often do you fire up in the day?"

"Well," answered Heriot, "he can't stand it too often. It's a little wearing, you see, at first."

"By Jove, I should think it was," quoth I. "Wear him out pretty soon. He's got the jimjams already."

"Oh, well, only wait till we get a mechanical motor of sufficient strength and lightness, and you'll see," triumphantly repeated the proud inventor.

And I said, "Yes, I would wait," before expressing a decided opinion as to the future effect on the world at large of the Great Avitor.

*Fred Lyster*

## OVERSIGHTS.

YOU let me hold your hand at will,  
And gaze into your eyes the while;  
Catch your low voice's tender thrill,  
And bathe me in your golden smile.

But when, impatient of delay,  
I drew still closer, bolder grew,  
You turned your blushing cheek away,  
And bade me let the lips alone.

And later, when, in trustful rest,  
As one who dreamed, or heeded not  
Your lips to mine you softly pressed,  
Starting, you murmured, *I forgot!*

Strange that oblivion's shrouding gloom  
Should crimson to such wealth of bliss!  
That Lethe's drop should burst and bloom,  
And flower in ecstasy—a kiss!

Can lack of thought so softly bring  
Such happy glow to lips and eyes?  
Is heedlessness so sweet a thing?  
Then sure 'tis folly to be wise!

Ah, let each instant's joys efface  
The instant past, when lips have met.  
Still smile away each blushing trace;  
Still kiss me, love, and still—*forget!*

And when all Time has ashened o'er  
Our lips with age's bitter dust,  
Then we'll be thoughtful—not before;  
Then we'll remember—when we must!

*Carl Wagnelauf*

## A Christmas in Edinburgh.

It was in 18—, and a good old-fashioned Christmas it was, too! Snow in the streets a foot-and-a-half deep, surmounted by a layer of ice, which kept it firm and solid for six weeks at least. At the end of that period Flo and I (Flo was my chum) were in good training for an Alpine ascent, and I believe we would have scorned the suggestion of an alpen stock.

Our daily promenade was limited as to distance, and consisted almost exclusively of frequent journeys between the theatre—a quarter of a mile off—and our lodgings.

We were rehearsing for the grand Christmas pantomime of Princess Tyre-Doubt, The Sleeping Beauty of Dormant Castle; or, Harlequin Prince Fly-by-Night and the Magic Wand.

Flo was the fairy godmother and I the languid heroine.

We had our work cut out, to get up in our respective parts in the short time allowed for rehearsals. We didn't much mind the work, for were we not presently to be rewarded by a small fortune weekly? Four and five pounds respectively—only fancy! More than we had dreamed of earning in the regular season.

Add to this the extra holiday performances (amounting to about fifty), for each of which we were to receive a full night's salary, and you can form some idea of our vast wealth in store.

As usual, there was one drop of bitterness in our cup. It was the surrender of Christmas Day.

We had never played in Scotland before, and the custom of regarding that sacred annual as an out-door gala—rather than an in-door family reunion—struck our conservative minds with disgust and aversion.

Yes! We had not only to play on Christmas night, but in the afternoon as well, that, in fact, being our opening performance. Where, oh where, was our Christmas dinner, with the fragrant roast goose and apple-sauce? Where the holly brimmed plum-pudding and the mince pies, the port wine negus and nuts and raisins to "top up" with?

And supposing these dainties were to be had, where was the time necessary to their digestion? Could we possibly do this feast justice between a matinee and a night performance?

Certainly not.

Should we then forego this bilious meal—just for this one year? Well, I guess not, at seventeen and nineteen. Then what was to be done?

After numerous conferences, it was decided to hold our "Christmas" on Christmas Eve. That would be a Sunday and we would be sure of having the latter part of the day to ourselves.

Whom should we invite? That was the next question. We were not very well acquainted with the other girls in the company; in fact, Maggie Howard was the only exception.

Of course, she must come and bring her sweetheart, who had come all the way from London to spend the holidays with her.

"Then there is Dr. Underwood," said Flo; "he goes without saying."

"You mean he will come without asking," said I.

Dr. Underwood had, on our arrival in Edinburgh, presented a letter of introduction, in which the unhappy writer had kindly placed us under his paternal care. To do the Doctor justice, he never neglected his charges (I don't mean fees) and like many well-meaning, kind-hearted folk, he became a bore.

"What about Major McPherson?" said I.

"Oh, certainly! We must have the Major, or there will be no one to make fun of," said Flo, with an abstracted air. "Well, I don't think we need any more—that will make six altogether—quite a cosy number; large enough for sociability. Not to mention the state of our finances," continued Flo.

"That reminds me; do you think the 'Ogress' (our name for the Scotch landlady) will get the things for dinner, and charge them on the regular bill at the end of the week?"

"We can try her—"

We did. And under the soothing influence of a steaming glass of Glenlivet she consented. The next Sunday but one, therefore, found us about 3 p.m. in a highly nervous, expectant state.

We had been rehearsing all the morning, had just given some finishing touches to some finery for to-morrow night, and were now prepared to lend a hand to the dinner. But the "Ogress" wouldn't admit us within the sacred precincts, and met all our proffers of assistance with a stern refusal.

Did we "ken" she was the "meestress" of the "hoose" and wanted no "eenterference"? This of course put an end to all argument, and we were fain to retire and await results.

"Do you think she can make the stuffing properly?"

Flo shook her head ominously. "Remember that caper sauce yesterday?"

I did remember it, and immediately became gloomy. "The Scotch people are proverbially bad cooks," I remarked by way of encouragement.

"The 'Ogress' certainly maintains the reputation of her race. We haven't had a decently cooked meal since we have been here."

"You forget," said I.

"What?"

"The haggis!" Here we both fell into a perfect fit of laughter.

This delicacy of the country had been prepared for us a few nights previously with much ostentation and solemnity on the part of the "Ogress," who had stood over us expatiating on its merits, while we suffered all the martyrdom of incipient nausea. In a moment of desperation we had sent the old woman out of the room for something, and in her absence had managed to dispatch nearly the whole contents of the dish—out of the window.

I may here remark that I have heard many persons of good judgment declare this Scotch dainty to be delicious. I will therefore attribute our failure to the cook.

"Well," said Flo, "we are not judges of haggis, you know, while we are of beef and goose, and one is burning now if my nose doesn't mislead me."

"Don't let us think about it, but trust to luck," said I. So to take our attention off, we commenced arranging the table.

The Doctor had sent us a box of flowers, and somebody—most probably the Major—a case of port and sherry—a substantial Christmas present we both agreed, as we decanted some for dinner.

Six o'clock came and with it our guests. First Doctor Underwood in a big overcoat and a very red nose, and a "How do we find ourselves to-day?"—a professional habit which he evidently couldn't drop.

Next came Maggie Howard and her sweetheart, both very much in love with everything, including each other. She insisted upon her lover's kissing Flo and myself under the mistletoe, a piece of self-sacrifice on her part out of all proportion to our enjoyment.

The Major came last, although I have no doubt he had been walking up and down the street a half an hour before the time. We once caught him waiting in a doorway two houses off with his watch in his hand at 6.45, having promised to escort us to the theatre at seven.

Well, the Major had brought more flowers. Flo and I arranged them in bouquets of the party, and in a little while we all sat down to dinner.

It was an immense success—which means that it was not half so bad as we had anticipated. When the cloth was cleared, we invited the gentlemen to smoke, while we three girls repaired to the bedroom and told one another secrets, for better security. Then we went back and had some music.

It must have been shortly after this that the conversation turned on the supernatural, including ghosts and unfathomable experiences. The Doctor had quite a thrilling one to relate, and we were deeply interested.

"By the by," said he at its conclusion, "do you girls never feel nervous when you hear a noise below?" We shook our heads—we knew to what he alluded.

The flat immediately beneath our apartments was rented by some of the members of the Edinburgh College of Lawyers, and was used chiefly by students, in classes, over some of which Dr. Underwood himself presided. The flat was divided into lecture room, ana-

tomical museum, laboratory and—occasionally—dissection room. We had once had a peep into this gruesome place, when the Doctor was present, and felt ourselves quite familiar and fear-proof in consequence.

"We never think about it," said I.

"No, indeed," continued Flo. "Why, I would like nothing better than to walk right through the rooms by myself at this very moment."

The Doctor, who doubtless thought this was a sort of hollow courage inspired by the punch, replied: "Would you? There is nothing easier of accomplishment. Here is the key—you may fetch me a silk handkerchief which I left on the table at the back of the platform yesterday."

"I will," said Flo, and, to show she meant business, jumped up and lighted a candle at the sideboard.

"I'll go with you," said I.

"No, thank you; I prefer to go alone." She suspected we doubted her courage.

Maggie, who was naturally timid, implored her, almost with tears, not to go. The Major mildly attempted to dissuade, but all to no purpose. Flo was determined.

"There is nothing there to frighten a baby," said the Doctor.

"Is there a—a—"

"A subject?" interrupted he. "No, we haven't had one there for weeks."

At this we made no further objections, and off went Flo, humming a tune for company. We could hear every footfall on the stone steps; then the sound died away, and we all waited what seemed an interminable time.

"I suppose she can't find it," said the Doctor, "and won't return without it for fear we should accuse her of not having been." Another long pause.

I could bear it no longer; I must at least go and listen. I went through the entry to the head of the stairs, and just as I reached the stone landing I heard a piercing shriek, which almost made my heart stop beating.

Back I rushed, screaming, to the Doctor, and presently we were all tearing helter-skelter down the stone stairs. The candle had gone out, but no need of a light to discern poor Flo, lying full length on the floor of the end room. She was in a dead faint, or as near it as a non-fainting girl is capable of getting.

The Doctor and the Major carried her up stairs, and for the next ten minutes we were all occupied in applying restoratives. She finally came round, and then Dr. Underwood, with a very grave face, made her tell him the cause of her fright.

She said that she first went into the lecture room and looked all over, but could not find the handkerchief. Then remembering that there was a platform also in the further room, she went in there.

She looked in vain on the platform cases and benches, when suddenly she espied it hanging on the gas jet, just over the head of the big erect skeleton. She then made a snatch for the handkerchief, which was just within reach, when the skeleton, whose arms were extended, suddenly embraced her. The candle dropped, and she remembered no more.

Of course we all decided it must have been her imagination, but the Doctor was bent on solving the mystery, if possible, so he and the Major, after being assured of Flo's complete recovery, went downstairs to ascertain if there were any signs of a disturbance. In about five minutes they returned, and the Doctor smilingly gave the following explanation:

It appears that on the previous day he had been using Mr. Skeleton, as an illustration during a lecture on the bones of the arm. For convenience he had raised the arms and suspended them by a piece of cord to the gas jet. They had been left in that condition, and Flo in reaching for the handkerchief had unknowingly held the candle under the cord, which had in consequence burned and the relaxed arms had dropped on Flo's shoulders.

"How simple!"

"Why, of course."

"No wonder you were terrified."

And it was no wonder when you come to think of it. The party presently broke up, but not until Flo felt thoroughly herself.

And when we bade our friends "Good Night" and "A Merry Christmas" it was in as cheerful a tone as any I have heard since our Christmas in Edinburgh.

*Madeline Smith*

## THE FREE PASS EPIDEMIC.



HOT JOHN PRESENTS HIS VISITING CARD AT THE BOX OFFICE AND REMARKS WITH SEVERE CONFIDENCE, "MR. WASHIE LEAVING MEAN'S SOCKER."



## How I Wrote the School for Scandal.

"Well," I exclaimed, as I flung my quill across the table after dashing in the last lines of Charles Surface's tag, "thank God, I've written a good play at last!"

"What!" I hear the gentle reader exclaim; "has this fellow the unparalleled audacity to claim the authorship of The School for Scandal! Shade of Sheridan; what next?"

Nay, gentle reader; I'll explain.

I had been dining—may you never commit a worse indiscretion, and may you never have a worse dinner—I had been dining. The menu was rich and varied, the wines choice, and the conversation keen and brilliant. We were all lovers of the drama, and after dinner a warm discussion ensued upon the present decay of English comedy.

"Why doesn't a second Sheridan arise to give us a new School for Scandal? All England and America are waiting to welcome him. What fame, what recognition, what a gigantic future would be his! That coming dramatist—why doesn't he come?"

Now, I must whisper a secret in your ear. Although for some years past I have been a humble purveyor of domestic drama and melodrama for the British public, yet, as it was the late Mr. Buckstone's fixed conviction that he ought to have been a tragedian, so I have always had a latent, perverse ambition to write a comedy. And some of these days, if I can only wheedle the Lord Chamberlain—well, we shall see.

The discussion waxed hotter and hotter. "Why don't we get such comedies now-a-days?" It was the general opinion that it was quite the fault of the authors. I pointed out that in our present system of producing plays, a dramatic author counts for very little compared with those august persons, the star-actor and the scene-painter.

I was in a minority—if Schools for Scandals are not as plentiful as blackberries, clearly it is because we have no authors who can write them.

It wasn't the wine—it would be a libel on our host's cellar to hint such a thing. I am sure it wasn't the wine. I have a strong suspicion that an *entree* of truffled kidneys which came inopportunely at that very moment of the dinner when I had just quoted to myself the old proverb, "Enough is as good as a feast"—I have a strong suspicion that it was those kidneys that did the greater part of the mischief. But whether it was the kidneys, or whether (to mix my metaphors in a manner highly illustrative of the confusion that prevailed in my brain and stomach on that night) it was a spark or two from our heated discussion falling upon that heap of inflammable vanity always lying ready for ignition in the human tinder-box—whatever may have been the cause, or combination of causes, I went—stay, I got home, and to bed somehow, and—I dreamed, yes, I dreamed, that I wrote The School for Scandal.

Don't laugh! I assure you that my frame of mind was most enviable, and let me tell you, if dreaming would do it, I'd go to bed for the next twenty years!

Well, I wrote The School for Scandal. How I chuckled as I polished up each epigram; how I roared over each succeeding sally of wit till my chair creaked again! "Well," I said, "if this don't hit 'em, I'll give it up."

It cost me no end of trouble. I rolled two fairly complete plots into one to make the framework of the comedy, and after (what seemed to me in my dream) years of touching up and revising, I finished the comedy at last.

The next thing was to find a manager. This was by no means so easy a task as I had reckoned. At one of the leading theatres they had just had a huge failure with a dismally strong melodrama, and the manager would hear of



ITS INTERPRETERS.



ITS AUTHORS.

nothing but screaming farce. "They want something rollicking, my boy! Something with *go* in it, tumbling down stairs, standing on their heads; something *funny*, you know?" I suggested that I thought there was a good deal of fun in The School for Scandal, and I pointed out certain favorite scenes of mine. It was no use arguing. "Well, it won't suit me," was his final decision.

I tried another manager, a bright, cheery, low comedian of small stature, and very stout, with an india-rubber face and a fine breadth of genial modern comic humor.

"There's no part in it for me," he pointed out, when I called to get his answer, "unless," he added dubiously—"unless I was to play Sir Peter."

"Capital! capital!" I rejoined, not wishing to put him out of love with the piece. "Only," I continued, "my notion of Sir Peter was a rather dignified—a somewhat aristocratic old man with—well—a few inches taller than you," I floundered, not liking to put him out of conceit with his personal appearance.

"I should make him a jolly, plump, *horsey* little chap," was the rejoinder. "Eh? Good deal more fun to be got out of him that way! And you might write him up a bit—give him a few *smart* lines, you know—work him into the scene of the sale of the pictures; good

idea. He might be the auctioneer and sell the pictures!"

I confess I had not designed Sir Peter for a low comedy character. I had not imagined him as a fat, bouncing, podgy little personage, but I am the mildest-mannered man that ever wrote a play. Away I went to write up Sir Peter and fit him to the personality of the popular manager. Now, somehow or other, the new Sir Peter did not quite seem to fit into the scheme of The School for Scandal, and the play in its new form was according to my idea—decidedly lopsided and out of shape. But, then, I consoled myself with the thought that the general public would never trouble itself to know what my idea of Sir Peter was, or, indeed, whether I had any ideas at all, but would only go to see The School for Scandal so far as it afforded them an opportunity of laughing at their favorite. So I sturdily pegged away at the new Sir Peter, and turned him into quite a low-comedy character.

Unfortunately, during Sir Peter's transformation my friend the manager had put up a new three-act farcical comedy called The Mad Hatter. It was a furious success, and was likely to draw the town for the next two or three years. It owed its phenomenal popularity to an excruciatingly comic scene, wherein my friend the manager, who, as I have said, was very short and very stout, plumped himself down three several times upon three several brand-new, shiny silk chimney-pot hats. As he performed this masterpiece of humor the first time there was a laugh; when he did it the second time there was a roar, and when he did it the third time the whole theatre shook with continued explosions and convulsions of mirth. And so far was he from exhausting the pleasure to be derived from this exquisite piece of comedy, that when another of the characters, who was, anatomically considered, very sparsely endowed by nature with resources for squashing silk hats by sitting upon them—when this second performer did the same trick, the whole audience again roared with merriment. I was obliged to sorrowfully confess to myself that there was nothing half so funny in The School for Scandal, and I began to perceive how foolish I had been in supposing that the *seat* of intelligence in a general audience is at the *top* of the vertebral column.

The upshot of the matter was that my friend the manager, having correctly gauged the public taste in The Mad Hatter, wisely determined to stick to that form of entertainment for the future, and The School for Scandal was again thrown upon my hands. The first thing I did was to restore Sir Peter to his original complexion. Again I waited my chance, and submitted the comedy in turn to each of our leading managers. The great fault of the piece, they one and all agreed, was that there was no star-part in it. I modestly suggested that I considered either of the parts of Sir Peter, Charles and Joseph as worthy the attention of a leading actor. The leading actors didn't see them in that light. At last, after many vicissitudes, I succeeded in placing The School for Scandal at—well, I don't think I

dreamed which of our theatres it was, but I know it was one of the leading comedy houses.

Now, I confess that to cast The School for Scandal properly it seemed to me necessary to have the pick of all the actors in London. But this was impossible, seeing that those whom I had mentally pictured as the best representatives of one or two of the leading parts were already fulfilling engagements. I was therefore obliged to put up with the company already engaged at the theatre. Not that it was by any means a bad company; it was, indeed, as good an all-round company as there was in London. But good actors as they were, it seemed to me that one or two of them were decidedly out of their element, and did not fit their roles with the nicety which I thought the comedy demanded to ensure its complete representation. However, here again I reflected that the general public would never seek to know what I had meant by these characters, or whether I had meant anything at all, but would placidly accept whatever was given them by the actor as the exact embodiment of my idea.

The awful first-night came round at last. It had been a drizzling November day, and the evening closed in with a steady, soaking down-pour of rain. As I entered the theatre and glanced at the pit I instinctively felt that a two hours' cold bath with their clothes on had not developed a very genial frame of mind in its occupants. They seemed better fitted and more inclined to discuss meteorology than dramatic art.

The general impression created upon a modern audience by the first representation of The School for Scandal may be summed up in the words of a very fair and evidently unbiased notice that appeared the next morning in one of the leading London journals. It ran as follows:

A new five-act comedy under the title of The School for Scandal was produced at this theatre last evening. Although the author shows some ability to write pungent and even sparkling dialogue, he has yet much to learn before he can hope to produce a successful modern comedy. Almost the whole of his first two acts are devoted to setting forth the sayings of a certain coterie of fashionable scandal-mongers, and the rather tedious quarrels of a tetchy, anxious, middle-aged husband who has married a pretty young wife. To tell the truth it is impossible to feel any great sympathy for any one of the characters he has created, except it may be the reprobate Charles. Charles is certainly a very dashing young fellow, but the author has made the cardinal mistake of not introducing his hero until the middle of the third act, when our interest in the piece has already grown languid. The first signs of disapprobation occurred scarcely in the play as the first scene of the first act, where a disagreeable, gossiping old corned-bean is made by the author to offer a perfectly gratuitous affront to the Jewish religion.

"I hear," says this early old grater, who is called Crabtree, "that whenever Charles is sick they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues." This wanton insult to the sublime faith of an ancient people was very promptly and justly resented by the pit, and the storm of hisses that greeted its delivery will doubtless ensure its immediate extinction. It is indeed strange that the author has not learned from the reception of a recent piece dealing with religious matters that he cannot thus trifle with sacred things. We may also counsel the author to modify the character of his somewhat unsavory heroine, Lady Teazle. The several anticipations of her husband's decease are in the worst possible taste, as also are many of the remarks and stories of the scandalous club. Indeed, we are quite at a loss to know how the comedy in its present form passed the supervision of the Lord Chamberlain. That eminent functionary, whom hitherto we have always found so rigorous, alert and discerning in the discharge of his duties, that we are sure it will be conceded on all sides that he has never yet made one single mistake, must I venture to say have been strangely forgetful of the high responsibilities of his office when he permitted the public recital in the ears of our wives and daughters of such a coarse story as that relating to the breeding of Nova Scotia sheep and some half-a-dozen others of the same type. We venture to suggest to him that it will be advisable

to exercise his undoubted authority and insist upon the instant removal of all these indecent allusions from the text of The School for Scandal. We are aware of our temerity in thus proffering counsel to one whose infallible judgment has never yet been called in question; but we do so in all humility, and we rest assured that should a second School for Scandal ever be submitted to him he will, in the interest of public morality, unquestionably suppress all such passages as these we have alluded to.

To return to the play. The interest of the audience, which, owing to the weak construction and want of action, had been very feeble and intermittent during the first two acts, quickened somewhat during the third and fourth, and was indeed intense during the really admirable scene at the end of the fourth act. But here again the author's lack of the knowledge of construction leads him to commit the fatal error of prolonging the scene after the climax of interest is reached. To provide a really effective ending for this act the curtain should fall upon the overturning of the screen and the discovery of Lady Teazle. Not a word more should be spoken. But with a curious disregard of the feelings of his audience he allows his hero to hector Lady Teazle and Sir Peter just at the very moment when our warmest sympathy has been aroused on their behalf. And he ends the act with a weak exit of his characters. In fact all the ends of his acts are painfully weak, and this evident ignorance of one of the first causes of dramatic construction leads us to doubt whether the author of The School for Scandal will ever write an English comedy. He may indeed be recommended to study the admirable construction of that exquisitely ludicrous piece, The Mad Hatter, now approaching its six-hundredth performance at a neighboring theatre. After the powerful interest aroused in the fourth act, the last act fell decidedly flat and the curtain finally descended to very feeble demonstrations of applause. It is not likely that The School for Scandal will have a long run. It is far too tatty and devoid of action. The dialogue is not without merit, and, as we have pointed out, there is one really powerful situation—in the fourth act. But one situation will not make a play. Compressed into two acts and shorn of its redundant dialogue The School for Scandal might have stood a chance of success. In its present form we fear it is hopeless.

Such was the verdict upon my five-act comedy, and I could not but acknowledge its fairness, all the circumstances considered. A fortnight later the following paragraph appeared in the gossip of a contemporary.

We understand that The School for Scandal is to be shortly withdrawn and a new three-act comedy, entitled The March Hare, by the brilliant and successful author of The Mad Hatter, is to take its place.

Yes, The School for Scandal had been tried and had somehow missed fire. It was a palpable failure and there was no resurrection for it. But such was my obstinacy I could not be persuaded that The School for Scandal was not a good piece. I defended it, I buttonholed my friends, I argued, I protested with such vehemence that—

I woke.

But, you say, what is all this about? We know that The School for Scandal is a good acting play; we know that it always amuses an audience; we know that it always draws money. That's it! You know that it is amusing and witty and that Sheridan wrote it and not Smith or Brown—you know it, and therefore you are amused, and therefore it is a good play. Isn't that the secret of half the success of any play when it has passed its first-night?

But suppose that another School for Scandal were to be produced to-day—suppose it had to take its chance with our present first-night audiences and our present mode of judging a comedy, not by its literature and characterization, but by its deft arrangement of perpetual comic situations—what would be its fate? Would it not go down before the latest flimsy farcical comedy? Who knows? The plague of it is we are not likely to get a second School for Scandal to make the experiment.

Henry Arthur Jones



A LESSON IN STAGE DEPORTMENT.

GENTLEMANLY EASE AND ARISTOCRATIC LANGUAGE AS THEY ARE ILLUSTRATED BY OUR IMPROVED ENGLISH "CUFF-SHOOTERS" IN SOCIETY COMEDY.



## MY PROTEGE.



At no time does our great, selfish, money-grubbing city wear an aspect of such gaiety and gladness as at nightfall on Christmas Eve, and at no place is it so striking as along Fourteenth street. The curb lined with cheap hucksters crying their wares in all keys and a choice assortment of dialects—sidewalks jammed with people of all sorts and conditions.

What a kaleidoscope of color and character! The belated female shopper, with light purse and arms purchase-laden, her face radiant with relief born of the happy fact that Tom's dressing-case, Mollie's tippet, Charley's gee-gee and Bridget's ribbons are all boxed, bundled and homeward bound. The tired salesman whose step is bristled by the thought that silks and satins and canoes can go to the deuce for a whole thirty-six hours. The laughing, bright-eyed, flirtatious shop-girl—living monument to the power of human endurance against the exactions and aggravations of the cartankerous holiday buyer, who either doesn't know what she wants or doesn't take it when she does—fills her lungs with the first breath of pure air she has had since early morning and casts bewitching glances at such of the male passengers as favorably strike her critical and experienced eye. The toil-stained mechanic, lumbering along and occasionally stopping to parley with the vendors of toys at the curb.

Everybody carries a bundle. Everybody is good-natured. Nobody is too poor to take a share in the universal gladness. The rags and filth and disease and crime of the big town are buried out of sight beneath the surging current of mirth and happiness. The very air is infected with light-hearted gaiety. There is no room for dull care or misanthropy here in this crowd. It has cut loose from the slavery of labor; it has called a truce in the weary struggle for existence; it is preparing to enjoy to the uttermost the gladdest holiday of all the year.

Some such thoughts as these were running through my head on Christmas Eve six years ago. Having dined early, and knowing no better means of killing a spare hour, I was threading my way through Fourteenth street, deriving the peculiar pleasure that one who has nothing to do always finds in observing the jostling procession of a crowded thoroughfare. Not a soul but appeared to be in Christmas humor. The swarthy son of Italy grinding "Le Marsellaise" out of his wheezy barrel-organ at the corner of Fifth avenue was wreathed in smiles, that intensified in breadth with every chink of a nickel against the bottom of his battered tin-cup. The big policeman at University Place said cheery things to passing acquaintances with one of the finest brogues outside County Roscommon, and conveyed timid women through the bewildering maze of cars, trucks and buses with even more gallantry than usual.

Remembering that I had left something that I wanted in my office, I crossed the Square, deserted for the nonce by its Thespian horde, and entered THE MIRROR building. The halls and stairways were dark. The office was deserted and closed for the night. I mounted to the second floor and felt for my latch-key. Just then a voice said:

"I beg your pardon, but is anybody in?" The accents were refined and denoted the speaker—I could not see him for the utter darkness of the place—to be an Englishman.

"Who did you wish to see?"

"The editor."

"Wait one moment and I'll light the gas."

Entering my office I struck a light and bade the stranger come in.

I confess I was somewhat surprised at his appearance, the more so because I had been prepossessed by his speech.

He was a tall, gaunt man of somewhat suspicious aspect. His hair was long and matted, his eyes bloodshot, his face haggard and his chin covered with a week's growth of stubble, reddish beard. His hands were unmistakably dirty and his clothes likewise. These latter were of that nondescript sort that marks the

get-up of the species of citizen that "carries the banner" and sleeps on a park bench; or the whiskey-smelling, miserable tramp that haunts the streets at midnight and accosts the lonely pedestrian with the stereotyped plea for a few cents to get a night's lodging—which device, if successful, inevitably leads to his immediate departure for the nearest bucket-shop. Bare feet peeped through the gaping holes in my visitor's worn-out shoes.

Altogether, he was the kind of dilapidated person to make one instinctively feel for one's watch, to make sure that it has not been the subject of dexterous and illegal jugglery.

"Now, make haste and tell me what you want," said I, after this unsatisfactory survey was completed.

"It can be briefly told, sir. You may have heard of Tom Heron, the actor, who used to be a popular card with the boys that frequent the second-class theatres and take their sensational drama straight? I thought you had. Well, not to use up your time, sir, Tom is dying of consumption over on Blackwell's Island. He hasn't got a cent. His relations—he has several, bless 'em!—have gone dead back on him, and he needs better nourishment than the incurables are allowed in the Charity Hospital. A little money goes a long way toward easing a chap's days on the Island. The nurses aren't above taking a tip, sir, and poor Tom could be helped by a little coin—helped wonderfully."

"Why are you interested in the case? You look as if you might have come off the other end of the Island yourself."

My visitor drew himself up with an air of wounded pride, and he actually looked dignified in spite of his rags.

"Tom Heron was my friend in better days. He gave me a place in his company and kept me from starving in the gutter. Because he's dying and because he's in the hospital on the Island—that's why I am interested in his case."

I felt a twinge of remorse. There was less severity in the rest of my cross-examination.

"You were an actor?"

"I am an actor." I noted the proud significance of the change from the past to the present tense in the reply with some amusement.

"What is your name?"

"You may call me Harvey Moran."

"When will you see your sick friend again?"

"To-morrow. Since he's been over there I've visited Tom twice a week. I'd go oftener, God knows, but living at Williamsbridge and not being able to afford the car-fare to Twenty-sixth street, I have to walk it, and twice a week plays me out. The Charity Commissioner gives me a pass on the city boat. You see, sir, there's nobody else takes any interest in Tom now. Before he broke down he took to drink. He played it down pretty low, and everybody but me gave him up."

"And you want money?"

"For Tom—yes. But you wouldn't trust me to take it to him?"

"How do I know you are telling me the truth?"

"Come and see Tom and bring him the money yourself—I don't look as respectable as a bank-teller, and that's a fact."

"I will. What time does the boat leave?"

"I'm going at 10. I'll meet you at the dock." Without further words the man left and I heard him picking his way slowly down stairs.

At the appointed hour I waited Moran's coming at the East River wharf. I was not alone. A sympathetic woman—an actress—to whom I told his story the evening before, was with me. She had filled a basket with fruit and wine, and Manager Palmer and one or two others had donated some money to take to Heron. The snow fell in blinding clouds, and we stood exposed to it in preference to remaining in the dirty, stuffy little hole, dignified as a waiting-room, that was crowded with a number of ragged, ill-smelling men and women bound for a Christmas visit to friends in Blackwell's prison or the hospital wards.

By-and-bye we saw Moran shuffling down the street past the Morgue. He had donned a napless, antiquated, chimney-pot hat, and his coat was pinned tightly over his collarless shirt. He wore no overcoat. I introduced him to my companion. He doffed his grotesque beaver and bowed with real dignity. The Black Maria drove up and let out a shivering cargo of miserable creatures, fresh from the police-courts and the gruesome Tombs.

Through the driving snow we walked across the gang-plank to the little steamboat. Arrived at Blackwell's Island, a drearier scene could not well be imagined than presented itself to view. The prisoners below swarmed out of the hold, and in procession were marched off to the receiving-room of the jail.

Piloted by our companion, the tramp actor, we walked quickly to the bleak stone hospital building. Everything about the place was horribly depressing, and doubly so on a Christmas morning. The air was charged with that mingled odor of soft-soap and carbolic acid peculiar to our public institutions. We were led through the long, dreary corridors into a ward lined with two rows of cots, lighted by great curtainless windows, against whose panes the snow beat fast and the wind moaned sadly. It was the ward devoted to patients suffering from incurable pulmonary complaints. On every wasted face was written the dread sentence of death.

Near one window our guide stopped, leaned over an emaciated form, and beckoned us closer. This was Tom Heron, the consumptive actor. Surprise gave place to an expression of gratitude and pleasure when the nature of our visit was made known. Red spots shone in his cheeks, his piercing black eyes melted into tears, and his feeble voice came huskily through the thin, ashen lips:

"You are very good to come this long way to see a stranger. I am truly thankful. God knows, except for my dear friend here, nobody has so much as thought of me since I came to the Island."

"Are you well cared for?"

"The poor are never well cared for," he replied, somewhat bitterly; "but I have no right to complain; I've brought it all on my own head."

The actress murmured some of those trite consolatory words which seem so much and mean so little. Poor Heron made a movement of impatience.

"I know you mean well, miss," said he, "but I know the end. A week, two weeks, a month at best—that's all I look forward to. Every tick of the clock hurries me to my fate. See there?" He lifted himself wearily from his pillow and pointed out the window to a horrid pile of red-stained boxes piled against a wall in near view. "I often wonder which one they will pick out for me. It's there somewhere—unless there's enough left of me to deserve the attention of the students at Bellevue."

We tried to cheer the poor fellow; gave him the fruit and wine and money (which last he beseeched us to put under his pillow secretly, that the other patients should not be envious or the attendants take it away from him), and then departed.

On the return trip to the city I gave Moran a cigar (he said "it was the first time his lips had closed over one in two years," and from the rare enjoyment that Buena Suarez afforded the smoker, I believed him), and, sheltered by the wheel-house from the cold East River blasts, he told me something about himself.

He had been, some dozen years before, the leading juvenile actor at one of the principal London theatres. Being something of a wanderer by disposition, he visited Australia, and in Melbourne became a favorite light comedian. After several seasons, during which his social and professional popularity was in the ascendant, he set sail for 'Frisco with a light heart and a heavy purse.

In that city the tide of his good fortune turned. Falling in with a jolly bohemian set, he took to fast living.

What with gambling and drinking, he lost his money, his health and his self-respect. Loafing about for some months, he finally got a chance to work out his fare to New York with an Eastward-bound combination. Things went from bad to worse after that. Moran became the terror of the dramatic agents, and one of the constant spectres of the Square. The appetite for liquor pursued him, and his only respite from trouble was when he was able to court the oblivion of drink. Tom Heron found him in the gutter once, fed him, clothed him, braced him up and gave him an engagement. When Tom went to the dogs himself and then to the Island, Moran's last good resolution went too.

There was an ingenuous frankness about the recital that worked on my sympathy. The man concealed nothing, extenuated nothing. He told all there was to tell of his weakness and his misery. He did not even gloss over the faults that had led to his downfall, nor urge aught in mitigation of them. It was truly a plain, unvarnished tale, told by a poor wretch who still had manhood enough to know that he only was to blame for his reverses. Contact with life's seamy side had not obliterated his sense of shame. As he took off his queer old hat again at parting and thanked the actress for going on this errand of mercy, it struck me that I might perhaps put the unfortunate on his legs again.

"Come and see me to-morrow," I said, and he left me with a new hope imprinted on his haggard face.

"I AM AN ACTOR!"

Need I say that I was discouraged and dis-

gusted? I sent for Moran. Several days passed before he came. Then he wore his battered old hat, his dirty rags, and looked the counterpart of what he was when I first saw him. I told him I meant to give him up altogether. A man that would not help himself was unworthy to be helped.

His bleary eyes filled with tears and he sobbed piteously. He told me that the old temptation had come to him; he had struggled with it bravely, but it proved the victor. One glass was followed by another, and he speedily lost the power to stop. The debauch lasted two days. He spent his money and pawned his clothes for whiskey. The miserable, weeping, shattered wretch moved me to pity again.

"Come, Moran, be a man! I'll give you one more chance—the last."

So, once more the operation of clothing him and cleaning him was repeated. The captain of the supers at Booth's gave him a job, and he went on as one of the Roman soldiers in Virginius with poor McCullough. For several weeks he went along all right, and I began to feel encouraged. But I did not reiterate my opinion as to the regenerating possibilities of the debased human animal.

One day a messenger brought a dirty scrap of paper to my office. On it Moran had scrawled in pencil: "I'm in trouble. For God's sake come to Jefferson Market and get me out." What had my protégé been doing now? I hastened over to Jefferson Market just in time to see Moran, in his old rags, supporting his trembling frame at the iron railing in front of the Justice, who was saying:

"Moran, you're charged with drunkenness, disorderly conduct and resisting the officer who arrested you. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, your Honor, except that I didn't know what I was doing."

Here the officer spoke up: "He had a crowd of a hundred around him on the sidewalk, and he was a singin' an' a dancin' loike a woid Injun, sor. Whin I went to take him in he put his arrums an' his legs around a lam' post, an' bedad! I had to club him an' put the n'pers on him before I cud run him in."

"Sixty days," observed the Justice, sententiously. "Next!"

Moran caught sight of me in the court-room, and as the officer laid a heavy hand on his shoulder he cast an appealing look in my direction. I felt that the punishment was not by any means severe enough for the ungrateful beggar, but the remembrance of his fidelity to the dying man on Blackwell's Island got the better of me.

"One moment, officer," said I. "If your Honor please, I know this man. He was an actor formerly. He is more unfortunate than erring. [This was a lie; but a lie was necessary to gain my point.] If you will change the sentence to a fine I will cheerfully pay it and endeavor to keep this chap out of trouble in future."

The actress and I deliberated long and earnestly about our new charge, and the conclusion was that we must first arouse Moran's self-respect by getting him into presentable garments. There is much virtue in a full stomach and a suit of decent clothes. And so Moran evolved from the tramp state to one of comparative respectability. When he was shaved and washed, his hair trimmed and his rags exchanged for a cheap but presentable ready-made attire, he wasn't a half bad looking person. With what money we gave him he astonished his landlady by paying his arrears in rent. Delighted with these improvements, I looked about to find my protégé an engagement. A good-hearted manager took him to play in afterpieces and make himself generally useful. I congratulated myself on having effected a genuine reform. It is always pleasant to reflect that the natural depravity of the *genus homo* is not in all cases ineradicable, and that the Presbyterian and the philosopher are occasionally at fault.

But my agreeable conclusions were destined to be rudely disturbed. The day after salary day at the variety theatre where Moran was employed, I received the following letter from the manager:

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret to inform you that I have had to discharge Harvey Moran, the man in whose behalf you interested yourself. After getting his salary yesterday he got beastly drunk and was unable to do his work in the evening. Very truly yours,

THOMAS PARSONS.

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IT IS MY PROTEGE.

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The actress and I had met once around a convivial table. Otherwise I suppose he wouldn't have considered my plea for an instant. But he heaved and hawed and finally gave a grumbling consent, along with a sharp lecture to Moran.

Emerging from the court-room I took up the reprimand where the Justice left off and vehemently expostulated with my ex-protégé. "I've helped you out of a difficulty for the last time. Don't have the impudence to come to me again. Turn over a new leaf if you can. But in any event my patience is gone—I'm done with you." Moran inclined his head humbly and walked off down Sixth avenue.

After that I saw him two or three times in the neighborhood of the Square. He looked shabbier and more besotted than before, and he averted his face in passing. Spring went by and Summer came. One evening on Fifth avenue, near the old Reservoir, Moran accosted me and begged for alms. I do not think he knew me at first. A lady was with me, and feeling annoyed at his importunities I turned on him and uttered words of anger and scorn. "I told you never to come to me again, you dog. The next time I'll hand you over to a policeman."

The man started as if he had been struck with a lash. Then he slunk away.

Christmas Eve has come round once more, and the streets are filled with the light-hearted, happy crowd. As I walk again through Fourteenth street I observe the noisy vendors and the motley mass of pedestrians—this lot going West and this East—with much the same interest as I felt last year. I find my thoughts recurring to that night and to my disappointing old protégé. His face is photographed on my mind in the several phases of our acquaintance. I see it looking lovingly down on that other emaciated face on the pillow of the hospital cot; I see it beaming with new-born hopes and manly resolves; I see it sunken and disfigured with dissipation—piteous, tearful, pleading.

"Perhaps I judged him too harshly," I ruminate. "He was but a wreck of what he once had been. I couldn't reasonably have expected any other result. Poor old tramp! I wonder where he is now and what he's doing? Is he drunk in the gutter or dying in a garret? There was some good in him. Did he not show a nobility in the solicitude for his deserted friend? I was too harsh. I ought to have stretched forth my hand again to help the poor wretch when he made that last appeal. I would give a good deal to meet him this night. He has a claim to Christmas cheer—he earned it by his devotion to Tom Heron."

One of those coincidences that are common: The thought has scarcely entered my mind when I espy Moran's familiar figure a short distance ahead of me. He is even more ragged and wretched than before. His shoulders are bent with the heavy burden of degradation; his head, with its battered old hat, hangs dejectedly upon his breast, and he shuffles wearily along the sidewalk, jostled now this way, now that, by hastening passengers, apparently quite oblivious of his surroundings.

"I'll follow him to Broadway," said I to myself, "and then change all that. Let him drink himself full to-morrow if he wishes. He shall have the means to spend the day at such pastimes as he pleases. Poor old chap, how tired he must be of it all!"

I regulate my walk to his, and thus at a fixed distance follow in his wake. There is a jam of vehicles at Broadway and the curb is fairly packed with people waiting to cross over. The policeman brandishes his locust. The drivers shout and curse. The trucks move on. Suddenly a piercing scream rises above the din of the street.

"My God! she's lost!" a voice cries at my elbow. There, in the centre of the street, I see a little child, a lovely, golden-haired girl, standing alone and bewildered by the noise and the crowd. Not ten feet off a huge Adams Express van is thundering down upon her, the horses galloping like mad and the driver powerless to check their speed. My eyes are riveted on the imperilled innocent standing there. Is no one near enough to save her? That must be her mother—the white-faced, agonized woman paralyzed with fright, across the way.

A queer old beaver rises in the crowd, a man in a dilapidated coat pushes the people out of his path. It is my protégé! Quicker than I take to tell it, he has caught the child in his long, gaunt arms. Another instant and she is tossed to one side. Thank God, she's saved!

With a roar the big van rattles by. Good for my protégé! Where is he? Let me be the first to clasp his hand.

But there is a dense crowd around the spot where he stood. I cannot get near. Some moments pass. What does it mean?

Clang! clang! clang! That's the sharp gong of the ambulance. Is Moran hurt? I try to press near, but the growing crowd is unyielding. A pause. Clang! clang! The ambulance dashes off and the big crowd melts away.

I hear one say: "He was a plucky devil, but he must have known it was almost certain death. Was the tramp hurt badly? Well, rather! You'd have thought so if you had seen him when the surgeons lifted him into the ambulance."

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Midnight in the casualty ward of the New



York Hospital. A group gathered around a bed on which a maimed form lies unconscious. "No, there is no hope whatever." It is the Doctor speaking. "You see the injuries are not confined to a broken leg and a fractured arm. The worst are internal. Do you know him?"

"Yes, he was my protégé." The Doctor elevates his eyebrows in mild surprise; says something to the nurse, and leaves to look after another patient.

Moran is breathing stertorously. He does not see the attendants bring a tall screen and bend it round the bed. "We always do this that the others shall not see the end," the nurse murmurs.

I watch Moran closely. In a few minutes he draws a long breath, opens his eyes and looks me in the face. I see that he recognizes me. By a feeble movement he signs for me to draw nearer. Bending low I just catch the faint whisper:

"You were very kind to me. I was a brute—a dog. You were right to cast me off. When you turned upon me I did not rebel. I said—'Here he pauses from weakness, and several moments elapse before he is able to continue—'I said to myself, I will redeem myself in his eyes. I hope—I think I have.' He looks wistfully into my face.

My voice is choked. "Redeemed yourself? Why, man, you're a hero?"

"Thank you, sir," he whispers, and then faintly, with a sigh, "It is—well." These are his last words. He sinks into a stupor; presently the watcher knows that his protégé has sunk forever into the silent peace of death.

Passing softly down the dimly lighted ward, I step aside to allow a man to pass who is dragging something toward the screened bed. A cart, the length of a human body; a sheet thrown on top. The low, rubber-tired wheels make no sound to disturb the great quiet of the place.

*Harrison Grey Fiske*

### Xmas in My Mind's Eye.



HERE are certain days of the year when a writ will not run, when catch-poles, bum-bailiffs and the smaller Arabs of the law lose their grip and go about, like other decent citizens, with their hands in their pockets. These are, in fact, red-letter days, especially to the adolescents. This relief was felt to the very ends of the toes of every Gothamling a generation or two ago, when the East-side of the town was dominated by a dark goblin, who haunted that region in the shape of a chunky, black-haired, sinister demon known as Old Hays. His municipal rank was that of High Constable; his greatest achievement was to enunciate at the opening of the Oyer and Terminer Court the word "silence" in an emphasis which Mr. Ayres could not criticize or improve. The audience were abashed, the judges awestruck, and all other business suspended till Hays had exhausted his wind, which was truly siroccoish. His only staff of office was a paltry rattan, with which he terrorized all the small boys of his bailiwick, who kept devoutly out of his way and gave him the whole sidewalk to himself. Under the menace of his rod and the fearful frown that attended its use fell many youngsters who have since become of importance, especially as followers of the stage.

Here I could be profound in analyzing and deciphering Jacob Hays after the manner of the day. The mighty High Constable shook his finger at a young sweep. What did that mean? The sable strippling winked at the High Constable out of the corner of his left eye. He must have meant something. What was it? I could spend hours and days in scrutinizing, anatomizing and dog-tracking these displays, showing conclusively that my subjects were not human beings, but callous toys of wood, full of pins and pivots and swords and what-not, which keep buzzing around without so much as telling the time of day.

I may be called to account for having failed to avail myself the opportunity, under cover of telling a story, to treat old Hays in that subtle style and represent him as running about shaking his finger at small boys, talking to himself, and all the time doing nothing and saying nothing. But for myself I had perhaps better proceed to business and state that it would not have been difficult in those early days to have made, at Christmas time, taking Chatham Square as the objective or centre, a "surround," after the manner of the aborigine, which would embrace a pretty lively assortment of choice spirits drawn from the neighborhood.

Watching the holiday sports on the square and taking part in them, Frank Chanfrau slipped loose from his father's fruit-stand around the corner, lends a hand at town ball, having for comrades Wally Cone, father of Kate Claxton; Uncle Ben Baker, from the Waterside, catcher; Charley Gayler to wield the bat; and for lookers-on, observant critics, Dan McKinney, the grocer's son (afterward manager of the Old Bowery, patriotically nicknamed the American Theatre); William M. Fleming, afterward the favorite actor and manager; the Cowperthwaits, whose grandfather's chair store was at the head of the square, having for an outside display the very old chair fac simile in the newspapers at this day.

There is no old Hays about to scare the young sports. The boys are to the very thick of their tossing, batting, catching, and making runs when there appears standing forth at the top of the ball-ground a statuesque and noble figure, wearing moccasins, a blanket tided around him, an eagle feather waving on his brow, and carrying in his arms a six-foot hickory bow, with arrows for the same.

This is a genuine Indian, whose custom it was at holiday times (especially Christmas) to attend and use his arrows upon a target set some fifty or one hundred yards away, having a silver stipend to fire at and win, if he could, on a split stick planted in the ground. In his primeval magnificence, to his admirers Buffalo Bill's Wild West would have been a mere puppet show.

To close this short tale, which is soon told, it is a notable fact that while the soil in that quarter of the city was strewn with stage-lings, histrionic aspirants and those who became experts and notables in the theatre, there was not in the entire district a single place of amusement, unless we except the Learned Pig, who played cards on the first floor of a little frame building, and the colored sweeps and chimney climbers, who gave an annual performance on the back stoop, the yard being the auditorium of their masters' dwelling, with whom they lived as apprentices.

*Conelius Matheson*

### Flotsam and Jetsam

THE DESCENT OF THE MANTLE.

YOU are right, my son; it was a great mistake for Forrest and McCullough to leave their mantles floating around loose-like. It's odd, too, that their executors should have been so remiss as to make no suitable provision for the proper descent of the same. The woods are full of mantle-grabbers, and between the desperate clutches of this army of grabbers it is to be feared that the poor mantle will become unrecognizable. You are right—it is odd that it has not occurred to some fellow to get a mantle of his own and just vary the pattern a little. It has always seemed to me that the stupid public cares very little about mantles, anyway. It paid very little attention to McCullough's struggle with the mantle until Forrest had been dead so long that the great majority had never seen him or, seeing, had forgotten just how the old man's mantle did hang, anyhow. "Do many people go to see Hamlet now?" No, my son; very few. But thousands flock to see Booth. That's the difference. That's the point that mantle-grabbers seem to have lost sight of or ignore, until the empty chairs and emptier purses set them to thinking.

Yes, indeed, my son, it is one thing to be a popular leading actor, and quite another thing to be a popular star. This is a point that it takes many of us years to masticate. Personal popularity is good material to start with; then offer the public the kind of goods they want, and, knowing you to be a trustworthy salesman, they will buy. But make up your mind, to begin with, that they are not hankering after any new brands of fair to middling Othellos or Richelieus—at least not just now.

FORRESTONIAN HUMOR.

Yes, indeed, my son, the great tragedian had a wonderful sense of grim humor. I was playing with the "old man" in a Western city in '71 in Jack Cade. The Lord Say of the cast was a man with a poetic name and a pronounced Irish mug, and a no less pronounced brogue. His dressing of the part was a nightmare of gaudy tints; no color escaped him. The whole was surmounted by a ruff, with a small cap and a bunch of straggling cockfeathers. Altogether he was about as unlike Lord Say as he could well be. In the closing scene of the play, instead of armor he still clung to his rainbow-hued raiment. As Lord Clifford I had been decently killed in the third act, and I was haunting the entrances listening to the "old man's" reading. (At that time it was painful to see him in Cade.) Newt Gothold was the Friar Lacy, and as he stood beside Forrest at the back of the stage, while the pink and red Say was wildly gesticulating in the right corner, I heard the great actor growl in gutturals to Gothold:

"I've been trying all night to think what that d—d creature looks like; I've just got it."

"What is it?" queried Gothold.

"Punch's dog," growled Forrest.

And he did. Look at the title-page of *Punch*, and you will appreciate the joke.

DEGENERACY (?) OF THE STAGE.

No, my son, I am not one of the croakers about the "degeneracy" of the stage. There is a good deal of unadulterated rot in the "palmy day" chestnut. At the present day actors are better paid and plays are better acted and better produced than at any time during any two decades of professional life. More than that, the actor is constantly progressing in every direction. The man who could night after night disappoint and insult the public, and still retain public favor, is known no more among us. The "wrecked genius"—that is, the man who never amounted to anything until he became notorious through drunkenness—was one of the conspicuous figures of the "palmy days," now happily almost extinct. Still, my son, I do consider that in certain characters, notably Lear, Richelieu and Virginius, Edwin Forrest, in his old age, was so much greater than any actor that I ever saw, that there is absolutely no plane of comparison; while to the thought-

ful actor and student of Shakespeare his reading of Hamlet was a revelation. But you needed to close your eyes. The grand old man became a student at fifty, and died with the pages of the Master open before him.

BLACKSTONE AND THEATRE.

Yes, my son, that modest little man, with an expansive forehead, who hailed us from his family carriage on the New Orleans shell-road the other day, was Charles F. Buck, an eminent and successful lawyer of that city, and that handsome lady at his side was Mrs. Buck, and that group of merry little ones were all little Bucks. And that carries me back to September, 1867, and Leavenworth, Kas., where and when Charley Buck and myself began trying to learn the trade of acting. It was not a bad company. George Chaplin and Frank Tannehill were the leading men. They are both filling the same positions with honor to-day. Charley and I were the utility. Susan Denin, rest her soul! was the manageress. And here, my son, let me pause to pay the poor tribute of a tear to the cherished memory of one of the noblest souls, one of the greatest actresses and one of the most beautiful and unfortunate women our generation has produced. If there is on the other side a crown for one whose life on this was one unending night of martyrdom and self-sacrifice, ending in a tragic death, then poor Susan Denin's halo shall rival the spheres in splendor.

Those were the "palmy days," my boy. My salary was (to be) fifteen dollars a week; Buck's the same. We got it one week. The next week we got a reduction; the next we got a promise, and the next we got turned out of the boarding-house. Then poor Mrs. Scheller came on for a star engagement. By some mysterious process we contrived to get down to Kansas City, then a little clump of houses clustered around the old Market Square. We played in Frank's Hall, an old up-stairs rookery, seating about three hundred people. From here we contrived to make St. Joe, and here it was, in the old Odd Fellows' Hall, with an iron post running up through the centre of the stage (how the low comedians used to love that post!) that the great "Nobles-Buck Tragic Alliance" was formed. We had been watching Chaplin and Tannehill wrestling with Pizarro, Macbeth, Melnotte, etc., and we knew that all we wanted was a chance to show the public how much greater we were than either of them. The opportunity came sooner than we anticipated. I think we wrestled with Fate for about three weeks in St. Joe. The time is impressed upon my mind by a little incident. Buck and myself, preparing for our tour, used to wander along the old steamboat wharf, spouting scenes from Othello and The Wife. It was while engaged in this occupation that we one night discovered the principals of our company quietly stealing aboard a steamer. The next morning found the embryo tragedians wrecked. Then the landlady told us that we owed eighteen dollars each for board, at six dollars a week, and that's how I know just how long we were in St. Joe.

Genius is not easily crushed at twenty, and so we organized a benefit. We were perfectly confident that the humble positions we had occupied in the company had not obscured from a discerning public the fact that we were really the magnates of the organization. Besides, I had recently had several low comedy parts in the farces, and had extracted several full-grown laughs from the entire audience (usually about twenty-five people, trying to keep the big stove warm in the lower end of the hall). A little eloquence, a silver watch and a plain gold ring convinced the newspaper man that our personal popularity was sufficient to "pack the house." So he gave us a send-off and five hundred quarter-sheet programmes. The hall man agreed to take his chances in the box-office, and we began to "work her up."

The people of St. Joe who stayed away from that benefit (and I may say in parenthesis that they constituted the entire population) will never know what they missed. But we were there, and the programme was there, with our names in big letters. It was a bitter night, way down below zero, and a blinding snow-storm, but the little groups around the stove in the L. U. E. of the hall cheered us to the echo. Buck was crummy on his legs; he had played it with the amateurs in New Orleans. I had never done Othello, but I had seen three or four leading heavy men struggle with him, and I was confident that I couldn't do anything worse. And so we howled through the great jealousy scene.

Buck punched the animal and I did the howling. Of course, we howled ourselves hoarse in two minutes, and reduced the rest of the scene to facial contortions. Then Buck rung in Collins' "Ode to the Passions." Then I gave 'em "Shamus O'Brien." (My first trial of it.) Buck sang a ballad without music; I sang a topical song, slathering our late absconding stars and managers, of course. Then we gave them Hox and Cox minus Mrs. Bouncer. I don't know how we did it, but we did. Eleven o'clock came and then the hall man came and said he had taken only \$16.75, and the rent was \$20. He asked what we were going to do about it. We offered to divide the gross and call it square, but that didn't seem to strike him right; so he kept it all.

Yes, my son, it is a fact that just thirteen years after that I hunted up that good-hearted boarding-house keeper and paid him that bill,

with legal interest. If you don't believe it, ask him. His name is Bacon, and I think he has a hotel bearing his name in St. Joe now.

And so, my son, you see the player's life is not all tinsel and sunshine. The ideal Prince of Denmark has fought poverty and worked the lunch route in his day. The Prince of Como has burned midnight oil mastering the description of his palace and darning his princely silk stockings. The haughty slayer of the tyrant Richard, doffing his spangled armor, has hurried from Bosworth Field, and the ringing plaudits of a crowded theatre, to an ill-furnished garret, where, book in hand and a moistened towel on his head, he has labored with Macduff till gray dawn came peeping through his narrow window; then, with scant rest and scantier breakfast, he is off to rehearsal; back again at three, a cold remnant for dinner, three hours spent in "fixing up togs" and cramming the lines, and off to the shop again. So has he seen the days go into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years.

This is no ideal picture, my son. That haughty queen, surrounded by courtiers, serfs and flatterers, has gone from that scene of tinsel and royalty to a wretched boarding-house, and spent the night fixing up the "old man's" toga, and changing the tinsel and puffing on her own royal gown, which she must wear the next night for a maid-or-honor. The nimble Touchstone and the jolly, drunken Toodles, with the laughter still ringing in his ears, has hurried home to relieve his patient wife in the care of a dying child. We are human, my son—human men and women, like the rest of the world. True, there are those among us who have found a royal road to fame, but their number is limited. They are the exceptions, not the rule.

*Milton Nobles*

### My Spook-Crank.

FOR weeks past I have been haunted—not by a ghost or solemn-visaged spook clad in a vanishing perspective of phosphorescent light which focuses in two hollow, fiery spook-eyes, but by a tangible specimen of the genus "Crank;" and a *rara avis* he is indeed. What a comfortable classification it is that includes all these wayward intellects, these idiosyncracies on two legs, these abnormal geniuses, these tangent flyers, under one monosyllabic head! So far as their practical value to the thinking, reasoning world is concerned, the concentrated brain-power of the whole family of "cranks" might be stored away in one cranium, and thus afford opportunity for profitable study. Then experts might be able, from a close scrutiny of this single aberration, to draw the line between "cranks" and "hobbyists."

Well, one night in October this realistic spook of mine appeared at my dressing-room door, unannounced, unexpected, unwelcome, silent and mysterious. Nobody saw him come in. He materialized in my doorway as suddenly as a stage ghost through a trap. I was studying a part in an afterpiece, concentrating every mental energy upon a jargon doggerel, the very essence of Ethiopian intellectuality, clothed in musical rhythm. My spook stood still, beating time with his soles to the song I was humming. Not appreciating the accompaniment, I stopped suddenly, looked up from my manuscript, and said:

"Well, sir!" answered the spook, briskly, as if he had caught the same cue for years.

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"Listen to me, for nobody else will!"

"A 'crank' a most uncanny bore," I muttered *sotto voce*, mentally quoting a line to finish the couplet, "Take thy form from out my door!"

But the raven—I mean the spook—lingered. He still lingers, this haunting spook, this long, lank, angular Brom-Bones, this Nemesis at my dressing-room door. I see him in the hotel corridor, in the theatre lobby, at the stage-door and on the street-corner; I meet him face to face on Broadway, avoid him downtown and sit opposite him in the Elevated cars. An iron clad edict and a trusty lock guard me from him now in my dressing-room, but I know he is outside there, straining his vision through the door-panels and peeping at the keyhole. I circumvent him by strategy; go in and out through remote and devious exits and entrances; give positive instructions that I will not see him. But he is patient, wonderfully patient, this crank spook of mine, and, like old Sisyphus, when the rock of his labors eludes his grasp and rolls down the hill, he starts it up again with dogged determination.

But I must not lose the thread of my story. The first night I saw him he confided to me his intention to revolutionize comedy.

Modern minstrelsy, said he, is the evolution of negro humor, just as the negro dialect has evolved from the chattering of apes. Monkeys, he specified, are wags, practical jokers, full of pranks and brimming over with native humor which in children and animals is called mischief. Apes are wits sedate and taciturn in their humor, watchful and humorously alert for opportunities, but not prankish, and would make, under favorable conditions, capital after-dinner speakers. But baboons and chimpanzees, continued the radical theorist, rise higher into the scale of humorous perception. They are the humorists proper, the Artemus Wards, the Twains, the Nasbys, the Nves and Tom Hoods of monkeydom. They

are the inventors and originators of humorous ideas in the capacity to amuse and tickle. "The world is full of fun," said my spook. "And," I added, "the woods are full of monkeys looking it up! Eh?"

Without noticing me he continued: "The progressive scale of intelligence is humor. The negro studied the antics and peculiarities of his long-tailed companions, never troubled himself with hopeless longings for a tall, congratulated himself upon a more articulate speech, and gradually—I say gradually—developed into a comedian."

"The whole foundation of comedy, then, is what?"

Here he drew himself up like a dodo and waited for my reply.

"Monkey tricks," I said.

Quoth the dodo, "You're right!"

That was the substance of the spook's first visit to my dressing-room. In the next three weeks I listened to more radical, startling ideas in regard to minstrelsy, comic opera and stage humor than an encyclopedia of experiences, reminiscences, opinions and biographies could furnish.

There was always a vein of sterling sense about the spook's rambling theories, which gave an enjoyable color to his visits, and while he spoke of fun I could see heaps of it embodied in his nondescript make-up. In fact, I enjoyed him thoroughly. I chaffed him, I gaped him pitilessly, drained him to the dregs for pure amusement's sake, and now he haunts me, pursues me like an avenger. I see him everywhere. He is my nightmare, asleep and awake, photographed upon the retina of my thoughts with indelible reality. The disturbed ghost of his once bright intellect gives me no rest; but I deserve it all. He is an isolated specimen of a "crank;" but I meet scores of others. An unlucky advertisement for a topical song brought them in flocks; the report that I wanted burlesques stirred up legions. I fought them for awhile. Phoenix-like, they rose from defeat and came at me again. War against them is useless. Now I am resigned and placid.

I must mention the "crank" who is numerous present during the week—who comes to the theatre expecting to sniff a joke in every breath. He listens for repartee at the box-office, chuckles at the doorkeeper's most serious remark, has a cross fire of wit with the ushers, laughs at everything in the performance, and goes home shouting. Every day there is some new turn in "The Crank."

"Verily!" said the spook, "the world is full of fun!"

"And the woods are full of monkeys looking it up."

*Lawrence Deland*

### Children of the Play.

These our actors—Shakespeare.

THE stage with glowing fancy teems  
To gild our lives with pleasant dreams  
That chase all care away.  
While "Christmas comes but once a year,"  
They welcome us with endless cheer—  
These children of the play!

With music, jests and words of weight,  
"From grave to gay" they alternate,  
Our sorrows to allay;  
With human nature's kindly art  
They soothe and heal the aching heart—  
These children of the play!

The chosen few that win a name  
Are naught to those, unknown to fame,  
Who toil from day to day;  
They travel many, many miles  
To wreath the writhed face in smiles—  
These children of the play!

When want and famine blight the land  
They lend a loving, helping hand;  
Thus cherish them I say!  
For they are all that's bright and kind,  
With tender heart and strength of mind—  
These children of the play!

*Albert Ellery Berg*

### Good-Bye!

WE must do right!  
Hearts ache, perhaps  
Mine starves, and yet I set aside  
The few poor scraps  
Of happiness love flings to me,  
Pleading the while that it is hard to be  
Always quite wise.  
While one's heart cries:

And yet,  
Altho' the poor strags strain  
Till every throb is pain,  
Altho' my hungry life  
Cries out against the strife,

I know  
I cannot take it, so  
It must be right!

So, love, good-bye!  
It was no blessing that befell us, dear,  
I will rejoice that you are strong  
And let you go; and if a tear  
Go, too, it cannot hurt nor me nor you,  
For we have fought and willed  
The poor love to be killed.  
We should be stronger for it, you and I.  
It's over, love. Good-bye.

And left alone,  
I fall to weeping,  
Questioning why  
Love comes into my keeping  
Only to die  
And making moan,  
Because it never comes.  
My right, my own.

*Edmund Spenser*



## THE OLD IDIOCY.



I saw her name in the papers. I was sitting then in Woodford's back office, very tired and awfully blue. In a moment's pause in the business I picked up the *World* and ran my eye over it. Then I gave a little start. My heart jumped up in my throat. There it was in black type—"Clarice Kingsley."

What a strange thrill those two words produced in me! Yes, she was to appear in the Metropolis at last. There was the advertisement. I read it with a quick, impatient glance.

"Engagement of the reigning Western favorite, the beautiful Clarice Kingsley, and her own company, for a limited season of English comedy."

I gave a sigh. I looked at the ledger in front of me, with its dreary columns of figures, and then at this advertisement.

Fancy a convict in his cell who some morning gets a scent of the Spring violets he cannot see blown through his bars and hears the voices of the free children that are running over the dewy daisies!

Am I a sentimentalist? Bah! Nothing is easier than to call a diamond a gew-gaw. I've had my lessons and burdens. I've toiled and starved, and won a little. I had put my shoulders to the wheel voluntarily. I was a tolerably patient, careful drudge.

And the name of Clarice Kingsley, like a golden ray, let, in a flash, all the romance, all the poetry of my life—sounded to me like "Minster bells rung by the wind"—touched every depth of my nature and flooded me with the phantom joys of the past.

There I stood staring at it. Unmanned? Yes, I acknowledge it. But I could no more help it than you can help being honest with yourself at times and looking over your shoulder, so to speak, at all the dead roses and chaplets along the promise of that winding path.

Four years! What was she like? How had they spoiled her? Would her voice—that deep, soft voice—thrill me again as the sight of her name had done? "Clarice, Clarice," I repeated, listening to the sound of it. How the dear old times came over me at the talismanic word. The very swoon of that Autumn, when she came to Allantown as a guest on the Hill and set the town agog with her beauty. The very scent of the burnt leaves, the very song of the bobolinks again! Can I forget that day—hand in hand over the stubby hills and over the Nipico on the green stones? Have I ever forgotten how the blue sky seemed to be brighter than it has ever been since; how the birds sang at us and the music of the waters was like the sound of the clarionets in a pastoral symphony!

Only four years! What a gulf four years can dig!

Clarice. I wonder if she remembered how her foot slipped on a wet stone and she fell into my arms and caught me round the neck. Alas, she could never have known the wild-fire that shot through me!

There I stood in chains, and every minute detail of it coming upon me all at once, in that flash of retrospection, to inflame and wound me with the radiant glory of it.

Loved her? Heavens, man! I must have worshipped her with all the unconscious idolatry of a boy's heart. It was all so sudden and lustrous. She had come upon me in a moment, like an apparition. I had looked up to the vision as one of those sacred illusions that it is sacrilegious even to think about. And then, somehow, we had met under those blue Autumn skies. Hours together, alone, along that dewy old road by the Nipico; a thousand secrets told; a thousand confidences of ambition; a sweet, new sympathy of perfect understanding.

It seems to me now that she was part of that Autumn dream. I cannot separate her voice now from the voluptuous, slumbrous beauty of September. The repetition of Clarice brings the old roads before me, fringed with golden rod, and the shadows of Uncle Sol Allan's locust trees lying across the highway like stains of brown sherry. I see her there in her loveliness on my ledge of rocks, her straw hat trailing by its ribbons and the *mise-en-scène* of the season making a frame of arbutus and scarlet-runner round her. I hear that rich contralto voice poured out in those musky coverts as she sang a song for me and I sat spell-bound on a stump. I remembered, as if it were yesterday, how I ran and gathered the dead grasses and one late tiger-lily, and twisting them into a clumsy bunch, went

through the mock ceremony of presenting her with a bouquet.

And I remembered (how my heart beat after four years at the thought of it) how she hugged that clumsy bunch all the afternoon and would not throw it away when I offered to get her a bouquet from Sol Allan's conservatory, and how she brought it all the way to The Hill, when we arrived at Colonel Featherstone's tired out.

What a lot of emotions we crowd into one Autumn. I wonder if ever again in this world I shall suffer such a keen agony as I felt that night? I had left her at Colonel Featherstone's gate. She had leaned over and said to me that she had been inexpressibly happy. I stood with my hat in my hand and saw her go up the blue gravel-road to the house. I saw two or three of the city beaux who were staying at the Colonel's throw down their tennis bats and run to meet her, and I could see they were expressing their curiosity and their wonder at her long absence. I thought she kept them at a little distance, and I remembered, with an exquisite joy, how close I had been to her all the afternoon. Then I wondered if she did it because she knew I was looking at her, and I tossed about all that night trying to convince myself that I was a deluded fool; that wealth and influence were at her disposal and I was building a chimera of love into a mausoleum of misery.

But the notes of her voice came back from the everglades. Her big eyes were looking at me tenderly and truthfully from that old ledge of rocks. Again and again, soft and low the words floated through the hushes of the night like those liquid clarionets, "I have been very, very happy."

Four years gives a young man a good perspective to look at his own emotions. I tried to reason with myself as I stood there. I felt that I was trying to curl my mouth cynically at myself, and was keeping up a running commentary on my own memories—of "nonsense," "folly," "illusion," "sentimentality." And then one word would rout the whole reason.

It was "Clarice." I couldn't get the drowsy hum of the yellow-jackets out of it. The cicada called round it again out of starlit nights. I leaned out of my garret window and watched the stately white house in the distance, because she was in it.

And that girl had told me she loved me. She had made Colonel Featherstone invite me up to the garden party.

There she stood in her great beauty, her white mantle drawn round her shoulders. I had her alone. I was mad with a hundred conflicting emotions. I distinctly remember how her beauty angered me, as I looked at her. She was, after all, so inaccessible. What would she do with the Allantown boy except play with him? How insane of me to hope that I could even interest her? And yet the mad impulses, all stirred into tumultuous expression, made me pour myself out there in the evening shadows. I told her how she had transformed me without knowing it. How, since I had known her, all the abeyant virtues and ambitions had flamed up in me for the first time. I told her what an idiot I was to hope that she would even think of me with pity when this late season closed and she left Allantown to plunge into the whirlpool of the city.

I only remember one thing. I had wrought it all up to one white-hot question. "Of course, Miss Kingsley—Clarice—you can't love me in the great, abiding way that I am dreaming of. Tell me honestly now, for it is the last chance perhaps we shall ever have—that I have made a mistake, and let me go. It is the better way. Do you love me?"

The melancholy green streaks of the Western sky were dying out. The moon was coming up through Sol Allan's wood. The fragrance of the mint seemed to roll up heavy and drowsy from the old path. I heard the clock in the village strike six. Some one up at the house was singing Moore's song, "When Time, Who Steals Our Years Away." Her gloved hand was on the old chestnut stile. Her head was bent over. I couldn't see her face. I heard her say: "Yes, Marc Allan, I do love you. I do indeed."

Not all the wisdom of the world, nor conscience, nor all the good angels could then convince me that she was not sincere. Not all the storms of Nature or tempests of life could chill the songs of my buoyant heart after that. I kissed her. I whispered some word of endearment. I fled home on the wings of joy.

And that was only four years ago. What I am telling you is the necromantic fantasy that grew up out of the name of Clarice as I stood there at my desk.

But I have something else to tell you. It is about those four years. Let me do it as briefly as I can. The first thing I did the next day was to send her some verses. I can't remember them now, and I suppose she forgot them long ago. Then I got a sweet little note: "Whatever you hear of me believe and trust me, and the future will prove to you that I am yours. CLARICE."

How easy come the words of sincerity from the lips of flattery. I took the little note from my pocketbook and spread it out on the ledger. It was all worn at the foldings, and threatened to part into little squares.

Then I remembered how I stole to the Hill to see her. The family had gone. The old man who kept the place was alone. He told me that Major Fleming had come up for her.

I went down to the chestnut stile. It was all inexpressibly lonesome and sad.

Then months of slow obliterating work. I heard of her as one afar off. I went to the city. I put on the harness. One by one the hopes and dreams of youth, like those sunset clouds on that memorable night, grew dim and indistinct in the West. One by one the romantic aspirations gave way to the practical necessities.

Uncle Sol Allan had said: "Hard work will make a man of you. You've been a dreamer."

This was practical sense. How hard and wholesome by the side of Clarice's words—"Dream on, dear Marc, and in all your rosiest visions I shall be proud of you because you dream."

She had gone on the stage. I wrote to her twice, and got no answer. I learned by degrees that the emotional woman is not the woman to depend on. I found out in four years that there are women who can act love without meaning it. I grew interested in my work. I gave her up. She was a bohemian. She probably, like all the rest, had hosts of lovers.

So that morning when I saw her name in the papers I had to learn how fragile are all the practical resolutions of years against the mint-scented breath of our early romance.

I stood there with the name before me. It was the 23d day of the month. I was to be married on the 29th. Yes, they had brought it about at Allantown. I was to make poor little Aggie Ackerman my wife.

I would call on Clarice. I wanted to show the triumphant flirt how completely time had cured me. I would make her a formal visit. We would laugh over the old boy and girl nonsense—and then I would go about my business. I wanted to see how she had changed. I wanted to glory in the crows-feet and see the ravages of dissipation on her once beautiful face.

What a moral triumph all this would be to a man who was going up to Allantown in a few days to marry Aggie Ackerman!

"Dear little red-cheeked, freckled Aggie," I said. "She is worth a thousand actresses, and it is better to have a share in the Allantown estates and raise potatoes and children, and go regularly to the Reformed Church, than to live in the illusion of romance and—love."

I felt like Mephisto talking to Faust. But even while I was talking this nonsense I remembered that Aggie and I would have to pass the Nipico road on our way from the Reformed Church, and Clarice would look out of the birchen glades with her big eyes, and the sound of the clarionets would madden me.

It wasn't difficult to find the hotel, and the next day I called and sent my card up.

While I waited for the return of the boy, I spurred myself into an imaginary condition of revenge. What a fine stroke it would be to tell this coquette, who had so easily forgotten, that I was to be married on the 29th. I even rehearsed in my mind how I would do it. It would be: "Ha, ha! my dear madame, I suppose you know that I have reformed and am to settle down on the 29th. Ha, ha! Boys and girls propose, but the gods dispose. Ha, ha!"

The boy asked me to step up. I heard my heart beat in the elevator. I was ushered into an elegantly furnished room, where I waited. Her own decorations were on the wall. A bronze receiver was full of unopened notes. I looked at the etchings on the wall, and came suddenly to a frame of dried grasses.

What made me start? Could it be possible? Indeed it was—it was my own bunch, for there was the faded tiger lily sticking out of it. I staggered back a little. Something away down in me seemed to be calling "Clarice, Clarice!" A devil whispered in my ear that out of all the costly flowers that the favorite had received nothing remained. But she clung to this bunch of grasses.

A handsome, matronly lady came in, and without ceremony gave me her hand and called me "Mr. Allan." I looked at her wonderingly.

"You do not know me," she said, "but I feel as if I had known you for a very long time—for Clarice has talked about you much. I am her mother."

"Her mother," I repeated, nervously and clumsily.

"Yes. She has told me. We telegraphed you from St. Louis to meet us, but we were uncertain of your address. Clarice comes back triumphant after four years of struggle, and I really believe the poor child thought more of meeting you and getting your congratulations than of her approaching New York season."

I must have looked very white and miserable. Some kind of an inexplicable agony, like an iron hand, was clutching at me secretly.

"By the way, Mr. Allan," she said, "Clarice wrote a letter to you the moment she arrived. It is here now. I was going to send it to Allantown."

She got up and took a letter from an adjoining table.

My hand visibly shook as I received it. "Where is Clarice?" I asked, and my voice sounded awfully uncertain.

"She will be here presently," replied Mrs. Kingsley. "She went out to do some shopping. Haven't you had good health?"

She was looking at me intently, and I was staring at the superscription on the letter.

Some kind of a crisis had come. The whole glory of the past seemed to be waiting for me to say the word that it might pour over me.

Was I a sentimentalist?

Well, I'll tell you what I did. I lied.

"Madam," I said, "I have not been very well, and if you will excuse me I will come back later, when Miss Kingsley is at home. Give her my respects."

And in spite of her protests I slunk out. The moment I was alone I tore open the letter.

In it were the verses I had sent her. All the note said was: "I hope you remember. But, in case you do not, I send the first verses I ever received. I have worn them pinned in my bosom ever since."

Here are the verses.

Through pleasant paths and flowery ways,  
Through leafy woodland colonnades,  
Where 'e'en at noon the sun's keen rays  
Could scarcely reach, we two had strayed.  
All left behind the glare and strife,  
The din and babel of existence,  
Save us no trace of social life  
In that enchanting sylvan distance.  
And there beside a giant tree,  
The remnant of some ancient race,  
Whose gnarled root your throne might be,  
We made awhile our resting place.  
Here lichen, moss and fern and flower,  
Their carpet soft and velvet spread,  
Forget you, love, that happy hour?  
Would you forget the words you said?  
The meadow poured his liquid lay,  
The vagrant bee went tawny by,  
And then along its pebbly way  
The gleaming brooklet murmured sigh.  
I heeded not the meadow's tone,  
Nor saw the brooklet's silver shine;  
I held your hand, your heart, my own,  
I only knew that you were mine.

I cared not else to know, for while  
We rested in that woodland place,  
My sun, my love was in your smile,  
And heaven itself within your face!  
So what for me was bloom or flower,  
Or arching branches overhead,  
Can I forget that happy hour?  
Do you recall the words you said?

Well, you call me a sentimentalist, I suppose. Sentimentalists can suffer like other people. The last line of those verses shot me through like an arrow.

Do you know what I did? I married Aggie Ackerman. I had to. Don't waste any praise on me. I am living at Allantown. I own the old Allan estate. I'm a practical man.

The only thing that ever bothered me is that sometimes as I drive out on the old Nipico road I can hear the clarionets in a far-away orchestra.

They affect me so strangely that I said to Mrs. Allan one day: "Aggie, there's a ledge of rocks in that grove. I want to show it to you; and I actually gathered her a bunch of wild grasses. I tried to find a tiger-lily, but it was too late in the season."

When we got home I asked her what she had done with them.

"Why," she said, "you didn't want me to bring the stubble home with me, did you?"

Then the clarionets began to play in my ears, but it was a sad, far-away music that maddens me now.

For I am no longer a sentimentalist.

*Myra Crinkle*

The Comedians' Hands;  
OR, PRACTICAL PALMISTRY.



I met the silver-tongued palmist, Mr. Heron-Allen, and he impressed me. He chased the lines up and down the palm of my hand, got himself tangled up in the skein, the base of my thumb; got a second wind rammed through the choice avenues of my middle finger, and finally told me I was an idealist backed by an unlimited practicability. This so comfortably filled the bill and was withal so satisfactory a result to arrive at that I concluded that palmistry was worth studying.

I have all my life had a *peachment* for comedians. I have forgiven the comedian oftener than any of his ilk. I have written lines for comedians, and have laughed at my own jokes when others wouldn't—as much to encourage the comedian as anything else. I have devoted a great many years of my life to fostering the comedian on and off the stage, and what more natural than to turn my thoughts to him immediately on beginning the study of palmistry?

Glowing with the enthusiasm of a new cause, I ran across Dewolf Hopper fresh from my visit to Heron-Allen.

"Let's have your palm quick," I gasped, as I seized his massive hand and hoisted it into mine.

I bent low and rummaged deep among his folds.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, more in sorrow than in anger; and I told him the truth.

"Well," I said, with a true chrysanthemum tenderness in my voice, "from these uncertain gashes that flick your Saturnal Mount, and look like rodents on their last gnaw, I notice an unmistakable tendency on your part to say 'Rats' in every part that you play. This (to judge from your keen, analytical lines) you do because you think it fattens your role and gives a fundamental humor to your creation, regardless of the text."

"Go on," said Hopper, knocked out by my remarkable gift. "What else?"

"From the swinging, bulging stripe that bicycles round your third finger, I observe a tendency to tell the latest baseball news on the stage, whether you play the Austrian Falch or the French Gavaudan."

"How true! How beautifully true!" murmured Digby Bell as he ambled up alongside of my *crane* and held out his palm.

"What's in that?" exclaimed Hopper, glad to escape a further exposure, and pointing scornfully at Bell's hand.

"Your line of humor," I remarked as I wiped my glasses and applied a magnifier to a small corner of Bell's hand, "is of the aggressive kind, which betokens a desire to sledge-hammer your audience with what you consider a joke. That line is almost brutal, and from the way it suddenly switches off as though it were sorry it spoke, I notice a habit of spinning round in a circle after you have unburdened yourself of a witticism."

Bell smiled sadly and then offered to bet me a dollar that I couldn't read the lines of Roland Reed's hand. I had scarcely had time to take the bet before Roland Reed, followed by Nat Goodwin, Francis Wilson and Louis Harrison, steamed up alongside of us.

Roland Reed was reluctant about offering his palm. With his natural timidity he hated the publicity of the thing, for he knew I meant to write about it. But we prevailed upon him, and he held forth his dainty digits. I noticed a strange tendency of every line in his hand to take the centre of the stage. But from the way the glare of the centre-line suddenly lost color as it approached the thumb, it became at once apparent to me that Roland Reed had a fatal habit of walking through his parts when there was a slim house. He denied this instantly, but in doing so immediately clenched his fist. And as Heron-Allen had already said that a man can't lie with his hand open, my decision was voted correct.

Nat Goodwin shook hands with me enthusiastically. He had been won over by my newly acquired gifts. He had just written an article on "Burlesque" for the Christmas MIRROR, and had an author's satisfied gleam in his eye. I caught hold of his knuckles. They felt like knots of brass.

"Gosh, Nat!" I exclaimed, "you are too versatile to be positive. Open your hand. Your attack is weak. I never saw such broad lines of humor, such mounts of hilarity. But they don't shape themselves definitely. They flounder. Here is a line that starts in like the Gulf Stream, and then skirms about like a chorus-girl in search of her salary. That's an unfailing sign of brilliancy, but of brilliancy that doesn't shine on a first-night. But there are lineal dashes on every part of your thumb—they fairly look like a page of Horace Greley's manuscript. Those are brain-flecks. Brain, brain, nothing but brain and humor. I've got to study two or three more pages of my chirography books before I can read that hand."

"Now, here is a hand that he who runs may read," I said, as I took Frank Wilson's. "There isn't a line there that isn't regular. It takes all the lines of the other comedians, arranges them, labels and tickets them, and stores them away to draw six per cent. interest. This is the most perfect main line I ever saw," I said, as I scratched my ear in admiration. "I never saw a hand that stuck so closely to the text and joined the humorous with the intelligent in such a perfect fit. The sudden switch under the little finger indicates a positive increase of salary for next season."

At this juncture Louis Harrison began to pooh-pooh the whole science of palmistry. But the boys wouldn't have it. They gagged and chloroformed Harrison and then pried open his hand for me to read.

"Now, did any of you ever see a line like that?" I asked of the assembly, pointing out a string that caught up a knot of dabs in the roof and tied them to a similar knot in the subcellar.

"No!" they cried, in one voice.

"That line means nothing to anybody but himself," I explained.

"What does that show?" they asked.

"It shows," I answered, "an unusual weakness for speaking lines on the stage that mean nothing to anybody on earth but himself. That is a hand that would stand up, for instance, behind the footlights and remark: 'He came through the argument like a dewdrop on the esophagus of a bandbox,' and then it would chuckle to itself in mad enjoyment. You see no lines of humor here at all, but in their stead a lot of wild shrinkage that is weirdly droll and ghastly."

As I finished, the other boys took the chloroform sponge from off Harrison's lips and I escaped.

I am now hard at work on my pamphlet entitled "Palmistry Practically Applied," and only the strongest influences can keep me from publishing it.

*Lydia Rosefield*



## Paraphrased?

It is true we use many words  
With meaning not quite plain.  
But "why," when constantly repeated,  
Will drive a man insane.  
We know that certain words exist.  
We know that men will lie,  
But, dear me! what a fool I'd be  
If I tried to tell you—why?  
A prattling child, a fair-haired boy,  
We hear him smiling give;  
There's sunshine in his merry laugh,  
You take him on your knee,  
He's one interrogation point,  
You leave him with a sigh.  
By jove! his childhood, sure, gave him  
To that everlasting—why?  
A man, however, of sound mind,  
And proudly goes about,  
He feels his strength, he enjoys success,  
And swears he'll never be told.  
He takes unto himself a wife,  
Sure a timid, gentle, shy,  
Yet from that time he has no will  
But she alone knows—why?  
We know of men in our land,  
Born freemen of the soil,  
With blessings won by freemen dead,  
Beasts, hardly sons of toil,  
Yet their descendants forget all,  
Their country oft deny.  
They want to be quite English, but  
The Lord alone knows—why?  
Committees often grapple at  
And try from day to day  
To find the meaning of a word—  
It's "boodle," so they say.  
Yet politicians calmly smile,  
And to each query cry:  
"My memory is completely gone,  
But I really can't tell—why?"  
When earth and sky created were,  
I was on a wondrous plan,  
And Nature smiled, when from the dust  
Sprang up a noble man.  
But when a woman also came,  
There went up one loud cry—  
Why was she made? I give it up.  
And ask of you—oh, why?

Roland Reed

## BURLESQUE.



NCE John Brougham said to me, "My boy, an actor who can play burlesque properly can play anything." I wonder, if he were alive to-day and had the opportunity of witnessing some of the alleged burlesques that are so called for want of a better name—I wonder if he would still be of the same opinion. I fear not, simply because we have

no burlesques and few people capable of writing them. Neither have we actors who have the patience to cultivate their public with a sense of the importance of a true burlesque performance.

Burlesque means, to my mind, a serious subject travestied with all the intensity of the original, and with a certain amount of humor running through the whole—the humor, of course, predominating. Run over the lot of huge successes made in the past twenty years, from the advent of the Thompson troupe (and they knew what burlesque meant from their point of view) up to the present time, and what do you find? A jumble of variety acts, song-and-dance, "Bus," pretty girls scantily dressed, and gorgeous scenery. Nothing burlesqued; no story told; no light and shade to the performance. Simply the eye is feasted, and the auditor goes home with the erroneous impression that he has seen a burlesque.

Ye gods! If the great Robson should walk upon the scene, what would he say? He was a man who, when playing burlesque, gave it the tragic power of a Kean combined with the subtle humor of a Burke. That's burlesque—not your athletic young gentleman who is funny from the neck down; who walks on with a leer on his face, singing a topical song with allusions to current events—a graduate from the ranks of circus imbecility. No, my dear readers, don't run away with the idea that when you are looking at such stuff it is burlesque. Call it by some other name, but not that. Don't desecrate the names of Jefferson, Fox, Burke and Robson. They were exponents of burlesque. And those were the class of men dear Brougham referred to when he said, "An actor who can play burlesque can play anything."

I do not blame the actor for giving the public the goods they desire, for we are living in a commercial era, art being subservient to the dollar, and the actor's ability judged only the box-office returns. I object to the misapplication of the word "burlesque." I object to the managers and actors using the word for every little dicky afterpiece and farce. I object to a man who has merely ability enough to twist his leg over another's head, being called a burlesque actor. Coin some other word for him. But alas! I fear they never will. The American public are fickle; they do not go to the theatre to analyze. Not they! There was a time when people went to the theatre to be instructed. Now they go either to laugh or to ascertain if Mrs. Notoriety wears her dress as low in the back as she did last season.

You will say, Why don't you give us the real sort of burlesque instead of doing what you so lament in others? Simply because the public won't have it—yet; and, like the others, I am not in a fit humor to educate them up to the standard of true burlesque. And you may be sure I won't continue to give them what they are pleased to call burlesque. I am not a

dealer in that kind of goods, so in the future I shall, to comedy until I can afford the luxury of giving the New York public genuine, unadorned burlesque—clean, true and honest.

A very funny incident once happened to me while playing one of my burlesques—*Whip*, by the way, never went except with a few actors who peeped into a book once in a while. It was in Richelieu. I played the wily Cardinal, and when I expected peals of laughter I received rounds of applause. The gentleman who played Joseph "hogged 'em" beyond measure, simply because he had a formidable make-up, which consisted of a bald red wig, all the rouge he could get on his face, and a few ducats, and a few ducats. With these weapons you see how easily he won the battle. I would stalk on, read my long speeches that cost me hours of study to convey the author's meaning, perspire and rant, reading the humorous, satirical lines (that were only funny to a few) without the faintest sign of laughter; but there was plenty of applause. They simply misunderstood me and what I wanted to convey.

I was playing in the burlesque at Carson City, Nevada. I had just made my entrance when a very eccentric individual entered

the misfortune to play to a sixty dollar house. He stepped back, put on his glasses, surveyed me all over, and after he was convinced said: "Well, I'm d—d; so it is. How old are you?"

I replied, "Twenty-two years."  
He said, "Did you see me to-night?"  
I answered "Yes."  
"Well," quoth he, "so you're going to 'Frisco.'"

I told him I was.  
"For how long?" he inquired.  
"Six weeks," I replied.  
"Six weeks!" he yelled; "you'll stop there six years! Why, bless me, you're the best Richelieu since Jim Stark. Half a dozen of those d—n critters started to laugh at you, but I just gave 'em a look, and if they had shown the slightest inclination to guy you, my son, some one would have had another notch on his gun, and don't you forget it!"

I afterward ascertained that the old gentleman who considered me the equal of Jim Stark had sent two or three fellow-citizens to the "happy hunting-grounds," and generally meant what he said. I considered it rather hazardous to repeat the performance in that city.

you will see a burlesque performance equally as funny as you now witness and much more instructive. After the performance is over you will not ejaculate, "Clever, but what rot! Gems submerged in rubbish," etc. You'll go home satisfied that you have seen good, wholesome, clean burlesque.

Not. C. Goodwin

## My First Lesson in Acting.

FROM force of circumstances I came upon the stage at the early age of ten, with no previous knowledge of the profession I was about to adopt, having seen but one dramatic performance before my own debut. I was fortunate in possessing a voice which was considered remarkable in a child of my age, and this, with some natural talent, placed me in the front rank of the profession. Having nothing to guide me but my dramatic instincts, I gradually worked my way through the range of children's parts in such plays as *The*

her return to the stage, and at the end of this tour found myself in Hull. During my stay there Macready came to fill an engagement, and I was selected to fill the part of *François* in *Richelieu*. Mr. Macready playing the title role. The great tragedian was a terror to all beginners. We feared him much more than we did the public, because he was a merciless critic. On the first night of my appearance as *François*, after the words spoken by Richelieu, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," I bowed to him and made my exit. To my astonishment and horror, I heard Macready's well-known grunt, and the equally well-known remark, "Beast, a beast-a!" Not knowing what I had done to offend the great actor, I stood in the wings in fear and trembling. My terror was further augmented when the manager rushed up to me and cried: "He'll kill you, Miss Robertson; he'll surely kill you. You spoilt one of his best points."

He then explained that I should have waited for Mr. Macready to finish his speech, which I had failed to do, thus spoiling his climax. Of course, I burst into tears, and while still weeping was informed that Mr. Macready wished to see me. Shivering with fright, I was hurried to his room and into his presence. I found the old man sitting in his chair, still growling to himself, and still muttering, "Beast-a, beast-a!"

He glanced up as I stood before him, and said, "Do you know what you have done?"

I murmured "No, sir."  
"You've spoilt an actor's point. Do you know what a point is, child?"

"No, sir," I again answered.  
After explaining what the word meant, he called me to him and, placing his hand on my head, and turning my face toward him, so that my eyes met his, said:

"If I addressed you on the stage as I do now, would you look away or move?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"You would be right. Always watch the actor's eye with whom you play. Follow the tones of his voice, and you will never spoil his points."

I thanked him for his kindness, apologized for my seeming neglect, and promised to try and please him in the future.

"If you try and are in earnest, child," he said, "remember there is no such word as fail!"

And so I received my first *real* lesson in acting. I did try in the future, and Mr. Macready always complimented me upon my attention to his lesson and my subsequent progress. I always found him most kind to those desirous of improving their position, but a strict disciplinarian and taskmaster to the careless backsliders of the profession. A hard worker himself, he exacted the same from his associates on the stage. There is no royal road to success in our profession. The goal is reached only by hard work and the encouragement we receive from the public we serve.

Agnes H. Bonicant

## Sylvia.

WE loved each other once, my dove,  
So deep that we were held in sway,  
By what did seem the wildest love  
That ever stole two hearts away.  
We bounded o'er the crystal blue,  
Wafted by nation-freighted wind;  
We read each other's thoughts through  
And left our earthly cares behind.  
We lingered on each other's kiss,  
And sighed, and nestled face to face,  
And knew that all there was of bliss  
Was centred in that wild embrace.  
We parted then—for aye it seemed—  
Each told the other to forget;  
But day and night of you I dreamed—  
The old, old passion lingered yet.  
I held you fast in Mem'ry's chain,  
Nor sought to soothe by wild unrest,  
Whilst you smiled on and loved again,  
Forgetting him who loved you best.  
And in the lapse of passing years,  
Sunlight and smiles became your lot,  
While I, exiled to vales of tears,  
Bemoaned my fate—by you forgot.  
And then you wrote that we must meet  
As friends; we'd been too long apart.  
Ah, temptress! once more at your feet  
I laid my all-forgiving heart.  
The old love, bursting out anew,  
Had fired my soul and burned my brain;  
I knew that I'd come back to you  
To live the sinful past again.  
Friends? No! The power that reigns above  
Created love for such as I,  
And loving in that world of love,  
We'll love, and kiss, and, kissing, die!

Clay M. Greene

## Fanny Gillette.

The portrait of Fanny Gillette on this page represents her as a Pompeian maiden at the toilet. It is an ideal picture, which was suddenly inspired, and hurriedly made up and posed for by Miss Gillette. The lady is among the most promising of our younger leading actresses. She is this season in Mrs. D. P. Bowers' support. Miss Gillette has met with great favor from the critics in the principal cities in which Mrs. Bowers has appeared, especially for her performance of *Queen Elizabeth* in the tragedy of that name. In a recent interview Helen Dauvray spoke highly of Miss Gillette. "I am very sorry," said Miss Dauvray, "that I missed engaging her for my own company." This is complimentary indeed, for Miss Dauvray is very particular in the selection of her support.



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## FANNY GILLETTE.

minus a programme, took a front seat, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of what he thought was a superior performance of Richelieu. He applauded all the tragic speeches most vociferously; never once laughed all through, but turned in his seat every now and then, looked over to one of his friends, nodded approvingly, first at them, then at me, and cried out "Bravo!" He would then sink back into his seat with a very satisfied look. This went on till the end of the play. I was called out by him, although several others joined in simply because he did, I am sure, and I went to my dressing-room.

After the performance I was seated in the hotel office, when I heard some one calling "Goodwin, where are you? I want to see you." I looked around and saw my admirer mirror of that evening.

I said, "My name's Goodwin!"  
He said, "Not you; I want to see your father."

I replied, "My father is in Boston."  
He said, "I mean the actor chap I saw play Richelieu to-night. I'm the editor of the *Review*, and I want to shake him by the hand."

I told him I was the unhappy individual who

for fear some one would laugh, and my great ambition to enlighten people as to the proper performance of burlesque be followed by bloodshed. I have never appeared in that burlesque west of Omaha.

Now you see how much the public know about true burlesque. There was a man who had seen plays and players by the score, yet my performance shot clean over his head, and he never inquired what my line of business was; had an idea I was some strolling player and was going to 'Frisco to open in *Hamlet* or some other legitimate work. (I hope some day to play *Hamlet* (but not in 'Frisco), if I can get some clever dramatist to write up the *Gravedigger*—a very good, but much overrated part, by the way, in its present condition.)

To return to the subject of burlesque. I should like to see some manager take hold of it in a serious manner, give it the attention Mr. Palmer or Mr. Wallack gives to productions, attach as much importance to the work as if it were a tragedy or comedy of great merit, be careful as to the details, select good people—and they are to be had—give a plot and a reason for all that is said and done, and

Spoilt Child, *The Four Mowbrays*, *The Actress of All Work* and *The Young Actress*.

In the days of which I speak it was the custom to play a farce before and one after the principal play of the evening, so that when great stars came to the provinces my little pieces just answered as a *lever de rideau*. In this way I came to be noticed by the heads of my profession, who, seeing how I loved my art and how hard I worked, gave me much encouragement. At that time, to be able to make a mark, fencing, singing and dancing were necessities—not dancing as it is understood in the present day; the modern breakdown—but dancing as it was understood by Cerito and Fanny Ellsler: the poetry of motion. Fencing and deportment were taught, that we might know how to walk the stage. With these lessons, study, rehearsals and our night work, the profession was no child's play. I must add that the plays were then changed nightly, there being no such long runs as we have in the present day.

So I continued to educate myself up to the age of fourteen, when occurred the incident I am about to relate. I had been engaged to play the opening piece with Fanny Kemble on



THE CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE  
OF P. P. MOSELEY.

It is in the Notion Department at Macy's, poor P. P.; a sandy-haired little man, with a feeble \$1 to expression; a nose like a baby's foot ornaments the centre of his countenance, from which his forehead retreats and his chin recedes, as if anxious to get out of such company. I saw his legs unclothed by the counter the other day, and the only other pair I ever saw like 'em belong to that dear old actor, Davidge; and most unromantic legs they are. Jimmy Lewis, in his wildest flights of characterization, never got up so crushed a slope to his shoulders, nor so utterly vanquished a hang to his arms, as belongs by nature to P. P. Moseley.

I was filling a long list of tape, thread, twist, buttons, hairpins and corset-laces the other day, when he suggested that some ladies found it cheaper to buy four yards of blue silk braid for twenty-eight cents than to pay thirty-six cents for a silk lacing that had no greater advantage over four yards of braid than that conveyed to the article by a couple of tags.

"You can just roll up the ends like that, and put it in the corset eyelets as well as with a tag. I often—"

Here he broke off abruptly, but kept rolling the braid between his finger and thumb. Mr. Moseley then explained to me the manner of using a suspender garter, and said it was to be attached to the corset by a couple of buttons. Our conversation had been of such a green-tea character that I felt no reluctance to enter upon particulars, and to ask him if all that tackle was to go under the ultimate garment of a woman, pass through it and attach to the corset, or ascend outside the ultimate and penetrate the penultimate article of raiment. In either case I thought it would be exceedingly uncomfortable. Then Mr. Moseley explained that the primeval garment worn by women had undergone a great change; that only on country clothes-lines could the original female shirt be found; that abbreviated, knitted things of silk, with ribbons run in at the necks, were too sweet for anything, and in no way interfered with the most complicated invention for suspending stockings.

Naturally, after this, P. P. and I got very chummy. (I discovered his initials to be P. P. as he appended 'em to my transfer check.) A few nights after this interview I sat down next him on an Elevated car, and he made the remark that he thought I belonged to the theatrical profession, from a way I had of "slinging round."

"I belonged to the profession once myself," said he; and I looked at him in astonishment. "There's not much sling-around about you," returned I.

"I think the hair-pins and the treatment of the cash-girls has taken it pretty well out of me."

"The hair-pins?"

"Well, that's a general way of speaking; by hair-pins I mean all the things in my department. There are so many makes—English pins, Waterbury pins, safety pins, composition and brass. It creates nervousness to be mixed with 'em, and the association with dress-shields is becoming maddening. There's the National and the Union and the Stockinette and the Impervious, the oil-silk, the chamois-skin and the old-fashioned kind, india-rubber. I suppose what I say every day about dress-shields would fill a book."

"Poor fellow!" said I, with sympathy. "But tell me about your connection with the stage."

"It's a good many years ago," replied he, "and it was very brief. I played twice."

"Indeed—in what?"

"I was Armand Duval in Camille both times," said he.

He looked about as much like Armand Duval as he looked like Claude Duval. I think my astonishment must have crawled into my countenance, for he continued:

"I really feel like talking to you about it; you take an interest in a fellow-creature; though I don't know as I ought to say fellow about myself. I've been so put upon that I don't say much about sex. Getting ready for the holidays makes a nigger slave of one. I've got to get back to the store to-night; shall only have time to get a cup of tea, snatch my snuff, and run."

I involuntarily looked to see if he carried a snuff, but I found it to be only a figure of speech. Mr. Moseley continued:

"I believe Fate began her work on me when she allowed my parents to name me Pontius Pilate Moseley. If it had been Pork Pie or Paul Pry I'd a-been better satisfied. They

might as well have called me some such name if they must have a P. P. to my Moseley. At all events I bore that with other infirmities straight up to my twentieth year, when I joined the 'Frescoed Fustians,' an amateur society that did plays once or twice a year at the Academy of Music in my native town. I took that Academy one night and gave a supper and ball and played Armand in Camille, and for the first time in my life really enjoyed myself.

"Everyone said I only needed practice to be better than Charles Thorne in the part. I think I was better in some respects; if you remember Thorne, he was too harsh. What a row he did make in that fourth act. I was much more mild and used a great deal of refinement all through the play.

"At all events, I knew every word of it, and did it like a real gentleman. It was a heavenly experience that I never forgot. How I longed to do it again; and that longing led me to do something that almost killed me. My cousin John was going to be married at Christmas, and I was invited to the wedding. I borrowed a splendid dress-suit to wear from a friend, and took the cars for Griddlecakeville. My dress-suit mother packed in her trunk, and I just carried a hand-satchel with a light lunch and my trunk-key in it. On the cars I shared my seat with such a fine young man I couldn't but notice him. He was hurrying to New York to catch the steamer for Liverpool, and it came out he was an English actor of leading parts, who had been 'on tour,' and you can bet I was on pins till I heard all about it. He was congenial company for me the five miles we rode together, telling me of the season and his successes. It was with real sorrow I saw him depart.

"I ought to stop at the Dramatic Agency and send on a juvenile lead to Jim Collier," said he, 'but I haven't time. Collier wrote to me last week to join his company for two performances Christmas Day in Trowbridge. He's taken the Grand Opera House there for that occasion. I suppose he's depending on me. All I can do is to write him on arrival, and he must make out the best he can. I'm off for Merrie England at three to-day, and my Christmas dinner will be eaten aboard ship."

"A few miles further on, at the junction, my new friend got up, shook hands, and picked up his satchel and left. I rode on thinking of the happy fate that had made him an actor and a leading man, when the cars stopped at the station where I took the stage for Griddlecakeville. As I sat on the platform waiting for it, I concluded to eat my lunch. I opened my satchel and I was petrified—there was a shaving apparatus (I never have had a beard); there was a cigar-case (I never smoked; it would make me ill); there was a flask of whiskey (mother gave me a tablespoonful of brandy last Summer for the cholera, and I was speechless for two days); there was a bundle of Imperial photos of a splendid-looking fellow, in Roman togas, and Russian uniform, and a Scotch kilt and bonnet, and different costumes. I saw it all. My late friend, the actor, had taken my satchel with the lunch and mother's trunk key. And I looked at the clock in the station—twenty minutes to three. He was on



"I WAS PETRIFIED."

board the Cunarder, and there was I, his representative, alone in the land.

"There were a half dozen letters in the bag addressed to Reginald Bellair, and I looked over one. The first I read was from Collier. He wrote, as the actor had told me, to ask him to play on Christmas Day at Trowbridge. 'I send you the bill,' said he. 'It's a part you have played often, no doubt, and requires no study. Though I have never had the pleasure of seeing you, I feel confident you are just the man.' (The bill was not there.) As I read that fatal letter it seemed to me as if another person sat in my clothes on that settee at the station. The Griddlecake stage drove up, took on two passengers, and went off up the hill. There I sat with the letter in my hand; up rattled a train.

"Accommodation for Jiminy, Mileage, Putnam, Trowbridge and Smilax!" sang out the station-master. "Like one in a dream, I got up and climbed on board. I was faint from loss of lunch; I was dazed by the possibilities of the situation; I sat down with a 'sickening thud' on the first empty seat, and abandoned the rest to fate. The conductor came through; I paid my fare to Trowbridge, and had just consciousness enough left to realize I could have got it five cents cheaper at the ticket office. The rest was a dream—till I stood in the bar of the Trowbridge City Hotel asking for Mr. Collier. I don't know what I intended doing, or who I

meant to present myself as; but a big, breezy blond saved me any trouble by coming forward and saying before he saw me:

"Mr. Bellair, I suppose? That other person I have spoken of as entering my clothes at the depot, spoke up like a little man and said, 'The same.'"

"I was in for it. A numbness settled on my faculties; I heard indistinctly; I saw imperfectly.

"I shouldn't have recognized you from your pictures," said the manager.

"I murmured something about the freaks of photography and the aids of costume, and I handed out the envelope of Imperials. The hairless blond looked 'em over, and turned to a big-nosed man, with the basest voice and the largest feet I remember to have seen connected, and said:



"ENTER ALL, I CRIED."

"Catch on, Jack? His Nibs seems a little off, but his pictures call the turn every time."

"I am wholly unacquainted with foreign languages, so I simply bowed. Then the landlord came forward and took part in the conversation.

"Mr. Bellair, Mr. Boniface," said Mr. Collier. "An English actor who has been meeting with great success through the Provinces; never appeared in New York, and so he is a stranger to myself and company. He plays with us Christmas."

"What part do you take?" asked the hotel-keeper.

"Armand in Camille," answered I, feeling at home at last. I knew every word of the whole play; you couldn't fool me there.

"Armand," said Mr. Collier, looking rather puzzled. "How's that, Studley?"

"It's staggering."

"It was time for me to say something, so I began:

"You said in your letter it was a part I was familiar with, and had no doubt played, and that part is Armand."

"They were pleasant fellows; they set up a shout of laughter, and Mr. Collier said, in the kindest manner:

"A good Armand can be run into any play with advantage. We do The Fool's Revenge and Monte Cristo to-morrow night; but just play your Armand right along through 'em both; it will add a great deal to the attraction. We must take this jay right up to Aunt Louise, and I am going over to the office of the Trowbridge Pioneer. It will be a wild night for the Academy."

"I was escorted up stairs and introduced to a lady who said 'Enter bums!' when we knocked at her door.

"Mr. Bellair," said Mr. Studley.

"Mr. who?"

"Mr. Bellair and a racket in the air."

"Oh, I see," said the lady, with her finger on her forehead in a pensive way.

"Mr. Bellair plays Armand on Christmas night."

"What! change the bill? and all my Prudence clothes are in New York! I can't use the wardrobe for Bridgitta!" almost screamed the lady.

"No change of bill," said the down-cellar voice. "We do the same programme, but Mr. Bellair only plays Armand. We must see that Armand, so it is to be run in along the evening. Where's Agnes Elliott? Her Camille and your Prudence (I believe I know the lines of old Duval) will put the thing through in shape. When we come in contact we can pull through; but we'll let Armand have the stage most of the time."

"I never saw a woman enjoy anything as that Mrs. Eldridge they called her enjoyed that."

"Why, it's lovely," said she, and she called in a pretty woman with the handsomest hair I ever saw, and the fun began all over. I never spent such an evening as that before Christmas Day. I was indeed in borrowed plumes, and once in a while felt uncertain and unhappy. But Mr. Collier slapped me on the back and said:

"Brace up, old man; I suppose the season makes you think of English plum-pudding and mistletoe boughs."

"And then I felt called on to keep up my part, and I dropped my h's and said 'you know, dear fellow,' etc."

"You see, Bellair has an intermittent dialect, like so many actors," said the lovely manager, who excused everything. I smoked a strong cigar that night and drank a Thomas Collins, which upset me dreadfully, so that Christmas Day I was wretched. I put on my dress-suit before breakfast, and very pale and romantic I thought myself. My manager and his friends took me to a barber's, where my hair was

curled, and I saw, as I went along, all the pictures of the English actor in a drag-shop window set round something printed on a large placard.

"Don't let us attract attention," said Collier, as he dragged me away from it. In the barber's shop he picked up the day's papers and put 'em away, and did everything to keep my mind on my part.

"It's necessary," he explained, "to ensure a great rendition of Armand, that you concentrate yourself on the character all day."

"Even the barber called me 'Monsieur Armand,' and when Miss Elliott passed me the cauliflower at table she said:

"'Tis a strange flower, Armand—pale, scentless and cold." So it proved to be.

"The evening came, and, oh, Mrs. Fiske, I did look well. Mr. Collier, kindness itself, said my vest and shirt were not the latest style. He lent me some of his wardrobe. I never saw so much shirt-front before. There's some difference in our sizes, but the coat was a tight fit and kept the vest and shirt on. Studley said a tight shirt impeded utterance and a tight vest action. Mr. Shook, a melancholy man, who had recommended Thomas Collins the night before to me, assisted to make me up for the footlights. He said there was a world of difference in the effect of light on the face of an amateur and that of a legitimate artist, because I came near betraying myself by saying I had seen Armand in such and such a make-up at a representation of the Fustians, and thought it was the correct thing. So I put on a bald wig Mr. Studley called 'Old Adam.'

"One of the handsomest lovers on the stage is our friend Collier," said Mr. Studley, apparently drawing cider in the cellar. "Look at him—as hairless as a Chinese doll."

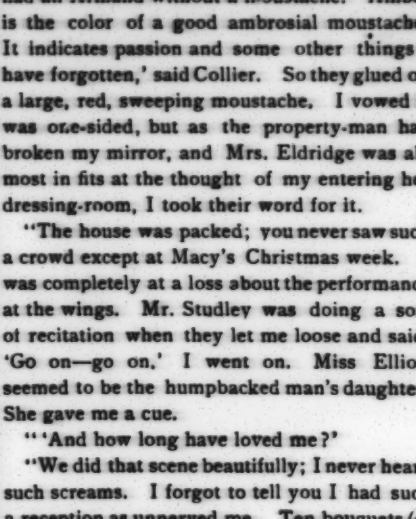
"I put on the wig."

"You need a moustache. No Camille ever had an Armand without a moustache. Amber is the color of a good ambrosial moustache. It indicates passion and some other things I have forgotten," said Collier. So they glued on a large, red, sweeping moustache. I vowed it was ore-sided, but as the property-man had broken my mirror, and Mrs. Eldridge was almost in fits at the thought of my entering her dressing-room, I took their word for it.

"The house was packed; you never saw such a crowd except at Macy's Christmas week. I was completely at a loss about the performance at the wings. Mr. Studley was doing a sort of recitation when they let me loose and said, 'Go on—go on.' I went on. Miss Elliott seemed to be the humpbacked man's daughter. She gave me a cue.

"And how long have loved me?"

"We did that scene beautifully; I never heard such screams. I forgot to tell you I had such a reception as unnerved me. Ten bouquets (of



paper flowers I afterward discovered) were thrown at my feet.

"We'll run these scenes together," said Miss Elliott, as she skipped a lot and suddenly produced a letter and gave me the cue for the business in the third act.

"Armand, give me that letter."

"Then there was the farewell, and I was left alone on the stage. I had nothing for it but to say how lonesome it was; ring the bell, ask where Camille was of Mrs. Eldridge, who answered it. Then on came the note to say, 'Armand, when you receive this I shall be with the Count de Varville.'

"Mr. Studley, who had been sitting on a Venetian balustrade at the back, that represented part of Bertuccio's household affairs, got up, straightened himself and held out his arms. So I said:

"Father, my heart is broken, and fell on his bosom, amid the wildest applause. I was called out three times; you never saw greater excitement. I stopped down in the green-room for a long while, and Mr. Studley was just tramping down a table doubled up as a dwarf, when they said, 'Go on now for the fourth act,' and I went up stairs and found the stage cleared and Miss Elliott telling Mrs. Eldridge on a sofa that De Varville made her come, and Eldridge saying, 'Armand will be here to-night.'

"To suit Trowbridge you have got to rip things up the back," said my evil genius Shook. I forgot his connection with Thomas Collins and obeyed him. Charles Thorne never did so much. When I said, 'Jewels that sit in mockery upon your brow,' I seized Elliott. She seemed to give way suddenly and we went down on the stage as if we were shot.

She just saved herself, but I went all to bits and split that awful tight coat that was stuffed full to bursting by the big shirt and vest of Mr. Collier. But I pulled myself together.

"Enter all," I cried. Seems to me everything entered—a dozen people, some dogs, two cats, a goat and a donkey.

"You see this woman." They began to put on glasses; they pulled out opera-glasses and telescopes.

"You know what she has done? Every one yelled 'yes!' audience and all."

"Then I will tell you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Fiske, if I had had a voice like that dreadful Studley I could not have been heard. It was something dreadful. I nearly fainted. That Prudence, Aunt Louise, grabbed the Camille. Everyone took to the wings. If a carriage had burst in a Dutchman's corner grocery there couldn't have been so many cabbages, carrots and turnips as rained upon that stage."

"Witness, I pay her back." You couldn't hear, and all over the house was the cry of 'Pontius Pilate Moseley.'

"I believe I did faint, for the first I knew I was in the green-room and that detestable Shook man was holding a Thomas Collins right under my nose instead of a burnt feather."

"It seems that trunk of mine had furnished the name, the awful name, of Pontius Pilate Moseley, for mother had written it on a card and tacked it on the trunk. I was almost crazy, and I found out afterward that the deceiving Collier had 'tumbled,' as those cash-girls say; had put an article in the Trowbridge Pioneer promising a rich treat and telling the whole business. I suppose it served me right; but I haven't got over it in years. Sometimes, when I am selling a pair of shields, the thought of that awful night night comes over me and I don't know if they are forty-nine cents or \$1.10."

"I never told any one of my dreadful experience, but you are so winning, and this Christmas season brings it back so vividly. Good-bye. Respect my confidence and never mention that P. P. M. stands for Pontius Pilate Moseley."

*Pontius Pilate Moseley*

## The Husking Night.

The Autumn sun was sinking fast,  
Tinging with gold the West,  
As Mollie in her brand-new gown  
And bonnet, smartly dressed,  
Ran to the neighbors left and right  
To tell them, one and all,  
"We're going to have a husking night,  
The first there's been this Fall."

"There's pumpkin pies and doughnuts, too,  
And cookies that I've made,  
And John will have the cider brewed,  
Least so my father said.  
And the barn is swept all nice and clean  
And the floor's all sanded over;  
The beams are wound with Autumn leaves  
And blossoms of late clover."

"I hope I'll get the first red ear  
When Frank is standing by.  
Come early girls; 'tis scarcely eight  
When the moon is up full high.  
The fiddler's ordered for the dance,  
Mollie merrily laughed outright;  
She knew the partner she would have  
This moonlit husking night."

Fair Luna from her realms of space  
Cast long, low shadows round  
As the boys and girls unbound the sheaves  
And tossed them on the ground.  
The golden corn rose heaping up  
Midst laughter far and near,  
When Mollie screamed, "It's mine, I vow;  
I've got the first red ear!"

She looked around; Frank was not there;  
The man to kiss was Jim.  
"I hate a moonlit husking night,  
Well, I won't be kissed by him;  
I feel I'm turning white and red,  
I'm tingling just all over,  
And Nance is laughing slyly, 'cause  
She knows that Frank's my lover."

"There's Jack and Bob, and Dick and Ned,  
All waiting for a chance.  
Oh, I can't stand here all night to kiss.  
Come on, let's go and dance."  
Into the barn she ran to seek  
The face she sadly missed,  
And plump into his arms she popped;  
It was Frank she really kissed.

Then all took partners; fiddler played  
"Polly is in the Clover"  
And "Money-Musk," and loudly cried,  
"Sachet" and then "Crows over!"  
They jigged it till their faces beamed  
And cried, "Hill shake 'em down!"  
And the fiddler shouted through the din,  
"Now, then, take hands all round!"

Away went the merry circle  
Stretched out from wall to wall;  
The fiddle screamed, the fiddler yelled,  
"Swing partners—promenade all!"  
The dance was done, the cider drank  
In many a parting glass,  
And out into the moonlight  
And through the dewy grass

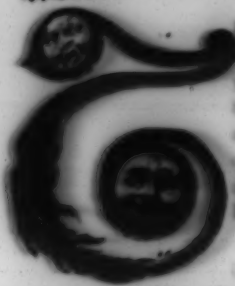
Went girls and boys, while in the breeze  
Came echoes of "Katy-Did,"  
And the moon shone through the trees  
On many a one bent head.  
And many a kiss was stolen, too,  
Where the long, dark shadows fell,  
And what was said that moonlight night  
I'm sure I'll never tell.

But Mollie, blushing, trembling came  
To father next day morn,  
And told what Frank had said to her  
After they'd husked the corn.  
"I've got my cottage, cattle, too,  
And all you laid in sight  
Is mine and yours, sweet Mollie, my wife,  
Before next husking night."

*Edith Henderson*



## WHAT IS ELOCUTION?



HERE is something that for a hundred years, more or less, has been scissored and paraphrased from one book to another, and has been called Elocution.

It is elocution, too, if Webster is right.

When he says that elocution is "a mode of utterance accompanied with gesture," but it is not good elocution, if Whately is right, he says that elocution, to be good, "must convey the meaning clearly, forcibly and agreeably," for this elocution, instead of occupying itself with the meaning of the words, occupies itself with the tones in which the words are spoken.

This school of elocution talks to its disciples of, and would have them occupy themselves with, orotunds, sostenutos, whispers and half-whispers, monotone, basilar tones and guttural tones, high pitches, middle pitches and low pitches, gentle tones, reverent tones, and all the rest of that old trumpery that has made many a noisy, stilted reader, but never an intelligent, agreeable one. Things that are old are generally good, but we have here an exception to the rule. The teaching of this school of elocution can have but one result—that of producing readers occupied with the sound of their own voices, rather than with that which is the primary, the only legitimate object of reading.

This kind of elocution and the ignoramus that pretend to teach elocution have brought the very name of the art into such discredit with the stage that most actors are of opinion that nothing is more to be shunned. Nor would there be anything more to be shunned if the elocution of the books and the elocution of the ignoramus were all the elocution there is.

The Rev. Dr. Kramer, of Brooklyn, in an essay contributed to the May number of *The Voice*, on pulpit oratory, very pertinently says: "Orators and actors may raise their hands in horror at the mention of the word *elocution*; but it remains true that no one can act or speak well who is not an elocutionist. If by elocution we mean a series of what Comstock designates as *vocal acrobatics*, then there is ground for prejudice against it. Elocution is not ventriloquism. To ring like a bell, to blow like a bugle, to neigh like a horse, to croak like a frog, to sing like a bird—all this is not elocution. Elocution is something far beyond this, far nobler—it is to speak like a man, to express the thoughts and emotions of a man in the tones of a man. When he has a sensible view of elocution, no intelligent person will say a word against it."

Kate Field deals more tenderly with elocution and elocution teachers than actors generally do, when she says: "If there is a word more repellent than all others to an actor, or to the descendant of actors, it is the word *elocution*. It is saying a good deal, but, probably, outside of patent medicines, there is no humbug so great as characterizes nine-tenths of elocution-teaching. Men and women utterly incapable of speaking one sentence naturally undertake to make public speakers. What is the result? Pulpit, bar, rostrum and stage teem with speakers that mouth, orate, rant, chant, and intone, but are never natural. It is a grievous evil. That elocution can be taught I have no doubt, but I know that most teachers are to be shunned as you would shun the plague."

But if the elocution teachers are as bad as the actors say they are—and they are, Heaven knows! as bad, if you bunch them, as they well could be—are the actors themselves any better? They think they are. But how rare it is to find a man that does not think better of himself than he deserves! The elocution of the actors, as a class, is as bad as that of the elocutionists.

Take, for example, the elocution of the whole of the *Romeo and Juliet* cast at the Union Square Theatre last Autumn. Could it have been worse? Was there a single player of the whole number that spoke as though he thought it his duty to do more than to articulate the words with a certain loudness in the order the author had arranged them in? Did anybody ever speak his own language, when he extemporized, as they spoke Shakespeare's? When we extemporize we always speak so as to make the thought, our language expresses easy to seize; our emphasis, our pauses and our inflections are all true to nature. And this is all very easy to do—when we extemporize; this we do instinctively. But when we speak the language of another, language that has been prepared for us, it is a very different matter. Then we must not only study the language very carefully, but also study it in the right way. Studying it in the wrong way, as the average elocutionist does, will not do, nor will it do to study it not at all, as the average actor does. The one course is as bad as the other, and each course produces results between which it is hard to choose. The results of either course are calculated to play people out of the theatre rather than into it.

If the language had been properly spoken at the Union Square Theatre last Autumn, the peculiar result of the elaborate production of *Romeo and Juliet* would have been very different from what it was. The thing that outweighed in importance every other thing was

treated as a matter of no importance whatever. *Romeo and Juliet* would be far more interesting, with the language properly spoken, played in a barn and dressed by an East-side pawnbroker, than it was as played last Autumn at the Union Square Theatre with all its costly settings.

The same may be said with equal truth of *The Comedy of Errors*, if we except the *Dromios*. The reading of the rest of the cast was about as bad as it was possible for it to be.

The average actor, when you put him into the higher walks of the drama, is an example of ignorance in love with the sound of his own voice. Yet he goes about railing at the elocutionist—no, he rails at elocution, not being aware that elocution can be anything else than the old how-wow, sing-song, chanting monotony that the ignoramus has been teaching for generations. The elocutionists, according to *The New York Mirror*, he calls fossils, fools or frauds; while himself he calls an artist.

An artist! Heaven help us! Well, yes, he is an artist; but his art is the fakir's art, not the actor's art. He stands in the same relation to the artists of his profession that the brick-layer and the hod carrier stand to the architect. Not one in six of the rank and file knows the A B C of his business. How many of them have a dictionary? and if they have a dictionary, how often do they consult it? Not often, certainly, judging from their pronunciation. Within the last week I have heard one of these "artists" say *sursum for service*, another say *deaf for deaf*, another *privat for private*, and two others *lunatic for lunatic*. The one that said *deaf* possibly did so out of respect for the memory of old Noah—I mean Noah Webster, who early in the century tried to introduce this pronunciation with his other innovations. And yet orthoepy belongs to the very rudiments of the actor's art!

Careful in one, careful in all! Careless in one, careless in all! The actor that is not careful with his pronunciation is not careful with his emphasis, or with anything else except, perhaps, with his dress and make-up. And yet all would like to shine, to have the commendation of the judicious. The commendation of the groundlings every player knows how to get—extravagance will always bring that.

The average American actor should go back and make the acquaintance of the mortar and pestle of his profession. In France such art (!) as his would not be tolerated for an hour.

There is a deal said about the degeneration and regeneration of the stage. Of the degeneration much is imaginary; but of that at another time. Of the regeneration—betterment would be a better word—Helen Dauray, in the June number of the *Dramatic Review*, says: "It is within the stage itself that reform must originate." Quite right! Then Miss Dauray quotes Delaunay, of the Theatre Francais, who says that repose, knowing what to do with the hands, and how to walk, are the three great essentials of the actor's art, and that all else will come easily. Quite wrong! The greatest blockhead should learn these things quickly and easily; but the greatest genius cannot without long, patient, and rightly-directed study learn the thing that always has, and always will, more than any other one thing, distinguish the great ones from the small ones—good elocution! The student of the art of delivery never finishes; there is always something left for him to learn. He produces his effects with the voice-making apparatus as much as the opera singer does his; but his art is far the more intellectual of the two. His occupation is the presenting of the greatest thoughts of the greatest poets, which requires an intellectuality of a much higher order than is required to make the sweetest sounds of the greatest composers. Yet the singer studies for years before he thinks of venturing before the public, while the player often rushes before the public without any preparatory study whatever.

The classic drama, it is said, will not draw well, will classic music draw if played by a band of duffers? The public is as little inclined to see the poets crucified as it is to see the composers crucified. Irving and his company found auditors enough, didn't they? Let our players learn to play the legitimate, and not content themselves with playing at it, and the public will richly reward them for their labor. There's a deal of howl about the degenerate taste of the theatre-going public; of the non-appreciation of plays of the better sort. What calumny! If the public doesn't come out to see the better plays, it's because its taste is too good. Vanity, delusion and ignorance misinterpret the eloquence of the empty benches. By keeping away, the public says: No, no! none of the legitimate from this. Like o' you; give us something you can manage, boys, and we'll go to see you.

But to get back to our mutton! What is this much-maligned thing called elocution?

It is the art of speaking language so as to get out of it all there is in it; of speaking it so as to convey its meaning clearly and forcibly; of speaking it so as to produce the effect with it that the author intended to produce with it.

To do this there is but one way, and that way is to be natural (not commonplace); to copy Nature; to speak as we should speak if the thought were ours and the language came to us as we give it utterance—TEN A VERY IMPORTANT THING TO DO!

*Alfred Gould*

## THE LIFE OF A DRAMATIST.

THERE is a popular impression that the life of a playwright—even of one who has met with a modicum of success—is an enviable and easy one. True, there is a bright side to such an existence—particularly in the case of an accepted success, when the heart swells with an inexpressible pride and satisfaction, and the author feels at peace with the world, and deems everybody and everything terrestrial "just too magnificent for anything." But, like the balance of humankind, he has his moments of melancholy, and cannot understand for what especial purpose the world was created; and it is generally in this frame of mind that he encounters the characters that follow in these paragraphs. One of the most irksome duties, so to speak, a successful dramatic writer has to contend with, is the forced inspection of manuscripts of "coming dramatists," who, believing you have attained the topmost round in the ladder of dramatic fame, and with a persistency—not to say "gall"—that would do credit to a New York reporter, force their way into your sanctum to get your opinion of their work, and advice as to the means of getting it upon the stage.

A few illustrations will be recognized by my brothers of the quill. My sanctum—"library" would perhaps sound more aesthetic—is located on the corner of a street, first floor, with three windows in it, with a car track on either street, and innumerable vehicles continually passing. Strange to say, the more noise about me, the easier my task of writing. My friend and fellow-scribe, Fred Marsden, once told me that to collect his thoughts he must have absolute quiet—that a hand-organ in the distance would demoralize him for the day; consequently his sanctum is located in the highest back room of his house, away from everybody and everything. Mine, however, is more accessible, and I have in my employ to answer the door, etc., a young man, generally in soiled clothes, and with a seedy, dissipated air. On one occasion he came wearily in, twirling a bit of cardboard, and said:

"Heavy swell on the stoop; wants to see you."

Looking at the card, I read—"Mr. Frederick Newhall, Attorney-at-Law."

"Hem! Mr. Newhall, eh? Professional business I wonder, or what? Show Mr. Newhall in."

Immediately a very nobby young gentleman with a saffron moustache came in. He carried a brand-new silk hat in one hand and a sweet little cane with a sterling silver top in the other.

"I am most happy to meet you sir," he said. "I take the liveliest interest in the drama, and consider it a proud satisfaction to take by the hand one who has passed the Rubicon of metropolitan criticism." I motioned him to a seat.

"I am pleased to know," I remarked, "that you are a lover of our noble art. The drama of the present day, I regret to say, is not perhaps what it should be. There has been too much of a disposition to—"

"Too much of a disposition," broke in Mr. Newhall, "to foist upon the public bad and in different shapes when good ones are obtainable. Now, in Adonis, which had such a run—"

"But, my dear sir," I interrupted, with a cold stare, "I was not speaking of shapes. I was going to say that not enough attention is being paid to the leg—"

"That's just it," chimed in Mr. Newhall; "they don't pay enough attention to the matter. If they did they could get plenty of fine-looking girls who would not have to pad, and—"

"May I ask, sir," a little nettled—"if you have been an ardent admirer of the legitimate drama?"

"Legitimate drama—oh, ah, yes, sir; I am devoted to it. I never lose an opportunity to gratify my taste in that respect. When *Evangelina* was running I was a constant attendant. I have seen 'em all, from *The Black Crook* to *Erminie*. They are all standard works, and have done much to elevate the tone of the drama. I am a lawyer, sir; have great influence and an immense practice; but I have found time to evolve one of the sublimest dramatic works of the day, and I have come, sir, to request that you will run your discerning eye over it. You are familiar with stage business, etc., and might suggest many little improvements. Now, don't say you refuse." And he drew from his overcoat pocket an ominous-looking roll. "I will not take up your valuable time, so will leave the manuscript. Good day, sir."

"But, my dear sir—"

"You'll find it very legible; will call again in a week. Good day." He bowed with great embarrassment and vanished.

"Well!" I muttered to myself—couldn't say anything more, but gently added his MS. to a shelf containing other uncalled-for "stock."

On another occasion my seedy attendant burst into the room with: "Shabby lookin' fellow on the stoop, wants to see you; name's Smythe."

"Send him in." Presently the door opened, and a careless-looking person, with an ancient tile and a fresh-air suit on, came in.

"My dear brother dramatist," he said, "permit me to introduce myself. My name is Smythe."

"Smythe, Smythe," I mused.

"Yes, sir, Smythe, author of *The Blood-Stained Door-Step*; or, *The Mother's Vengeance*."

"Ah, yes!" I replied, looking as if I knew. "I came, sir," said Mr. Smythe "to have a little chat upon things theatrical, and to get, if possible, a few points upon—"

Here Mr. Smythe's eye fell upon a decanter and two glasses, and he looked as if I was going to say something.

"Your Blood-Stained Door-Step was quite successful, was it not, Mr. Smythe?"

"Ah, yes, sir," drawing himself up—"quite so—although we only played it one night. The difficulty, sir, is that genius is not appreciated in New York. The people imagine they are critical, and on that account my *Mother's Vengeance* is not perhaps the mine of wealth to me that your plays are to you. Still, I am proud of my labors, sir. My play will live in the history of the stage, and I ask no more. By the way, I have brought a copy with me, which I should like you to look over, and—"

"Really, Mr. Smythe, you must excuse me—my time—"

"Cannot? Isn't that rather rough on a fellow-chappie? Very well; we'll call when you have more leisure. Good day." And away he goes, telling the first acquaintance he meets that I know as much about dramatic literature as a mule does about peeling potatoes.

"Old man with a dog," remarked my seedy attendant on another occasion.

"Who is it?"

"Dunno; looks like a gospel sharp."

"Show in the man; leave the dog outside."

Presently the door opened and a little old gentleman, with glasses and a bunthorne stick, was ushered in.

"Excuse me, sir, but—"

"I believe I have the pleasure of seeing the Reverend—"

"Mr. Slimmind, sir, at your service. I am unfortunately not an ordained minister of the Gospel, but I am an editor, sir—the editor of a Christian weekly in this city. You have doubtless read it, sir, and observed how earnestly I have worked to maintain the Truth and assist the cause of virtue and Christian morality."

"I am delighted to see you, sir," I remarked, with an air of reverence. "I have heard of your indefatigable labors in the field of Christianity."

"And I have often thought," he continued, "of the increasing indifference of the masses to their moral and spiritual welfare, and I have concluded to aid such workers as you in the field, in the fulminating of such delightfully moral home pictures as you paint in your little dramas." [At this point Mr. Slimmind looked wistfully at the decanter.]

"Will you refresh yourself, sir?" I said; "editors, I know, are hardworked people, and a little may do you good."

Mr. Slimmind said something about Paul's advice to Timothy, and straightway filled up a glass with whiskey, and swallowed it in the good cause. Smacking his lips, he continued:

"Yes, sir, your little dramas. These knock-about and spectacular plays, which appeal to the material senses of man and not to the intellectual part of himself, are debasing in the extreme, and it is high time that something is done to drive them from the stage."

"It is high time, as you say."

"Oh, I knew you would agree with me; and I have taken the liberty of seeking you, sir, to know if you did not need a co-worker in the useful field you have chosen. I am not an indifferent writer, and I have brought with me a little drama—crude, I admit, and my first attempt—that you might discover within its pages at least the groundwork of a production that will work the reform we so much desire. If you will condescend to look it over, and give me your views—"

"My dear sir, at present I am engaged upon a drama—"

"I know—I know; you haven't time just now. I'm in no hurry. I'll leave you the manuscript, and I know you will say—"

"That if properly presented, it cannot fail to convert the world to the principles of virtue and reform."

"Exactly, sir; you are a discerning person, and I am proud to know you. Can you make it convenient some evening to attend our prayer-meet—"

"Will be pleased to see you again. Call in about a month and I will have read your play."

"Thanks, thanks. Good day!" grasping both my hands. "Let us hope that together we will—"

"No doubt of it, sir. Good day."

"A lady in green goggles wants to see you!" shrilly exclaims my faithful but still seedy attendant, as the mild-eyed personage whisked past him and presented herself to me.

"I know you will pardon this precipitate intrusion, sir, but I am not entirely unknown to you—Miss Millie Discount, daughter of Ananias Discount, President of the Thirteenth National Bank. I have essayed something in the dramatic line, and several of my friends induced me to call upon you, knowing you would look it over and remedy the blemishes—and I know there are some—you may discover. Of course my family are opposed to my writing for the stage, but after pa read my latest—Both to Blame; or, *The Modern Husband*—he consented to my submitting the manuscript to you. If you approved, he would secure Daly's or Wallack's, or the Madison Square, and have it produced. My friends alone will fill the house for six months. You will do me the goodness to look it over, and point out its defects, and whatever your charge may be—"

"My dear lady," seizing the opportunity while she was waiting for breath, "with all deference to you—"

"Pa will reward you well. Now don't say you cannot, I will be so disappointed. Pa has seen your plays, and he thinks they are really—"

"Trash, no doubt. Please leave your manuscript, and at the earliest moment I will—"

"Look it over, and give me your opinion. What a dear, good, accommodating man you are. Thanks awfully. Good day. I know it will succeed now." And in a second she was in the street.

The next comer was a pale youth, with a fierce, wild light in his eye. He came in with a quick, nervous tread, and placing a roll of manuscript on my table, said: "You will excuse my haste, sir. I am the hardest-worked man in the city. I have been dramatic editor of the *London Referee*, and all my life have tried to do something great. I have succeeded—I have completed a play. It is called *Martha, the Disowned*. It's great. Will you kindly look it over?"

"Look here, young man," I fairly screamed. "do you see that pile of papers? They are plays. Let me tell you life is short, and let me at the same time show you the door!"

"Exactly, sir; you are a discerning person, and I'm proud to know you. Can you make it convenient some evening to attend our prayer-meet—"

There may be a tinge of exaggeration in these illustrations, but it is faint. Any recognized playwright can understand them if the general public cannot. Yet I have an abiding sympathy with these embryotic dramatists, for I have been there myself.

*Howard Taylor*



THE ENGLISH INVASION.

THE WAY IT IS SOON LIKELY TO AFFECT THE UNFORTUNATE AMERICAN PLAYER.



## ALL RIGHT AT LAST.

JUNE 14, 1866. The Great Northern Railroad Station, Sheffield, Yorkshire, England. A group of four people. A blue-eyed, pale-faced little girl, named May Collings; a woman advanced in years, but still retaining traces of great beauty and loveliness of disposition—my mother; a dark-skinned, brown-eyed, black-haired fellow—my companion, Joe Howard; and a lanky, rawboned stripling—myself.

It required no great power of perception to follow our story. I was going to my first engagement outside the parental theatre, and, alternating tears with smiles, my mother was "seeing me off." Joe was to be my companion, and pretty May Collings, his sweetheart, was hanging on (with a tenacity peculiar to lovers) to Joe's last words. May Collings was the daughter of a wealthy ironmonger, and, despite the puritanical nature of the average Sheffielder at that period, her father, perceiving in both the strength of her affection and Joe's high moral character, had taken him to his arms and recognized my companion as his future son-in-law.

"I think I shall gain confidence and experience, May," said Joe, in a voice slightly husky, "and Harry tells me the engagement will do me good. It is only for four months. I return next season, and then we will—"

I could not catch the rest of the sentence, but I could guess what it was. May blushed, slapped her face with her fan, and, I fancied, gave Joe's arm, linked in hers, an extra squeeze. I don't know what she did that for. Joe roared with laughter until the glass-domed depot reverberated the sound.

"Mind that you don't get your feet wet, my boy," sentimentally remarked my mother, but with a gravity becoming the occasion, "and if you do, bathe them in mustard and water; then put on the thick woollen socks you will find at the bottom of your trunk."

"Tickets ready!" shouted the guard of the train. That was the signal for us to take our seats. I say "us" advisedly, for, although the platform was crowded, no one existed in the eyes of the quartet: I write about save "us."

Two kisses. Oh, such kisses! A mother's kiss! A lover's kiss! I can feel mine now. I dare say Joe—no, I won't write it—such kisses can never nauseate. "Take care of Joe," said May Collings as she shook my hand. A banging of doors! A ringing of the station bell.

"Mind what I told you about your feet," said my mother. A whistle from the guard, a blowing-off of steam, a tug—we are off, and the aspirant to the mantle of Edmund Kean and the embryo successor of the great Buckstone were launched into the world to face the failures and successes, the disappointments and pleasures peculiar to the theatrical profession.

As Joe Hayward is a very important personage in my little story of fact, I think I should give my readers an insight into his character and the circumstances attendant on our meeting. My mother was for many years manageress of the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, England, in the days when "stock" companies were in possession of the local temple of the drama. One day she received a letter couched in such terms as to demand respect and attention, and the result was that the writer—this identical Joe Hayward—was engaged for what is technically known as second low comedy and responsible utility, which meant everything and fulfilled nothing. It was the custom in those days, when an actress or actor, be he or she "star" or "stock," arrived in your town, for a representative of the local management to meet the train conveying the new-comer and assist in every way conducive to the visitor's comfort. I think it was a good custom, and I would like to see it revived. I was deputed to meet Joe. I found in him a fine, frank, open-hearted youth, and in an instant a feeling sprang up that was mutual. We were to be "chums," and in a few days we were fighting each other's battles and sharing each other's successes. We struck up a friendship and maintained a companionship that would have lasted to this day but for the circumstances I am about to narrate. We might even have reached the altitude of Champion Song-and-Dance Performers had not the damaging obstacles that neither could turn a tune (except inside out) and (despite the efforts of the local ballet-master) our dancing was execrable.

But to resume. We had to pass through London on our way to our battle-ground, and there I became acquainted with his family. Such a nice little family. A nice little mother, two nice little sisters and a tall brother. After passing one day at Joe's home we travelled on and reached our destination—a town located on the English Channel, and much frequented by Londoners during the Summer months.

"I daresay you will find the salary you receive small, young gentlemen," our manageress replied to a remark I made relative to the price of lodgings, "but think of the other advantages. You have been working hard during the season. You require good sea air. I provide you with that. You need change of scene. Look at our beautiful jetties and walks on the cliffs. You are young and practice is invaluable. You will get plenty under my management."

She was right to a certain extent. We had plenty of practice. But the walks! Oh, what a hollow mockery! True, the sea and the walks were there, but during the sixteen weeks

I remained in this desirable Summer resort I had but three opportunities to visit them. When I was not rehearsing I was studying, and sometimes I had to do both simultaneously. Joe was more fortunate. His parts were shorter than mine, and he had a better study.

Week after week rolled on. We dove into the mysteries of our art, supporting Benjamin Webster, Miss Furtado, Barry Sullivan, Miss Beatrice, J. L. Toole, George Honey, Mr. Creswick, Miss Katherine Hickson, Amy Sedgwick, Charles Mathews, John S. Clarke, George Belmore, Charles Fechter, Morgan Smith, and many others I cannot remember now. A change of bill every night—sometimes



"TICKETS READY!" SHOUTED THE GUARD. A tragedy, sometimes a comedy, sometimes three vaudevilles. It was work. Joe received his daily letter from May, and it was a study to notice the effect these letters had on him. One day he would be hilarious—the next as solemn as a mule at a funeral. I knew on his solemn days, as I called them, that May had been teasing him, so I would try and cheer him up. I failed ignominiously; but the letter of the next day would accomplish the feat.

We were seated at breakfast on the Monday of the fourteenth week of our engagement, and the chill October wind was howling round the corners of our little residence, when the landlady entered the room and handed to Joe the customary epistle. I noticed on his face, as he read line by line, an expression I had never seen there before. It was anger, solid anger. He rose hastily, went to the writing table, and dashed off a letter. I could tell by the scoring and underlining he indulged in that his letter was of a positive nature and far from pleasant. He sealed it with the air of a man who thinks he has done a great thing, and placed it firmly in his pocket. I attempted to administer my customary consolation, but Joe remarked, in a cold, calm tone of voice quite foreign to his nature.

"It is nothing, old man. May and I must have an understanding some day. Better have it now."

But he did not recover his equanimity that day, or the next, for no consolatory letter arrived from May. So the week passed, but no letter came. The expression on his face changed from anger to anxiety, from anxiety to despair. I entreated him to write soliciting forgiveness for his hastiness, but he replied he had written what he meant and would stand or fall by it. So the days dragged on wearily, until we reached the Thursday in the last week of our engagement, and packing was begun prior to our departure. Joe was not in the bill arranged by our manageress for the last two nights of the season, but he preferred to remain and accompany me as far as London on my homeward journey. We had discussed May's unfortunate silence—the reason—where the fault rested, etc., and the conclusion we arrived at was that nothing but a personal interview could bring about the desired reconciliation. I remember that the programme for the last night of the season comprised the drama of Faust and Marguerite and the farce of Little Todlekens. I had played Faust before, but John Robinson Brownsmith in the farce was new to me. I was pacing the floor of my chamber trying to get the dialogue of the character into my head on the morning of that eventful Saturday prior to rehearsal, when I fancied I heard Joe descend from his room. I likewise fancied that about five minutes afterward I heard a door slam. There was nothing remarkable in that. A door might slam and yet the universe continue to follow its usual course; so I proceeded to recite my part until I reached the conclusion of it, and then I descended to breakfast. I met the landlady at the foot of the stairs, and she informed me that Mr. Hayward had received a letter that morning and gone out. Sure enough, Joe was not in the breakfast room. Some money and a note hastily scrawled on the inside of an envelope was in my plate. The note read as follows:

HARRY—I have gone home. Please send off my trunk by to-morrow train. I have left money for my share of the bill.

This was certainly very remarkable conduct. I turned the torn envelope over, and there was the Sheffield postmark on it, but the handwriting of the address was not that of May Collings. I questioned the landlady. She had not seen Mr. Hayward go out. I plied her with other interrogatories, but could elicit no satisfactory solution of Joe's mysterious behavior. I gave up my search as hopeless, and returned to the breakfast room. I was about to close the door when my eyes rested on a card on the floor near the doorway—a black-edged

card, too. I picked it up. On the outside was printed "In Memoriam." The card was a double one, folded at the left-hand in book shape. I opened it and read—"In Affectionate Remembrance of May Collings." The card fell from my hands, a choking sensation sprang up in my throat, the room appeared to revolve, and I fell heavily into my chair. At last tears came to my relief, and I thanked God for them. My poor, poor friend! I could see it all. He wished to spare me the knowledge until we could meet in London and share our mutual grief without damage to my business. He did not dare to trust himself in my presence, hence his strange departure. He had hastily placed the card in the breast pocket of his coat, as he thought, but it had fallen to the floor. He had even torn the black edge from the envelope. Thoughtful of me, he had gone alone with his great grief. But he had gone to those who could afford him that gentle consolation my rough nature was incapable of.

I placed that horrible card in my pocket. I would have buried it a thousand fathoms deep if that would have brought back to Joe's arms the girl he loved so well. I shall never forget the rehearsal of Little Todlekens. It was my first experience in mechanical acting. I had no heart or inclination for my work. I could only picture my poor friend and his remorse for the harsh letter he had written—the last he would send to the girl who was about to take him "for better, for worse." There were numerous inquiries after Joe. Where was he? How could Damon exist without his Pythias? And so forth. But I thought it better to keep his secret, at least until after the performance. And what a performance it was! I think I called my supposed daughter in the farce "Joe" twenty times, and the Old Man "May." In fact, I could think only of Joe and May. After the performance came the packing. Such a bundling up and sorting out of things! My coat for private wear was knocked from its peg during the scrimmage, and all my letters and memoranda fell from the pocket. I gathered them up and replaced them, finished my packing, and was about to lock my trunk, when Bob Hutchins, the low comedian, exclaimed:

"Who owns this pretty thing? I don't want it." I turned to see what it was. Poor Joe's mourning-card! I then told my confidante the melancholy events of the day. The sympathy with Joe was touching. I am sure there was but one dry eye in that dressing-room. Yes, there was a pair of dry eyes, and they were in the head of Bob Hutchins. They were bright, dry eyes, too, and I hated him for the moment for possessing such orbs.

"Very touching—very touching," he remarked, when I had completed my story; "but don't you think he would have been compelled to wait rather a long time before they could have been married?"

"They were to have been married in a few months, Mr. Hutchins," I replied, sharply, angered by his levity.

"Were they? How do they manage that sort of thing, then, in Sheffield? I thought it was against the laws of decency," he retorted.

"I do not understand you," I said, "and I consider jesting on such a subject out of place."

"What the devil is the matter with you?" blurted Bob, with a good-natured smile I could not understand. "Have you read this card?"

Of course I read it.

"Then read it again, and read it carefully."

I took the card. Yes, there were the terrible words, "In Affectionate Remembrance of May Collings." What is this? "Aged Five Years." I looked again and yet again, but the words "Aged Five Years" remained, and actually appeared to grow in size. I do not know precisely what happened then. I can recall the sounds of laughter gradually becoming more distant as my long legs bore me down the stairs leading from the dressing-room to the street and away toward the telegraph station. I seized two forms. On one I sent the news to Joe; on the other I asked for information from May Collings. The cool indifference with which the telegraph clerk received my excited requests that these messages should be forwarded with all speed, somewhat restored the equilibrium of my mind, and as I returned to the theatre I had time to think over the events of the past fourteen hours.

What stupid, hasty, idiotic asses we had been; but how natural was the error we had made. May Collings was all in all to Joe, and Joe was the friend of my bosom. He had wept for his lost love; I had wept for my friend. But why had we not read the card carefully? Why had we not telegraphed to May during her terrible silence? Answer:

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment?

On my arrival at the theatre I found the company assembled in discussion of the circumstances of this memorable day. My appearance was the signal for a burst of laughter, but it was good-natured, congratulatory laughter, and that moment I thought Bob Hutchins had the best laugh I ever heard. I even prophesied that that laugh would make his fortune.

It was impossible for me to leave the town that night; so, after I had given instructions relative to the disposal of my luggage, I proposed an adjournment to the neighboring tavern. This was carried now, and a right royal rational hour we passed there. After numerous hand-shakings and wishes of future

prosperity, we parted, and I repaired to my lodgings. On my way home I could not help thinking of who this mysterious "May Collings—Aged Five Years" could be. I found two telegrams awaiting me at my rooms. One from Joe, that took me half an hour to make sense of. He had heard nothing, and of course had not possessed sufficient intellect to telegraph to Mr. Collings. He would wait for every train until I arrived, and then we could go on to Sheffield at once. Pleasant for me! I had intended spending a week in London in sight-seeing. The other was from May Collings, and written in letter form. Her five-year-old niece, named after her—her brother's daughter—had been run over and instantaneously killed by one of Pickford's wagons. All was as clear to me as day; but I was still puzzled why I, usually so sedate and business-like, had permitted myself to arrive at the hasty conclusion I had formed that evening. Sleep was out of the question; so I threw myself on my bed in my clothes, fearful lest I should miss the first train to London in the morning. I must have dozed off, however, for I remember visions of "fives" in diamond shape, "fives" in a row, "fives" singly, "fives" in twos and threes—in fact, had I been addicted to that simple but hazardous game known as "policy," I should have played "fives" all the next day, doubtless with the usual result.

As the train steamed into the depot in London I could see Joe on the platform. He likewise saw me, and before I knew where I was he had lifted me, from the step of the railway carriage and enclosed me in his great strong arms. I suggested a chop and some coffee, but Joe would not hear of it. We must get across London as fast as we could and take the first train down to Sheffield. Fortunately, on our arrival at the Great Northern Station we found that no train went out to that city for two hours; so we had time to discuss the situation, and some refreshments, of which I stood sorely in need. Had he telegraphed Miss Collings announcing our arrival? Of course not; but he did, and she was on the platform to meet us. There were kisses, poutings, recriminations, questions about cross letters, rebukes for teasing epistles, and forgiveness, all jumbled together; but I don't think any harm came of the matter, for when I had confided my hand-baggage to the care of our footman, with instructions to procure me a cab, I turned to add my congratulations, and lo! Mr. Joe and Miss May were walking arm in arm out of the station door, regardless of my presence. What selfish creatures lovers are! I don't believe either had given a single thought to the poor dead child whose untimely end had been the cause of this storm in the metaphorical teapot.

My story is nearly finished, but, for the sake



WHAT'S THIS? "AGED FIVE YEARS." Of the inquisitive reader, I will tell what brought about our separation. Toward the end of 1866 Mr. Collings, who never thoroughly recovered from the shock occasioned by the violent death of his grandchild, died, bequeathing the greater part of his property to his daughter May, and sixteen months after the death of Mr. Collings, Mr. Joseph Hayward and Miss May Collings were united. Of course, I was present as best man.

"I wish to confide in you, Harry," Joe said a few days after the marriage. "I intend to leave this stage. I don't think I am likely to make much of a fist at it, and I have a splendid chance of going into business in Torquay, in Devonshire. I have saved up a little money, enough to start me, and if I can only hold on and support May without touching her cash I shall like it better than acting. Since her father's death she says Sheffield is not like the same town, so perhaps the change will do her good. If it does the results will justify the risk."

I commended my companion's courage, although I felt it was to be our parting—perhaps forever. Virtually it was, for we met only at long intervals, and then for a week at a time. We corresponded regularly. This is an extract from his last letter, received in August, 1866:

"I presume you have settled down in America. Well, I hope matters are prosperous with you; but if they are not, and you find yourself in a hole, you know where you are to look to for a friend to pull you out. As I have written you before, I have never ceased to bless the day on which I determined to leave the profession. My success has been far beyond my deserts. I often think of you when seven o'clock comes—that is, seven o'clock with you. I am just tumbling into bed. I believe I am to run for Mayor next year. How I wish the police would bring

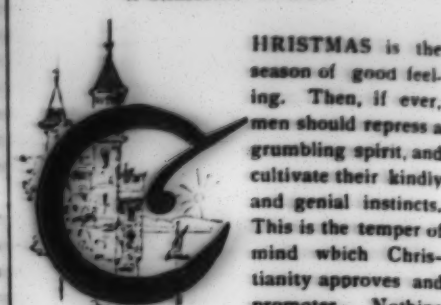
you up before me! What a sentence you would get! May is always chattering about you. I am under the impression she fancies she has married the wrong man. Excuse the blot; May was looking over my shoulder and has just boxed my ears. Little Harry, or, rather, big Harry now, your god-son, insists on having a plate laid for you every Christmas Day at the dinner-table. He says you might look in and bring your Indian servant and negro boy. He still imagines you are hunting game, but I tell him he should spell it with an / instead of a g. I wish you would come, old man, for there is the corner in the fireplace and the hand and heart to welcome you."

I shall not quote any more. Joe is comfortable: that is all I care for.

Henry Macdon Pitt

## The Bright Side of Things.

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.



CHRISTMAS is the season of good feeling. Then, if ever, men should repress a grumbling spirit, and cultivate their kindly and genial instincts. This is the temper of mind which Christianity approves and promotes. Nothing could be further from the truth than the prevalent idea that the Christian religion is the foe of innocent pleasure. It is not a poisonous mushroom growing in the dark, but a fragrant Rose of Sharon thriving in the sunlight. The birth of its Founder was ushered in by the rejoicing songs of angels. His first miracle was wrought at a marriage supper. And the teachings of its greatest Apostle is, "Rejoice, and again I say rejoice."

Those professors of religion who wear a gloomy countenance, and speak in a sepulchral tone, misrepresent their faith. But there are other offenders for whom I have a word. They entertain the gloomiest and most uncharitable views of human nature. Shrewd observers, they think themselves. They fancy they have reached the truth of things when they regard all men—but themselves—as mere compounds of selfishness and insincerity. They believe that everybody wears a mask. Virtue is but vice in a pleasing garb; benevolence but selfishness in disguise. Chastity is only refined lust, and pure religion is hypocrisy and cant. How pitiable is this perverted perception which sees nothing but gloom and guilt everywhere!

Alas! I know that the longer one lives, and the deeper his insight into the inner circles of life, the more keenly he feels its miserable hollowness. Still, all is not bad in modern society. How many happy homes there are! How much self-denying toil! What numbers of unknown heroes!

Come before us in this Christmastide, images of noble performance! Stand up in the midst of your desolate home, oh, patient wife whose love still clings to that drunken brute of a husband! Come, Christian trust, and let us see how rich that faith has made your need, expanding the narrow walls of your lowly dwelling into the palace of infelicity, and hanging God's promises, like constellations, all along your way. Come, humble Charity! forgetting your own wants in ministering to the woes of others, that we may discover how your spirit transforms the dark and lonely lane into a Celestial road, and underneath those faded garments shows us angels' feet!

Oh! there is a great deal that is good in this world. I think the reason why so many fail to see it is that passion or prejudice has blinded their eye. The cheat expects to be cheated. The suspicious detect evil everywhere. But "to the pure all things are pure." Let us cultivate the habit of looking at the bright side of things. Believe me, it is the right side. The times may be hard, but you will make them no easier by railing at them. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You are having a run of bad luck. Well, don't grumble. It will do no good. Face your troubles, and fight them like a man. This, at least, will give sinew to your soul. If your outward life is dark, be sunny inside, and carry sunshine to others who are worse off than yourself. It is a noble thing to see a man rise above misfortune—his hopes disappointed, his plans thwarted, but out of the disappointment and failure a richer good evolving than he had conceived possible.

A large proportion of trouble is self-caused, imaginary, borrowed. If we could remove from life all useless care and needless anxiety, what a mighty transformation should we witness. It is care for that which is beyond care; trouble about that which we can neither make nor mend, that so often breaks people down.

Stop sighing and try singing. Cease worrying and go to work. If you can't get work, wait in hope. Deserve success even if you do not win it. Repress the morose and the misanthropic. Catch the contagion of this happy season. So may one and all—the poorest player, the discouraged and the over-worked; the unemployed and the reigning-star—enjoy "A Merry Christmas."

William L. Hathaway







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## NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatists of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, Editor.

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\* \* \* The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

\* \* \* The Christmas Number consists of thirty-two pages and a single sheet supplement, making altogether thirty-four pages. Purchasers should see that they receive the complete paper from dealers.

## Christmas Greeting.

To the players and playgoers of America, to its friends and readers everywhere, THE MIRROR comes in holiday dress and holiday humor with the greetings and the compliments of the season.

The good cheer and good will of the merry Christmastide have never glowed more brightly from its polished pages. When we say that there is no special issue of any journal at this season whose list of contributors equals ours in number and collective celebrity, we simply call attention to a perfectly evident fact. Distinguished actors, actresses, dramatists, journalists, men of letters and shining lights of the

learned professions are among those that honor it. The literary quality of the stories, poems and articles is commensurate with the reputation of the writers. The illustrations and artistic embellishments need no specific commendation; it may be said of them—as of everything else, from the first to the last page of the cover—that they speak in their own behalf.

The rare worth of the literary attractions of this number conveys a great compliment to the American dramatic profession, as well as to their official organ, whose aim has been, and ever will be, to dignify the dramatic vocation and elevate the stage to its true plane. Here, in these pages, the laurel is twined with the holly, crowning years of persevering enterprise and honest effort.

We seldom refer to THE MIRROR's remarkable and triumphant progress, but on such an occasion as this a few words respecting it are not out of place. The paper has grown steadily from the start, but the past twelvemonth has brought immense gains in influence and circulation. This increase we attribute mainly to THE MIRROR's augmented popularity among the play-going public—a public that finds in its opinion—and its news a degree of ability and reliability that no other publication affords.

We feel proud of the business as well as the reading columns of this issue, and of the fact that they excel in expanse those of a single number of any dramatic journal in the world. This is not only practical testimony of THE MIRROR's value as an advertising medium; it also indicates the cheerful activity of managers and actors and the fortunate prosperity of their enterprises this season all over the country.

It is a trite conclusion to offer, along with the holiday MIRROR, the customary compliments of the season. But when we wish our readers and patrons near and far a right Merrie Christmas and a genuinely Happy New Year, we wish it in all fervency and sincerity.

## Mrs. Thurber's Dilemma.

Mrs. Thurber's American Opera has been very fortunate this season. In St. Louis it was advertised by the Presbyterian Church. In Chicago, the Methodists, in council assembled, have called extraordinary attention to it. There is, however, a marked difference in the methods of clerical advertising. The Presbyterians draw it at music; and it is understood that the Baptists of Cincinnati purpose to take up the job and go for the opera on the ground of drama.

It would appear from this that the Church is just as much divided in its attacks on evil as it is in its efforts to sustain virtue. No two denominations can be made to agree as to where the little joker of iniquity is. But that it scurries round somewhere in Mrs. Thurber's scheme is agreed upon.

In this condition of affairs Mrs. Thurber's reply to a delegation of Episcopalians, who wanted the ballet left out of the opera, is a reasonable one. She said that if the evangelical denominations of the great West would call a congress and agree upon general features that were objectionable—such as the music, the libretto and the ballet—she would entertain their proposals.

"But," she said, "if I am to go on making English opera for every denomination there will be no end to it. The Baptists have not yet made a demand, but if I should comply with their wish and cut out the orchestra, then I am liable to the Unitarians, who will demand a closing up of the private boxes, and the Quakers will ask me to put surtout coats on the Count di Luna and Figaro and pantalettes on the Bohemian Girl."

## New Ice Broken.

It is natural to look with more favor on the hailstones that break everybody's windows than on the cobblestone that just comes and just smashes your own, though the loss you suffer is precisely the same. The theatrical profession can take a certain amount of comfort in reading the papers just now, since several very distressing cases are reported of literary females going wrong.

Certainly three aggravated instances of swindling, duplicity and other enormities are reported, the perpetrators being connected with the world of letters, instead of the footlights.

In police courts they formerly kept the line ready written on the blotter, "An Actress," to fill in the question against it when they asked some reprobate of a woman what her business was. It has been a very serious thing for the general reputation of the theatrical profession that

every ballet or chorus girl would always call herself an actress.

But the ice is broken in a new direction at last, and the femalefactor now, when she is lugged up for larceny from the person, describes herself as "a poetess" or "an authoress" and gives the tired members of a much-abused profession, if not a cessation from their troubles, at least that comfort which misery is supposed to find in company.

## Some Questions.

The Editor will feel greatly obliged if the reader of this Number of THE MIRROR will write out his or her answers to the following questions on a postal-card and forward them to him as soon as possible:

- I. Which, in your opinion, is the best prose article in the Christmas Mirror?
- II. Which is the most instructive?
- III. Which is the most entertaining?
- IV. Which is the best poem?

The reader will please number the answers so as to conform to the figure printed opposite each of the above queries.

The Editor, and no doubt the readers of THE MIRROR generally, will be glad to learn how the various features of this number are received, by means of the census proposed. A careful record will be kept of the replies sent in, and the result will shortly be made public.

## Personal.



HEATH.—Above is a portrait of Marie Heath, a soubrette who has achieved distinction in musical comedy the past two seasons. Miss Heath has not made an appearance in New York yet, but she will probably duplicate her success elsewhere when she does.

CONDENSED.—Notwithstanding that at a late hour we added a two-page supplement to the 32 pages previously announced, we find it necessary—so great is the pressure of advertisements—to condense the regular departments in this issue.

OWENS.—The nephew of the late John E. Owens asks us to correct an error that was made in our obituary notice of the comedian last week. It was there stated that Mr. Owens' last appearance was as Old Rogers in Esmeralda; it should have been said that he was last seen at the theatre in Harlem as Major De Boots and Solon Shingle—two of his most famous characterizations.

THOMPSON.—Denman Thompson has found in The Old Homestead a worthy successor and sequel to Joshua Whitcomb. On Jan. 10 the former play will be put on for a run at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, the scene of the memorable run of the latter.

KEMBLE.—Early in January Frankie Kemble will open a starring tour in Clay Greene's Sybil: A Romance of Dublin Lights. Miss Kemble is a very pretty and clever singing soubrette, although she is not confined to this line of parts, being endowed with sufficient versatility to appear in emotional roles, in comic opera and in burlesque.

CORINNE.—Corinne is now the bright particular star of Arcadia, written by the author of Adonis. In the leading role of Tom, the Piper's Son, she appears in an entirely new line, and has made a pronounced hit, so that the piece now takes first place in her repertoire.

SCANLAN.—W. J. Scanlan continues on the high road of prosperity, and is playing to the capacity of theatres everywhere.

PRESCOTT.—Marie Prescott writes THE MIRROR as follows: "I am very sorry not to be able to contribute to the Christmas MIRROR as I had promised, but you may expect something a little later on when you have more need of me—I mean when your list is perhaps less brilliant than it is now. My route has been so wearing that I have been unable to accomplish anything except arrivals and departures."

MORRIS.—Clara Morris is recovering from her recent illness. She has secured the refusal of The Martyr from Manager Palmer.

YEAMANS.—Mrs. Annie Yeamans will beam upon her friends at Christmas in her extraordinarily funny part in The O'Reagans up at Harrigan's Park Theatre. By the way, New York narrowly escaped losing its favorite when The Shadows of a Great City fell upon her. When she created Biddy Ronan in that play she woke up Chicago, and the next season could have been starred in the bills; but she elected to remain as a star in New York. Mrs. Yeamans has three clever daughters. Jennie has created no end of parts of the roguish, romping and naive sort. She is going to star again next season, and in a new play to order. Emily is a fixture at the Park, where her versatility makes her valuable.

MATHER.—Margaret Mather's management claim that, next to Edwin Booth, their star is doing better financially than any attraction on the boards.

MURPHY.—This is Joseph Murphy's tenth season as a star Irish comedian. It seems but yesterday that he was a rattlin' ob de bones. He was once known as one of the nearest manipulators of the castanets on the bone end of the minstrel crescent. To-day he is one of the wealthiest, as he is one of the most popular, men in the profession. Fawcett Rowe has written a new play for Mr. Murphy. It is called The Donagh. It will see the light next week.

RICE.—Fanny Rice is prospering as a prima donna in comic opera. She is singing the leading role in Nanon with the Carleton Opera company, and has greatly added to her reputation. Miss Rice is as handsome as she is clever—and this makes her a "professional beauty."

MODJESKA.—Mme. Modjeska will rest the coming week, playing at New Haven on Christmas Day. On Dec. 27 she will begin a four weeks' engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, opening in Les Chouans.

KEAN.—Emily Kean, one of the brightest of singing soubrettes, is making an enviable reputation in support of C. A. Gardner in Karl the Peddler. Miss Kean is not only a fine actress, but an excellent vocalist as well. She divides the laurels with the star.

REED.—Roland Reed is having the most successful season in his career as a star. He shortly plays a return date in Chicago, and now has his pick of dates all over the country. Mr. Reed will play return dates in New York before the season closes.

NOBLES.—Milton and Dollie Nobles are doing splendidly in the South. Love and Law has become a very popular play in the repertoire, although The Phoenix still has hosts of admirers.

## Her Query.

"T'was cleaning day, and in the parlor,  
Our Bridget held full sway,  
Dusting bric-a-brac, walls and pictures,  
And chatting in Irish way.

Until she paused before an alcove,  
Gazing in odd dismay,  
Where stood Diana and Apollo,  
In statue-like array.

A while she gazed, all toil forgotten,  
Then gravely shook her head;  
And "Tell me, miss, were they nice people,  
These images?" she said.

CALLIE L. BONNEY.

## The King.

"My heart's in my art,"  
Say I.  
"My wife she will be  
Till I die!"  
"Your heart's in your wife,"  
Say you,  
"You find her still purer,  
More true."  
"If you wedded my art  
So high,  
The world you could challenge,"  
Say I.  
"If I wedded your wife  
So true,  
The world would be nothing,"  
Say you.  
"Surer than woman,  
My breath  
Can silence your art,"  
Says Death.

H. C. P.

## A Singular Instance.

HE murmurs a gentle, respectful "Sir"  
In his primitive, youthful Teutonic,  
With guileless greenness unguessing that she  
Prefers pronouns less purely Platonic.  
So she drops—as by chance—the soft artful "Du"  
His last hesitation is won by;  
For the practice is Scriptural, through and through,  
And she *Du* as she would be done by.

C. W.

## The Musical Mirror.



S Christmastide comes around we naturally look back on the doings of the past season and review the musical events that have happened or are taking place. This present Christmas, however,

offers us nothing new or strange, and therefore we can but express our content with the good already given to us, and hope for the future.

At the Casino that pleasant, bright and funny operetta, *Erminie*, is keeping up the success that attended its first production. Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, Bella Thorne, Mark Smith, Harry Hallam and Frank Wilson are all at home, and, aided by a chorus of unequalled excellence and a band absolutely perfect, under the direction of Jesse Williams, scenery of the best and costumes of the richest, make a Christmas feast of melody most grateful to the soul.

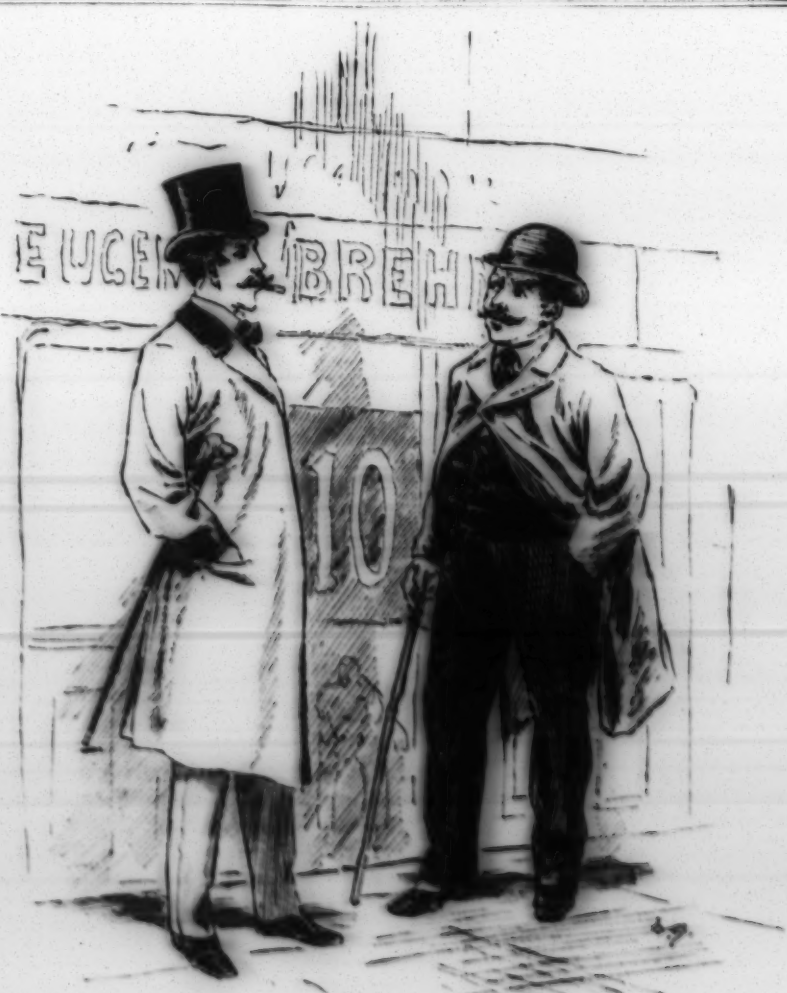
The Grand German Opera has given us a taste of its quality in other than Wagner's works, and as might be expected has demonstrated that perfection in one school means imperfection in another. The declamatory style, so essential and so effective in the modern German music-drama, is not suited to opera rightly so called. But for all that, the perfection of the stage setting, the grandeur of the accompaniments, the dramatic power and art of the singers, have redeemed the purely vocal discrepancies that make Faust and operas of that school strange to the artists who are trained to Tristan and Isolde and The Walküre. The German Opera company has done right good work, and in its own domain has shown us an example of perfect training and honest artistic effort crowned with success as it deserves. We must, however, except Frau-lein Brandt from all vocal shortcomings. She can and does sing whatever music she is allotted—like a true artist—and is equally good in Wagner, Gounod or Meyerbeer.

The collapse of Princess Ida was a thing to be expected. An operetta that has failed to draw in London and New York ought to be left on the shelf. Not that this particular operetta is not exquisitely tuneful and beautiful, but, unluckily, it doesn't draw. Of course if Manager Stetson chose to lose money on a piece that he relishes, but the public dislikes, that is his own business. He pays his money and he takes his choice, as the peep-show man says. It goes only to prove that Manager Stetson's musical taste is above the average. We agree with him, but the public differs from us both, and it's the public that pays.

Thomas' Symphony Concerts and Popular Concerts have been all given with that perfection of detail and accuracy of execution that distinguish this conductor's work and that of his unrivaled band.

How we wish that we had our own National Opera with us this Christmastide. One more treat of Gluck's Orpheus would have made plum pudding taste better and egg nog more refreshing. But we live in hope—and in curiosity to hear who shall replace the great artist of last season, whose Orpheus was a revelation. At Koster and Bial's a most enjoyable entertainment, given by excellent artists, has been attended by crowds of pleased auditors for the past week. And Christmas is by no means dull at their pleasant house. In fact we do not know of a better place for a stranger and sojourner in the land to spend a holiday night.

Dockstader's musical first-part continues to be by long odds the most artistic, most melodious and most appreciated of any minstrel band we have ever heard. The quartette is perfect, the band is excellent and the selections as good as can be wished. No wonder that the houses are good also.



## HEARD ON THE RIALTO.

"HELLO, FLASH, YOU'RE LOOKING WELL. HOW'S BUSINESS IN ADVANCE?"  
"SPLENDID. IN FACT IT ALWAYS IS IN ADVANCE. IT'S BEEN SO FAR IN ADVANCE OF US THAT WE HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP YET."  
"BUT YOU'VE DONE WELL, HAVEN'T YOU?"  
"SO-DO. I'M WEARING SUMMER UNDERCLOTHING, BUT I'M BOOKING WINTER TIME. BETWEEN OURSELVES, THE ONLY THING I'VE BEEN ABLE TO SEND TO MY FAMILY DURING THE WHOLE SEASON HAS BEEN MY ROUTE."



## The Usher.



Head him who can't. The ladies call him sweet.  
—Loren's Love's Love.

You have been wished so many Merry Christmases and Happy New Years, dear reader, before reaching my column, that although the desire to do likewise is strong within me, I must needs refrain, lest the tinkle of the bell should afflict my guilty ears as the tinkle of the ghostly junkman's bell. Mathias Goodwin's in the clever skit in front of Turned Up at the Bijou Suffice it to say that you have my wishes for mirth and happiness not only at this blithe holiday time, but all the year round.

Toward the end of Mr. Cazauran's article, "The Trinity of Comedians," on page 4 of this Number, the writer says of John E. Owens, "May he enjoy his Yule tide to the utmost." In view of the actor's death last week this might be construed as a ribald attempt at jocularity, so in justice to Mr. Cazauran let me explain that his article and the page of which it is a part was put in type and printed several days before the great comedian passed away. That lamented event occurred at so recent a date as to make it impossible to amend the article.

**Erratum.** In Fanny Favenport's article, "My Stage Life," on page 8, twelfth line, instead of "the grand development of artistic predilection," read "the gradual development," etc. Although the greatest care has been exercised in the preparation of this publication, some errors like the above have mysteriously crept in.

The Moss Engraving Company's portraits on the last page of the cover will be preserved for their remarkable fidelity and artistic reproduction. The pictures of the nine great American actors of the past are authentic, inasmuch as they were engraved from photographs kindly loaned for the purpose by Uncle Ben Baker, Sarny and others. The autographic fac simile accompanying McCullough's portrait possesses a peculiar and melancholy interest. It was reproduced from the original in the possession of Captain William Conner. One of the physicians at Bloomingdale asked the tragedian for his autograph, a few days before the latter's death. He took a pencil, and, with feeble and uncertain hand, scrawled it across a scrap of paper. It was the last time McCullough wrote his name.

Not long ago the *World* and several other papers stated with much verbosity and great positiveness that just before her departure for Europe, Mrs. James Brown Potter signed a contract with Manager Abbey to star under his management next season. Rumors of this sort had been rife for many months, and this last, put forth as it was with confident assurance—one small fry journal going out of its way to stake whatever reputation it imagines itself to possess on the truth of the statement—was received as final and authoritative.

I wrote to Mrs. Potter forthwith, expressing my disbelief in the story, but asking her to send me a denial or a confirmation, as the case might be, for publication. The other day I received the reply. Fac-similes of the charming lady's letters being popular just now, I present it in that form, with the compliments of the season, for the enlightenment of the paragraphs and their goddess, Dame Rumor.

*My dear Mrs. Potter,*  
I have signed no contract with any one and I have absolutely no plans for the future.  
Sincerely yours,  
James Brown Potter

Now that I have obtained an authoritative denial in the lady's own handwriting, I trust the newspapers will give Mrs. Potter's mythical stage projects a rest.

The *Sun*, answering a correspondent of an inquiring turn of mind, says that the articles that appear in magazines and journals as the work of actors are sometimes genuine and sometimes not. "As to the specific case of the Christmas number of *The Mirror*," continues the *Sun*, "Fanny Favenport is doubtless an honest contributor, for she has habitually used her pen for print. Among the others are some whose pieces may have been written for them rather than by them, but Editor Harrison Grey Fiske is quite incapable of a literary fraud. His gallantry might lead him, however, to improve Miss Fortescue's copy, and he would, perhaps, freely edit Nat Goodwin's."

What marvellous penetration, to be sure!

The *Sun*'s editor must have noted the effect of its collaboration in the production of that paragraph for surely its brilliant insight can be counted for in no other way. Of course nobody writes anything that he is supposed to write. Every one knows that Susan H. Anthony writes all of Dana's articles while the book of Amos Cummings was done by John L. Sullivan, and Frank Fiske's critical criticisms are telegraphed over from Boston by John Steiner. Why then the usually pertinent *Sun* stir up a subject which the public has settled in its own way these many moons?

## Lois Fuller

Marie Louise Fuller, known on the stage as Lois Fuller, was born in Chicago Jan. 22, 1864, and comes of a theatrical family. Her father, Reuben Fuller, was at one time a prominent manager in that city, while two of her brothers are in the profession. Miss Fuller made her first appearance when she was but two years of age, at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago. Her first regular professional engagement was at the Academy of Music in that city, November 21, 1874, as Little Reginald in *Was She Right*. Her experience since that time has been as varied as a kaleidoscope. During 1874 she appeared in several different roles, then she caught the "crusading fever" and in 1875 made a tour as a temperance lecturer. In 1876 she gave dramatic readings and in 1877 had a short starring season. In 1878 she was a sub-brette for nine months, and did some good work for Felix A. Vincent. In 1879 she did "jobbing" in Chicago, and was on the road for eight weeks with J. T. Hinds, playing *Marie Lorraine* in *The Shaughraun*. In 1881 she was with Frank Mayo for part of the season, and with Aldrich and Parsloe for the remainder.

I have been decided to extend the engagement of Marguerite Mathews at the Madison Square Theatre for one week, and during the holidays to be made to the city early in January.

Howard MacNeill's new opera, *The Khedive*, is to be produced by the Cornhill Theatre, and will be given in the city early in January.

At the engagement of Lois Fuller on the afternoon of December 1st, which will be given especially for the benefit of the poor, and a performance of the *Khedive*, the evening entertainment will be given at the Academy of Music on Jan. 1st.

Miss Fuller's engagement with a company at the Academy of Music in New York, which was made for several weeks, much longer than had been intended, is the result of a change in the management of the company.

Henry Farnham's new opera, *The Khedive*, is to be produced by the Cornhill Theatre, and will be given in the city early in January.

Marie Louise Fuller's new company closed season at the Academy of Music in New York on Jan. 1st.

Charles H. Thayer is in the city. He will remain here until Jan. 1st, when he leaves for Boston to take the management of the Boston Theatre on Jan. 1st.

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His experience would fill a book, but that book will never be written. Mr. Lyster's manuscript is a study for the compositor. It looks as if it were written with a compass, and as if the writer cleared the mind of all thoughts during composition.

## A Glance in "The Mirror."

I was requested, at very brief notice, to write something for the Christmas Number, and was given the privilege of selecting my own subject. I turned back to my chair, directed my gaze to the ceiling, brushed the cobwebs from my brain, and tried to think up a subject. After a time an inspiration came: I would write something about *The Mirror*, a subject with which I was quite familiar. I have been in no way influenced by what I have written; in fact, the Editor had given no further thought to my contribution until the manuscript was placed in his hands.

I am now going to indulge in a little "impudence." (By the way, forgive this over-pleasant personal pronoun if it isn't helped.) I'm going to criticize *The Mirror* and tell you how the paper is made. Am I not bold? But I claim that I have the right to criticize for I'm the oldest employee of the paper in continuous service. Now, my constituents, let me surprise you once more. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the Editor, is the youngest member of the staff. When first I met him he was at college here in the city—seventeen or eighteen years of age. He had applied for the position of Junior City (N. Y.) correspondent of *The Mirror*, and thus became its first foreign correspondent. He little dreamed at that time that in less than a twelvemonth he would be the responsible head of the paper. All this came to pass in the first year of *The Mirror*'s existence. A youth in appearance, the new editor was mentally a man. The outcome of his work has been the revolutionizing of dramatic journalism. The impress of *The Mirror* has found its way into the columns of the daily press, which now gives six times the space to the drama and its people that it did even years ago. The profession owes a great deal to Mr. Fiske; but he won't believe it. The Actors' Fund of America is a monument to *The Mirror*'s enterprise; but its editor is too modest to lay claim to it. His honor is unsalable. The humblest member of the profession can approach him and obtain

His experience would fill a book, but that book will never be written. Mr. Lyster's manuscript is a study for the compositor. It looks as if it were written with a compass, and as if the writer cleared the mind of all thoughts during composition.

You have been very patient, I know, dear constituents; but you must my opinion of "The Usher." The Usher is the greatest of her era. Her music, her tone, her long before I knew her. What tone of beauty I have received from you, my constituents, paying for information as to her art. What has been my reply to all of you? I've told you time and again that "The Usher" is a masterpiece. But she is no commoner. I thoroughly believe that in private she would be a sort of anti-American. The Usher can drop a line of continued on occasion. I'm not ashamed to say that my eyes have "teared" some of her "revelations." Just think of that, as I've said her praise! But her thoughts are ahead of her pen, and I can assure her. Her generation is all golden, and the comedians are all golden. The Usher can drop a line of continued on occasion. I'm not ashamed to say that my eyes have "teared" some of her "revelations." Just think of that, as I've said her praise! 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Her generation is all golden, and the comedians are all golden. The Usher



## The Giddy Gusher.



I don't know that the great love I have for this paper ever crops up in my columns; but it exists, and increases in strength with every succeeding year I write for it.

It's a long time ago that the Editor of *The Mirror*—the youngest editor at that time that I had ever met—said to me:

"We have commenced a department in the paper called 'The Giddy Gusher.'"

"The Giddy Gusher" struck me as a most ridiculous heading. "He'll outlive it," I thought.

"It's not up to expectation thus far," continued the Editor. "Do you wish to take it and try and make it a chippy, breezy, pleasant sort of breathing place for our readers to laugh a moment and go on to better and bigger things?"

I looked in the clear, frank, boyish face, with the hopeful eyes and earnest mouth, and really felt sorry for the troubles that would inevitably gather round that youthful head.

"Sad, mysterious fate," mused I, "that selects so young and fair a victim. So many bottle-scarred old ink-slingers to choose from and make editors of, yet you pass by the ranks qualified by time and trouble to wrestle with a theatrical journal and thrust the thorny branch of office into those tender, uncalled hands."

This train of thought touched my sympathy, and I took the Giddy Gusher business, and made up my mind when the usual clouds of disaster broke over the paper I would be a great comfort to the young Editor, having had some experience with disappointed journalists.

So there you are. Instead of turning nurse in an Intellectual Hospital whose sick minds and wounded hopes would be treated, I went on the new enterprise and, like the boy who went West, I've grown up with the place I struck.

And I'm heartily proud of the paper. Theatrical organs and their monkeys go to the wall—the policy of money down or black eyes, comes to grief. Money without merit finds no endorsement in its columns. Things that get yards of gush in other papers get cold and cruel truths in this. Without fear or favor, it is uniformly just. Personal feeling never sways its action. With straightforward, honest, earnest endeavor *THE MIRROR* has pushed to the front line. The best people read it; some of the cleverest people write for it.

No pecuniary benefit that could be attached to any work of mine would make that work as attractive as the love I bear this paper and its readers makes my weekly work on *THE MIRROR*.

And I think with pride and delight that wherever this splendid number will go kindly eyes will look with interest through its brilliant pages and pause with pleasure at the familiar heading of the Giddy Gusher.

What good company she is in this week! What a procession! For variety, for ability and numbers not a Christmas publication approaches it.

Look at the drum-major heading the band—that intellectual Titan, Ingersoll. However some people regard his religious convictions (he's got more of 'em than half the church members), there is but one opinion of him as a genius. No man speaking the English language at this epoch approximates Ingersoll in eloquence and pathos.

It's a great trick of mine to associate things I see with people. I stood waiting for a blockaded train, like a blockheaded tramp, the other day, and in a boot and shoe shop window I built up a dozen friends and put 'em in the galsters and Arctics and slippers displayed.

So riding down town to-day I read the list of *THE MIRROR* contributors, and of a sudden the signs in the car suggested the bottled similarities existing between the articles advertised in the editorial "Peep Behind the Curtain" and on the panels in the car.

There's Ingersoll—Pond's Extract—tremendous circulation, widely known, trusted, believed, accorded mysterious qualities, doing a lot of good in a quiet way, enjoying lots of enemies and possessing hosts of friends—offering nothing very pungent or palpable to replace old opiodolac and arnica, giving its user no such ouchal comfort as our friend lodine, but persistently, viewlessly and in a delightfully able manner accomplishing all that the ancient exploded remedies set out to do and didn't.

Angostura Bitters—Dr. Robertson. Lots of stuff in him. You find he favors any company he may be in with his slight dashes of strong elementary properties.

Jamaica Ginger—Oh, that's Howard Paul. He's been a stand-by for years. Good in all climates; makes things warm in cold weather, and is cool and refreshing on the hottest day. I can see Paul's face on the label saying: "Try me, and I'll do you good."

And who is it prances out of this panel as I look up at it? Why, naturally, Raven Gloss, with its chipper little black bird, suggests this new-comer to the ranks, Lew Dockstader.

And who does the advertisement of Schie-lam Schnapp call up but that squarely-built, Dutch-flavored Prince Karl, Richard Mansfield.

There's a courtly old gentleman, often about *The Mirror* office, in whose clever head is stored a great deal more of scholastic old grain than is consumed in compounding the frothy contributions of younger writers. You can't compare Mr. Cornelius Mathews to Shook and Everard's productions, but it seems to me that staff and subter Extract of Malt in a manner resembles him.

S. S. S.—the Great Spring Remedy—"good for the blood." Why, bless me, his dear face materializes right next the advertising card—Nat Goodwin.

A universal panacea for all the ills that minds are heir to. Why, look at the man! Spruce and quick, a powerful agent for clearing a dull head or a torpid liver. What he starts to do he accomplishes. If Nat ever takes to politics we'll have a red-headed President in the White House as sure as voting.

Watts' Nervous Anecdote—Sidney Rosenfeld to a dead certainty. Good mercy! I can see his long legs straddling over the letters as I read 'em, his glasses falling off and swinging before him on their string like a pendulum on a new-kind of clock built like a thermometer.

Rigollet's Mustard Leaves. Condensed pungency—full of smart things—covering a small space, but making a red-hot mark. Why, that's Cazanran. He can hurt more to the square inch than any man I know. One application and you'll think you've been through a carpet threshing machine.

Salad Dressing. I read on a panel, "always ready." Among the Christmas contributors, it seems to me, Harry Pitt, with his smooth ways and faultless appearance, always suggesting a festivity of some kind, accordingly.

And here he is with his own name boldly printed—Ayer's Pills. You take 'em every week in *THE MIRROR*. They are sugar coated and no doubt do you good, but I have a constitutional dread of pills since I took four buck shot by mistake for a dose of old Dr. Ayer's Indian Vegetable Pellets. The family despaired of ever raising me—I was loaded like Mark Twain's Calaveras bullfrog. A lot of maiden aunts quoted wise saws.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," said Aunt Jane, who held a slipper noted for slaps.

"A stick in time," said Aunt Ann, handing in a birch sapling.

"The vilest bullet may return," sang grandma as they stood me on my head. It was a wild time in the Gusher family. So I dread pills, and Ayer's pills, to this day. I hope the erudite Alfred will forgive me. But any man who lays for you to catch you on your little accent strikes me in a very tender recollection.

Do I find any car panel bearing a distinct resemblance to myself? I should say so—Rock and Rye. Plenty of spirit, not too sweet, always ready for a lark, no big head, a favorite with the men and liked on the sly by most of the women. Just the thing in trouble and handy to have in the house when you are upset by too much of the wine of prosperity. To be depended on at all times, and especially at this Christmas season, when there's so much that's indigestible floating round.

Dear friends, one and all, when you take your nip don't get giddy with too much gush, but remember your GIDDY GUSHER.

## The Amateur Stage.

The Brooklyn Academy, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, the Amaranth Society presented Sealed Instructions, a new play with success. The Society is to be congratulated on this gratifying result. According to the announcement of the programme, "the play was secured for the Amaranth by the kind attention of Mrs. Harriet Webb" and permission to produce it obtained "through the courtesy of Mr. A. M. Palmer." David Belasco was specially engaged to coach the play, and much of the original stage business was introduced and satisfactorily carried out under his direction. The play was cast as follows: Lord Dorchester, Alfred Young; Captain Lionel Haughton, I. C. Costello; Guy Dunbar, R. B. Throckmorton; Gerald Dunbar, F. W. Bowne; Gervais Dupuis, Virgil Lopez; Benton, S. G. Frost; Appleby, Dr. T. A. Quinlan; Thomas, A. H. Marquis; Mrs. Haughton, Mrs. Harriet Webb; Ada, Dell Thompson; Katherine Ray, Madge Longstreet; Susanne, Helen Carrington. Alfred Young, in spite of his name and age, simulated the dignity and set ways of an elderly ambassador with excellent effect. J. C. Costello has improved in his comedy work. The Guy Dunbar of R. B. Throckmorton was hardly up to the mark. His impersonation was somewhat mechanical and his emotional lines were delivered in a perfunctory style. F. W. Bowne scarcely seemed "to the manner born" in the drollish part of Gerald Dunbar. Yet he applied the affected languor and drawl of the species with good effect. The Gervais Dupuis of Virgil Lopez was a truthful character sketch. His only inconsistency was the absurdity of a Frenchman soliloquizing in broken English. This, of course, was the fault of Mrs. Frost Planck, the author of Sealed Instructions. S. G. Frost acted the part of Benton with customary efficiency. Mrs. Harriet Webb gave a realistic impersonation of Mrs. Haughton. She had just the bearing and animation of a frivolous woman of the world. She was less at home in strong emotional situations, and it was partly owing to this fact that the fine climax at the end of the second act was less effective than it should have been. It is only fair to say that Mrs. Webb had set herself the double task of acting her own role as well as watching and assisting her two pupils, Dell Thompson and Helen Carrington. The former made quite a bit as Ada, and won golden opinions for her clever work. Helen Carrington likewise made a creditable showing of competent instruction, and her French dialect and subterfuge sentences were well carried out. Madge Longstreet gave skilful interpretation to the part of Katherine Ray, and added considerable strength to the cast.

The neat reception of the Amaranth will take place on Friday evening, Dec. 17, at the club rooms of the society in Court street.

William A. Clarke is a recent and one of the best graduates of the Amateur stage. He has been playing the title role of *The Raft* on the road this season with no small measure of success. On his appearance at the Criterion Theatre, in Brooklyn, last Monday evening, Dec. 15, the amateurs decided to attend in a body. The entire house was filled with representatives from the Amaranth, Kemble, Gilbert, Melponene, Booth and other amateur dramatic societies.

The Voice will present Nan the Good for Nothing and the face of Smith and Brown at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Wednesday evening, Dec. 22. A Stag Racket is to be held at the club rooms of the Arlington League on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21. The next dramatic entertainment occurs on Dec. 24, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, when *Ported* will be presented under the direction of J. L. S. S.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 21, the Arlington League will present the comedy-drama, *Michu*, by Edgewood Wilkes, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. The New York Church Choir Opera company appeared in *Patience* at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Tuesday evening, Dec. 24, under the auspices of Amity Chapter, No. 100.

## Miss Kate Forsyth.

Miss Forsyth's starring tour has proved very successful, the charming actress being well received everywhere, and her new society drama, *Faithful Hearts*, has achieved a grand success. It is well understood, to be produced in New York shortly. At its initial performance in Memphis it achieved a most successful success. Miss Forsyth brings before the curtain after each act and three times after the third act—Com.

## Denver (Col.) Music Hall

is now prepared to book Opera and Concert Companies, Musical Lecturers, Ball and related entertainments. See ad. in Managers' Directory—Com.

Star Theatre  
NEW YORK.

Commencing Monday, Dec. 20.

## The Phenomenal Success!

America's Brilliant Young Tragedian,

ROBERT  
DOWNING

Under the management of

## MR. JOS. H. MACK,

in the

## Grandest Production

Ever Given

of  
FORREST & McCULLOUGH'S

## SPARTACUS

## The Gladiator

Everywhere greeted with

## OVATIONS AND HOUSES

CROWDED TO THE  
DOORS

## With the Elite of Society.

## GRAND

## SUPPORTING COMPANY,

## including

## Many Prominent Artists formerly

with  
SALVINI AND McCULLOUGH.

## And the world's most famous athlete,

## MR. WILLIAM MULDOON,

## especially engaged to impersonate the

## FIGHTING GAUL in the

## ARENA COMBATS!

## Magnificent Scenery,

## Historically Accurate,

## by the famous VOEGTLIN, including

## The Roman Streets,

## WITH THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

## BATTLEFIELDS OF CAMPANA,

## with

## Mt. Vesuvius, Pompeii and Bay

## of Naples in the Distance,

## and the

## Grand Arena Scene,

## taken from

## Gerome's Celebrated

## Painting.

## GORGEOUS COSTUMES, RO-

## MAN ARMORS AND IM-

## PLEMENTS OF WAR,

## Manufactured from photos imported especially

## for this production.

## UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

J. M. HILL, Manager.  
Every Evening at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.  
Monday, Dec. 21, last week of  
MODJESKA.

Supported by MAURICE BARRYMORE and her own company.

First production of her new play by Felix Philippi.

DANIELA.  
Now the Popular success in Berlin, Vienna and the principal German cities. English version by William von Sachs, Jr. and L. Hamilton-Bell.

CHARACTERS:  
Egon, Count Von Leznow..... Maurice Barrymore  
Baron Kunt Von Berg..... E. Hamilton-Bell  
Doctor Carl Norden..... Leo Thornton  
Ferdinand Arndt..... Charles Van der Hoff  
Felix Fiederbach..... William Owen  
Bauer..... Howell Hanson  
Fritz..... Robert Dornall  
Danzon, Countess Von Leznow..... Modjeska  
Toni Von Leznow..... Grace Henderson

ACT I—Garden of Von Leznow's House. ACT II—Saloon in Von Leznow's House. ACT III—Arndt's Private Office. ACT IV—Boulevard in Lidenstock House.  
New scenery by J. A. Thompson.  
N.B.—This is positively Modjeska's last appearance in New York previous to 1910.

## THE CASINO.

Broadway and 24th street. Manager.  
Rudolph Aronson.

50 CENTS ADMISSION 50 CENTS

Reserved seats, etc., and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$10, \$15, \$25.

Every Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

## THE CASINO COMPANY

in the greatest of all comic opera successes,

## ERMINIE.

Chorus of 40. Orchestra of 24.

Great cast, beautiful costumes, scenery, appointments.

## THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.

3d Avenue and 3rd Street. Manager.  
J. M. HILL.

MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

## DOMINICK MURRAY.

in

## ESCAPED FROM SING SING.

Monday, Dec. 20.

## THE LONG STRIKE.

## BUJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Broadway near 10th st.  
Messrs. Miles & Barton, Lessees and Managers.

## MR. N. C. GOODWIN.

in Mark Melford's original melodramatic farcical comedy, entitled

## TURNED UP.

Preceded by the successful burlesque,

## THOSE BELLS.

## DOCKSTADER'S, Broadway, bet. 28th and 29th sts.

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A FRESH PROGRAMME NIGHTLY.

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EVERYBODY GETS A SEAT.

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## The Romantic Emotional Actor,

## ROBERT B. MANTELL.

in John W. Keller's society drama,

## TANGLED LIVES.

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Broadway near Canal street.

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Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

This Week.

Bartley Campbell's great spectacular drama.

## SIBERIA.

Presented with a magnificent cast.

Popular prices, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c.

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Original Local Comedy.

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Dave Braham and his Popular Orchestra.

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BEST LEGITIMATE ATTRACTIONS.

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Broadway and 13th street.

Last week of

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

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LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

Every Evening and Saturday Matinee.

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Wednesday evening, Dec. 21, Hamilton's powerful

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Adapted from Ouida's celebrated novel.

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Four Famous Musical Family, Harry

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Sir Charles Young's remarkable play in four acts, entitled

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"Beyond doubt the strongest story told upon metropolitan boards since the Two Orphans."—*World*.

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and her comedy company under the management of Mr. W. R. Hayden, in *Brownie Howard's* successful comedy.

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Leading roles in the legitimate preferred.

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Only authorized production. Adapted by JUNIUS H. LIGON. Special cast.

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## At the Theatres.

## UNION SQUARE THEATRE—DANIELA.

Signe, Count Von Lexow, Maurice Barrymore, Hans Kurt Von Lexow, E. Hamilton-Bell, Dr. Carl Nordstrom, Ian Robertson, Ferdinand Arndt, Charles Vandenberg, Felix Floderbusch, William F. Owen, Danilo, Com. von Lexow, Miss Modjeska, Toni von Lexow, Grace Henderson.

Phillips's sensational drama, Daniela, translated and adapted from the German by Messrs. Von Sachs and Hamilton-Bell, was presented on Monday evening at the Union Square with Modjeska in the title role.

Daniela is the second wife of Count Von Lexow and loves him deeply; but devotion to his first wife's memory prevents his returning her love. Accident places in Daniela's hands letters showing the first wife's infidelity. But she determines to destroy them to spare her husband the pain of the disclosure. She seeks an interview with her predecessor's lover, Ferdinand Arndt, a lawyer of skill and repute. During a clandestine meeting, as they are about to destroy the compromising letters, her husband comes upon the scene; but Arndt escapes unrecognized. The husband, grown suspicious, denounces Daniela and the husband and wife part. Lexow, in order to secure a divorce, consults Arndt, whom he knows only by reputation. Arndt, rather than see Daniela sacrificed, reveals his identity to Lexow, who challenges him, but first seeks his wife's forgiveness. She at first refuses to be reconciled, when a chance allusion to the duel enlightens her as to what is about to take place, and to test his awakened affection, she promises, if he will, for her sake, abandon his scheme of vengeance, she will restore him to her heart. He assents, and the play closes on a happy reconciliation.

The lateness of the hour at which the performance closed and the press of matter incident to the holiday season preclude more than the briefest mention of special features. Mme. Modjeska was impressive and emotional in a high degree as the noble, self-sacrificing wife who risks honor and the affection of her husband to save his peace of mind and in the end gains more than she has hazarded. Grace Henderson gave a thoroughly charming interpretation of the light part of Toni. She was thoroughly natural, graceful, and sparkling, and her enunciation and reading are as good as anything to be heard on the New York boards. The men were less satisfactory. Mr. Barrymore, in the emotional passages of his role, was hasty and rough, without any really good simulation of deep feeling. Mr. Hamilton-Bell made the part of Kurt more disagreeable than necessary, and Charles Vandenberg went seriously right to burlesquing the role of the repentant lover, Arndt.

The setting was pretty and appropriate and the play went very smoothly for a first-night. But when shall we be free of that time-honored, case-hardened nuisance of the tremolo from the orchestra at emotional crises, just when the audience particularly wish to hear even the slightest word from the performers' lips.

## FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—TANGLED LIVES.

Raymond Garth, Robert B. Mantell, Josephus Howson, Nelson Wheatcroft, Herman Foster, B. T. Ringgold, Digby Dainty, Archie Lindsay, Reginald Bronze, W. F. Blande, Addison Raphael Pope, R. J. Duntan, Samuel Draper, alias Diogenes, Geo. S. Robinson, Darius Fott, J. D. McKirick, Helen Garth, Eleanor Carey, Edith Ainsley, Kate Stokes, Gladys Delaney, Helen Windsor, Aunt Eliza, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge.

Tangled Lives, produced for the first time here at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night, is essentially a New York play. It is full of scoffing at modern society in Gotham; rather slangy and highly bohemian in tone; brilliant here and there, and without much incident or "go," but the dialogue is smart, and it evidently took with the crowded house. The piece is very prettily staged and well acted. Robert Mantell is admirable as Raymond Garth—in fact the part may be called a really great creation. W. F. Blande is extremely good as Bronze. He is a very clever actor. Louise Eldridge is a capital Aunt Eliza, throwing a great deal of character into her acting. Nelson Wheatcroft is very fine indeed as Howson. Kate Stokes did not strike us as being very well bred in the part of June Wilton, and Eleanor Carey made the most of Helen Garth, as did Edith Ainsley of Edith Ainsley. The play is very creditable to its author, although by no means perfect. The fact that this, our Christmas Number, goes to press at midnight Monday prevents a full consideration of this play. Such consideration it well deserves, and such it will receive in our next issue.

## BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—TURNED UP.

Caraway Bones, Esq., Nat. C. Goodwin, Captain Medway, George C. Bishop, George Medway, Robert Hillard, General Baltic, Harry Bradley, Mr. Ned Steddam, Charles Coote, Ephraim, Mabel Craig, Sabina Medway, Lela Fuller, Ada Baltic, Lelia Farrell, Mrs. Medway, Lillie Alliston, Cleopatra, Rose Leighton, Mrs. Pannell, Jennie Weatherby.

Mr. Goodwin is to be congratulated on having scored a genuine success with his new bill at the Bijou on Saturday night. The large audience was in laughing humor, and the star's delicious travesty of Irving's Mathias in Those Bells—a clever piece of mimicry with which New Yorkers are familiar—was a fillip to the roaring fun of Mark Melford's farce, Turned Up, which followed. Mr. Goodwin has enlivened Those Bells by introducing a bevy of pretty girls with a chorus, and singing a new topical song, with the Irvingesque eyeglasses and grimaces—a ditty wherein the distinguished Lyceumite touches on a variety of matters, each of which he solemnly states "was original with me." The hit it made threatens to obliterate even the memory of Mr. Dixey's once popular "It's English, You Know."

Turned Up offers Mr. Goodwin abundant opportunity to display his genius as a farceur. He plays a bibulous undertaker who marries the supposed widow of a sea-captain for her money. The captain turns up unexpectedly three hours after the ceremony, and his horrified son and daughter—the former having a little matrimonial scheme of his own afloat, which needs cherishing—keep the mother and father apart as long as possible, and herein lie the humorous complications of the piece. The undertaker insists on asserting his rights, notwithstanding a ducking he has had in the muddy Thames, while a nigger woman with a younger turns up, and to add to the mix and the fun claims the captain as her lawful spouse. The undertaker and the African are finally brought off, and they form a co-partnership on their newly acquired capital to work the

planting business together. The piece is full of potty lines, the situations are broadly comic, and the characters afford an amusing series of contrasts.

Mr. Goodwin as Caraway Bones was followed through his mishaps and misadventures with shouts of laughter. Whether returning from his involuntary bath in the river, seeing the sights that are found in potatoes deep and long, or battling for his marital and paternal rights, he was exceedingly comic. Mr. Goodwin is facile princeps, the most gifted of our younger comedians. His versatility is immense in span and his fund of irresistible fun apparently inexhaustible. The hope he expressed in his speech before the curtain that he might go on in Turned Up for the rest of the season is likely to be realized.

Mr. Bishop was gruff and breezy as the Captain. Mr. Coote made a ten-strike with the peculiar and infectious laugh which he made one of Ned Steddam's characteristics, while Robert Hillard's ease and lightness as George Medway delighted that most fabled professional's friends and admirers. Lela Fuller took as gracefully to long skirts after her exile to Jack Sheppard's tights as a duck to the watery element. She played Sabina charmingly. Lelia Farrell as the General's daughter Ada, Lillie Alliston as the obese and much married Mrs. Medway, Rose Leighton as the black and blatant Cleopatra, and Jennie Weatherby as the inquisitorial housekeeper, Pannell, were all contributions to the night's pleasure. The farce was neatly staged. Its continuance for a long time seems assured.

## PEOPLE'S THEATRE—DONNYBROOK.

Con O'Grady, Tony Hart, Lather Jack Walsh, Richard F. Carroll, Tim Bradley, P. E. Smith, Kelly, E. W. Rowland, Captain Lawrence, E. T. Cronman, Shiel Dempsey, Edwin Browne, Squire Murphy, J. F. Hagan, Corney Kelly, W. Paul Bona, Margaret Flannigan, Annie Deland, Kate O'Grady, Belle Stokes, Nelly Brady, Carrie Tutein.

Donnybrook, seen at the People's Monday night, is one of the recognized types of Irish plays. The incidents are not new nor the dialogue very brilliant, but it serves well as a medium for the introduction of songs and dances, bag pipes, boxing matches, and general fun and frolic. Tony Hart looks very handsome, acts very well, dances lightly and sings with much humor, but great difficulty, owing to a severe hoarseness. Nevertheless he was encored to the echo and received a real ovation and hcatombs of flowers. Carrie Tutein is excellent as Nelly Brady, the sweet colleen dhas, and sang her pretty song, "When the Hawthorn Buds are Springing," with much taste and naïveté, winning numerous encores. Squire Murphy was well acted by J. F. Hagan, as was Margaret Flannigan by Annie Deland. Tony Hart's song, "Blarney," is a gem. The piece is admirably staged, and the Donnybrook Fair scene is very realistic. The piece evidently will draw.

The genius of Dickens was never more delightfully exercised than in the creation of the toy-maker in the charming Christmas tale—"The Cricket on the Hearth." It is one of those pieces of materialized soul that haunt the memory as a tale, so pathetic in the old man's touching love for his blind daughter which prompts him to conceal from her the true nature of his grasping employer. Told round the yule-log in the Christmas twilight, the chirrup of the cricket and the singing of the kettle speak of the home where family affection makes sacred all surroundings, however humble. Dramatize the little crystal story that nestles petted in memory and there exists no room for wondering that its author was enraptured at it. It is then like what pastry-cooks call angel cake, very delicate, very white and pretty, but flavorless—no attic salt, no dramatic situation. The dear old toy-maker, however, gives Joseph Jefferson, who seems to have sipped at the fountains of perennial youth, a part to which is fitted the art for which this consummate actor is famous.

Cornelia Jackson on Monday night rendered the really difficult part of Tilly Slowboy admirably throughout. Lizzie Hudson, as Bertha, showed with feeling the pathetic sweetness of the blind girl. As John Perryngale Edwin Varrey was conscientious, and May Woolcott was painstaking as Dot.



ROWDED houses continue to be the rule at the Madison Square Theatre, and, according to all signs, the same prosperous state of affairs will last while Jim the Penman remains on the bills—in other words until the end of the season. It is a powerful play, intensely interesting from beginning to end, admirably constructed and finely written. As for the manner in which it is acted by Manager Palmer's superb company and set on his stage, there is absolutely no improvement that suggests itself to the intelligent and critical spectator. The mounting is virtually faultless. The demand for places weeks ahead indicates the deep impression the play has made on metropolitan playgoers.

High carnival still keeps up at Harrigan's Park Theatre. Crowded houses roar over the O'Reagans. Mr. Harrigan's theatre and Mr. Harrigan's plays are a New York institution. His company is a company of stars in their particular lines. No company in the world is more thoroughly drilled and rehearsed, and its peculiar field is to depict certain phases of New York life. The O'Reagans is said to be Mr. Harrigan's greatest success; but a "greatest success" is nothing new to this writer of plays. Each succeeding comedy seems to outrun the last. The O'Reagans will make an extended tour at the close of the season at the Park.

Moths, revived at Wallack's Theatre, appears to have made even a more emphatic success than on its first presentation at this theatre. Mr. Bellows finds in Corrae a role specially suited to his soulful style and delicate beauty. Mr. Keely is a manly and forceful Lord Jura and Zuroff is well played by Mr. Henley. Vere Herbert is more suitable to Miss Robe's years and appearance than it was to Miss Coghlan's; Miss Russell acts Fuchsia

Leach—that atrocious libel on the American girl—in Ouida's own spirit, and Miss Higelow is dashing and handsome as the Duchess. Fanny Addison gives a subtle performance of the worldly Lady Dolly. The play is prettily mounted.

Tony Pastor presents an attractive bill this week; but this is an old story. Those fine musicians, the Luciers, are in the bill. Then come Harry Parker's Dog Circus; the O'Brien Brothers' gymnastics; Frank Moran, the veteran burnt cork comedian; Florence French, O'Brien and Redding and others. Next Tuesday will be a day when every lady and little girl will be given a wax doll. Mr. Pastor will present his usual double bill at the Academy of Music on Christmas night.

One of Our Girls is charmingly played by Miss Dauvray and her company at the Lyceum. But it is not to hold the stage for long. On Monday, the 20th inst., Miss Dauvray will be seen for the first time as Susanne in A Scrap of Paper. Mr. Sothorn will be the Prosper Courant of the production, and the other roles have been entrusted to the principal members of Miss Dauvray's excellent organization.

Mr. Curtis continues to please large audiences by his humorous exposition of the Hebrew speculator in Caught in a Corner. He has recovered all his former prestige and popularity by this last creation.

Poor Bartley Campbell's Siberia is again on view in the city, this time at the Windsor Theatre, where it is attracting good-sized audiences—Escaped from Sing Sing is the bill at the Third Avenue Theatre this week, the veteran Dominick Murray filling the chief part. Around the World in Eighty Days as given by the Kiralfys' company is drawing well at the Grand Opera House, where the engagement began on Monday night.

## Professional Doings.



—This is a portrait of Gra I. Henderson, a comedian who has played many important parts in support of leading stars, and invariably played them well.

—Paul Minnis is seeking a prima donna soprano for a concert company.

—The May Fortescue company will rest the week before Christmas, playing Christmas Day at Plainfield, N. J.

—Paul Nicholson's Galley Slave company is meeting with great success on tour. The opening week at the Region Bijou saw overflowing houses every night.

—The Tamme Opera House at Las Vegas, N. M., is just completed. Four hundred folding chairs, stage 35x50, and complete in all appointments.

—Christmas week is open for a good attraction at the New Masonic Theatre, Nashville, Tenn. J. O. Milson is the proprietor and manager, and he is already in the field for '88.

—Clarence Montaine is doing well as light comedian with The Wages of Sin.

—F. C. Bangs is now playing the title role in C. L. Andrews' Michael Strogoff company. W. C. Crosbie is a recent engagement for one of the Correspondents. J. Hay Conner is now playing Ivan Ogareff. The whole company don new costumes at Providence.

—Manager P. T. Hughes, of the new Music Hall at Denver, Col., is now prepared to book opera and concert companies, lecturers and refined entertainments generally.

—The version of The Martyr played by Mr. Doyle's company is the work of Junius H. Ligon. A special company has been secured for the Boston engagement, which opens at the Bijou Theatre on Dec. 30.

—Sandford H. Cohen announces that the average audience at the New Masonic Theatre, Augusta, Ga., is 800. The seating capacity is 1,250, and the house is modern in every respect. Manager Cohen has late Winter and Spring dates open.

—C. R. Gardiner's Zezo has been doing an exceptionally large business in the South. In Mobile the standing room sign was put out for the first time in two years, it is so stated. The beauty of Blanche Cur-tis has been the theme of many newspaper articles, while Hoyt's scenery has been lavishly praised.

—Only a Farmer's Daughter, now in its tenth successive year, is reported to be doing a phenomenal business, the receipts averaging over \$100,000. Marion Abbott, the star of the company, is spoken of as not only attractive, but possessing power and emotional talents of a high order.

—Manager Frank P. O'Brien, of Birmingham, Ala., hoists a banner with this inscription: "Not a single bad night to date this season." Birmingham has a population of 30,000, which is rapidly increasing, and this population (manufacturing) includes a large constituency of theatre-goers.

—Evelyn Campbell is the name of a rarely beautiful and gifted young English actress, who, as Rose Milford in Eagle's Nest, has been winning golden opinions from the critics of the out-of-town newspapers.

—The New England Dramatic and Musical Bureau, at 150 Washington street, Boston, is prepared to book companies throughout the New England circuit, and to secure positions for members of the profession in all departments.

—George D. Fiske and Co., of Woodland, Cal., invite the attention of members of the profession who may be contemplating real estate investments to the advantages they have to offer. The society, soil, climate, etc., are unsurpassed. The fruits are of the finest, and easily raised. Prospectuses will be sent on application.

—But few dates remain open at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre. Mrs. Pannell has a monopoly of the leading attractions, and is having an exceptionally brilliant season.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Richards (Maud Goodwin) are doing splendidly as Mr. Maud Medeiros and Bella Pannell, respectively, in Messieurs We, Us & Co. They speak in the highest terms of Mr. and Mrs. Medeiros, and say that they are in every way well satisfied with their engagement.

—The Main Line opens in Philadelphia next week. Ted D. Marks, in advance, was recently seen by a Missus reporter. He was very enthusiastic over the success of the play. "The Main Line," said he, "has done much to draw attention to the fact that there is love, romance and self-sacrifice in plain frock and in these prosy times as much as in the old days when Knights went out in search of the Holy Grail." Who would have suspected that Mr. Marks possessed so much sentiment?

E. G. Haynes, late with J. M. Hill, is booking time for Lester and Allen.

This is a picture of Kate Castleton, whose admirers love to call her "Bonnie Kate." She appears in the Quaker costume in which she first sang "For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You" in Pop.



Miss Castleton is one of the cleverest singing actresses on the American stage. She is English by birth, and first visited this country as a serious vocalist. She at once became a great favorite in leading varieties. During the last few seasons Miss Castleton has spent much of her time on the Pacific Coast, and has been successful in a wide range of the East. She is now renewing her successes on the Atlantic side, and appearing in a wide but funny absurdity called Crazy Patch. Miss Castleton has toured all over the Pacific Coast, the West and Southwest with Crazy Patch, everywhere meeting with success, and has now come to be looked upon as a leading variety star. "Bonnie Kate" is however near the Metropolis, but has as yet made no sign as to whether she intends to storm the citadel. Personally she would make thousands captive; but Crazy Patch would have to run a gauntlet.

—A Cold Day; or, The Laplanders, is meeting with great success—in fact, has taken on a new lease of life. The show has been rewritten and brightened up wonderfully since it was first produced in this city, two seasons ago. Only a few open dates are left, and these are being rapidly taken. Messrs. Fisher and Hassan are having a very successful season.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stevenson (Kate Castleton) are taking measures to still further protect their play, The Two Orphans, and managers are warned against its production except by their authority. They have engaged Jacob A. Gross as their attorney.

—Professor D. M. Bristol's Equestrianism is playing to great receipts in New England. Manager Patrick calls it the "miracle of the world." Certainly all other horse-shows are poodles beside it. Professor Bristol has devoted a lifetime to perfecting this novel entertainment, and as a reward is now reaping a fortune.

—Beatrice Lill will play the star part in Infatuation, Howard P. Taylor's latest drama. The play is somewhat upon the style of Caprice and May Blossom, but Mr. Taylor thinks it superior to either.

—W. J. Johnston announces that since the opening of the New Grand Opera House, Nashville, on Sept. 27, it has not played a losing week. Bookings from the best attractions are invited.

—Manager George M. Miller, of the Grand Opera House, Reading, has enlarged the seating capacity of that handsome temple of the drama to 1,350, while there is standing-room for 400 more.

—Mrs. Laura Rose has opened a dancing academy for juveniles at No. 27 West Twenty-eighth street. Stage dancing is made a feature.

—Richard Fitzgerald is about to star Jolly Nash, the famous comique, in Stanley McKenna's musical comedy, Paintin' er Red. It is proposed to open soon after the holidays.

## Her Voice.

TO M E N.

SOFT as leaflets fall  
Tossed by balmy wind,  
Soothing as the lullaby  
Baby hearts entwined.  
Sweet as fairy's breath,  
Wafted from afar,  
Like an angel's step  
Toward the evening star.  
Of in dreamy moments  
Sent on wings of love,  
Thoughts of thy sweet voice  
Come as from above.  
Could I hear thee always,  
Naught else would I crave;  
Dancers countless I would seek,  
All for thee I'd brave.

## A Quilty Sacrifice

should never be made, but ambition and enterprise deserve reward. Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from \$25 to \$250 and upward daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All particulars free. Both sexes. All ages. Capital not needed; you are started free. All is new. Those who start at once cannot help rapidly making snug little fortunes.—Cm.

## An Old Story.

WITH SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.  
[Telegram No. 1.]  
BARNSTOMAT, CAN., Dec. 11, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:  
First-class place of amusement here at last. Finest Opera House in Canada. Open the 13th with our new play. Great excitement prevails. Line of people stretches from box-office around the block. Advance sale unprecedented.

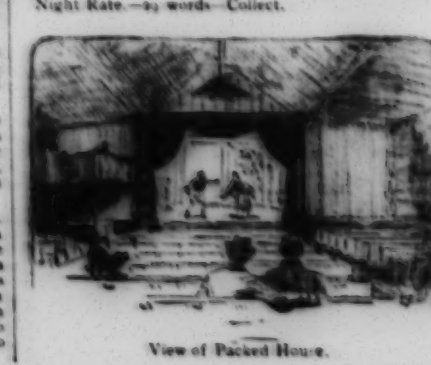


View of Opera House and Advance Sale.

[Telegram No. 2.]  
BARNSTOMAT, CAN., Dec. 13, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:  
Opened Barnstomat Opera House to packed house to night. Standing room only displayed at 8 to 10. Play scored tremendous hit. Star and company received with the wildest enthusiasm. Please mention.

J. O. MILSON, Business Manager.  
Night Rate—50 words—Collect.



View of Packed House.

J. H. Lyon, scenic artist, who has done successful work in New York and Baltimore, is now making a tour of the principal theatres in the South. He has just completed a two-weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Charleston, where he has painted several entirely new sets. Mr. Lyon goes from Charleston to Savannah, thence probably to Augusta.—Cm.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

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## SYBIL

A Romance of Dublin Lights,

Form the facile pen of CLAY M. GREENE, author of "Miss," "Forgiven," Etc., Etc. It is a pretty story well told, with an absence of soldiers, police, landlords, tenants or Irishmen, which is at least—"a Novelty."

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NEW MUSIC BY MAX MARETZKE.

APPROPRIATE SONGS BY J. F. MITCHELL.

The Stage will be under the able direction of BEN TEAL.

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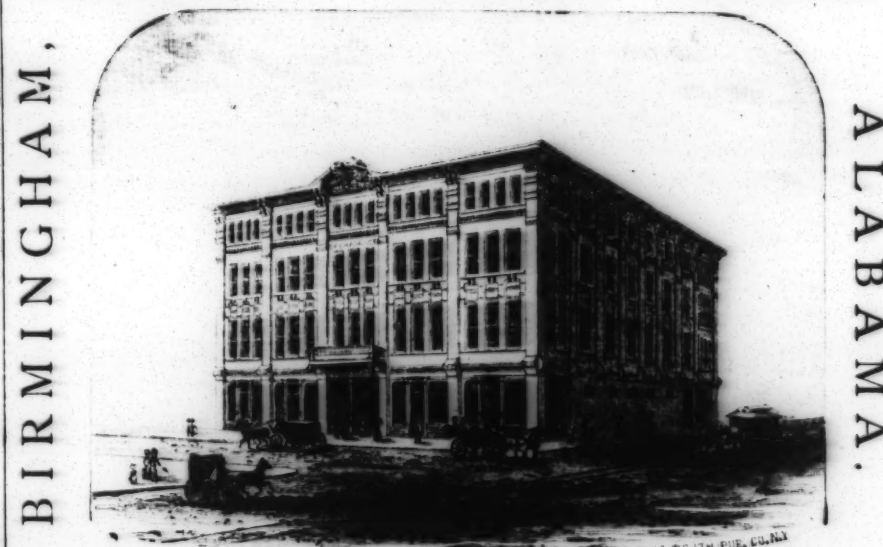
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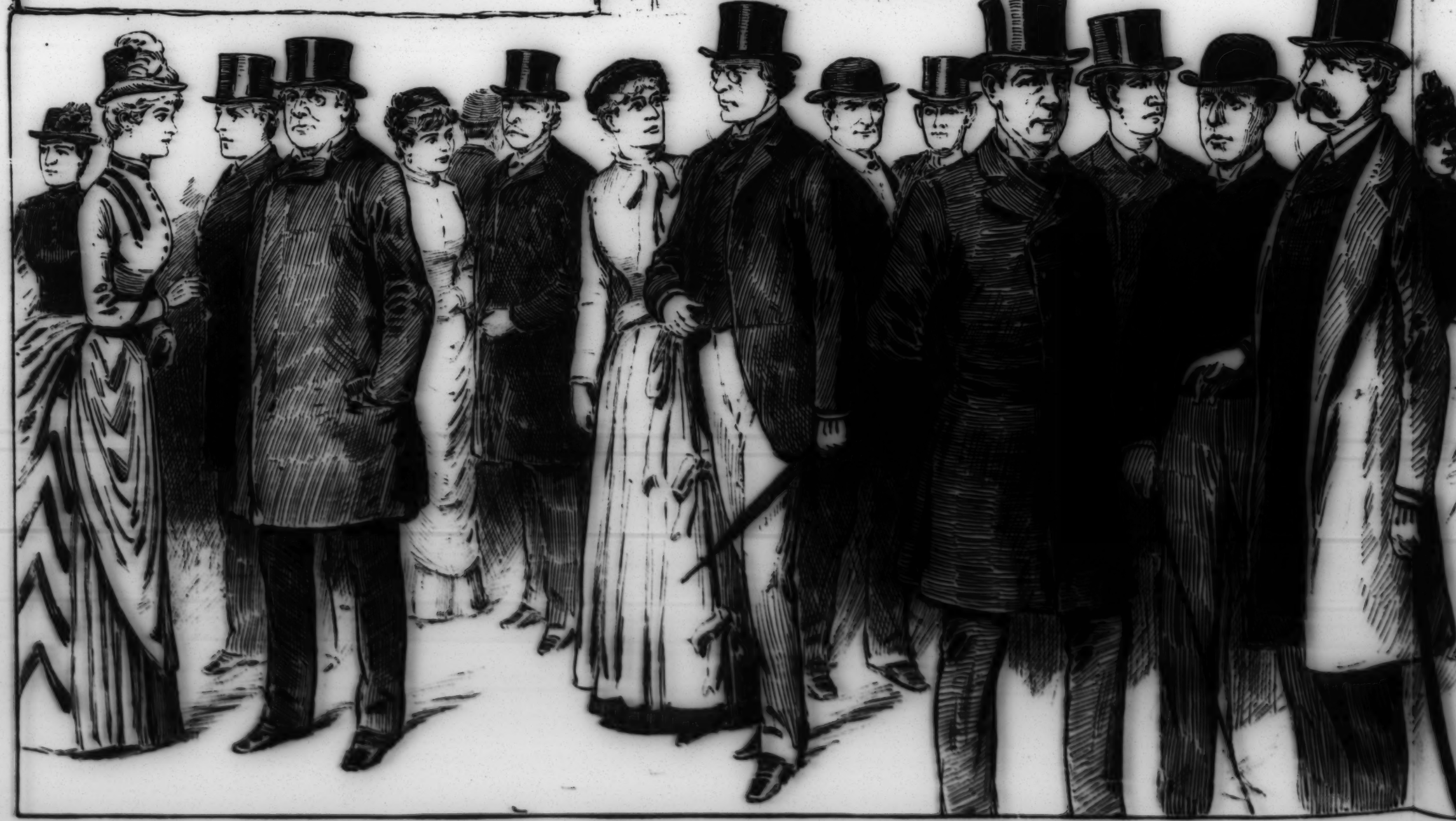
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PROFESSIONAL MATINEE.



14TH Street Theatre.

Monday Eve., Jan. 10.

MR.

**DENMAN THOMPSON**

In his new play (written by Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer) entitled

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD.**

A Continuation of JOSHUA WHITCOMB.

MR. THOMPSON calls attention to the liberality of the management of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, in presenting the scenic artists, Messrs. HUGHSON HAWLEY and HOMER F. EMENS, with "carte blanche" for the proper production of THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Aug. 29, Bangor, Me.	Sept. 24, Haverhill, Mass.	Nov. 9, Pawtucket, R. I.	Feb. 6, Warren, Pa.	Mar. 28, Peoria, Ill.
" 30, " "	" 26, Providence, R. I., one week.	" 10, Willimantic, Ct.	" 7, Erie, "	" 29, Indianapolis, Ind.
" 31, Augusta, Me.	Oct. 3, Fall River, Mass.	" 11, New Haven, "	" 8, Meadville, Pa.	" 30, " "
Sept. 1, Lewiston, Me.	" 4, New Bedford, "	" 12, Bridgeport, "	" 9, Akron, O.	" 31, " "
" 2, Portland, Me.	" 5, Brockton, "	" 14, Brooklyn, N. Y., one week.	" 10, " "	April 2, Detroit, Mich., one week.
" 3, " "	" 6, " "	" 21, Boston, Mass., two weeks.	" 11, Massillon, O.	" 9, Chatham, Ont.
" 5, Portsmouth, N. H.	" 7, " "	Dec. 5, New York City, two weeks.	" 13, Cleveland, O., one week.	" 10, London, "
" 6, Manchester, "	" 8, " "	Interval of four weeks under consideration.	" 19, Chicago, Ill., two weeks.	" 11, Hamilton, "
" 7, " "	" 10, Attleboro, Mass.	Jan. 16, Plainfield, N. J.	March 6, St. Paul, Minn.	" 12, Toronto, "
" 8, Concord, "	" 11, Lynn, "	" 17, Trenton, "	" 7, " "	" 13, " "
" 9, " "	" 12, " "	" 18, " "	" 8, " "	" 14, " "
" 10, Keene, "	" 13, Worcester, "	" 19, Easton, Pa.	" 9, Minneapolis, Minn.	" 16, Belleville, "
" 12, Bellows Falls, Vt.	" 14, " "	" 20, Bethlehem, Pa.	" 10, " "	" 17, Brockville, "
" 13, Brattleboro, "	" 15, " "	" 21, Allentown, "	" 11, " "	" 18, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
" 14, Fitchburg, Mass.	" 17, New York City, two weeks.	" 23, Wilkesbarre, "	" 13, Omaha, Neb.	" 19, Watertown, "
" 15, " "	" 31, Stamford, Ct.	" 24, Pittston, "	" 14, " "	" 20, Syracuse, "
" 16, Hudson, "	Nov. 1, Danbury, "	" 25, Scranton, "	" 15, St. Joseph, Mo.	" 21, " "
" 17, Waltham, "	" 2, Waterbury, "	" 26, " "	" 16, Kansas City, Mo.	" 23, Canandaigua, "
" 19, Chelsea, "	" 3, Meriden, "	" 27, Elmira, N. Y.	" 17, " "	" 24, Auburn, "
" 20, Lowell, "	" 4, Springfield, Mass.	" 28, " "	" 18, " "	" 25, Utica, "
" 21, " "	" 5, " "	" 30, Buffalo, N. Y., one week.	" 19, St. Louis, Mo., one week.	" 26, " "
" 22, Lawrence, "	" 7, Milford, "		" 26, Springfield, Ill.	" 27, Gloversville, "
" 23, Haverhill, "	" 8, Woonsocket, R. I.		" 27, Bloomington, Ill.	" 28, Amsterdam, "

1886

SEASON

1887

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